THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Ill[illegible]eekly
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NOV. 4, 1911

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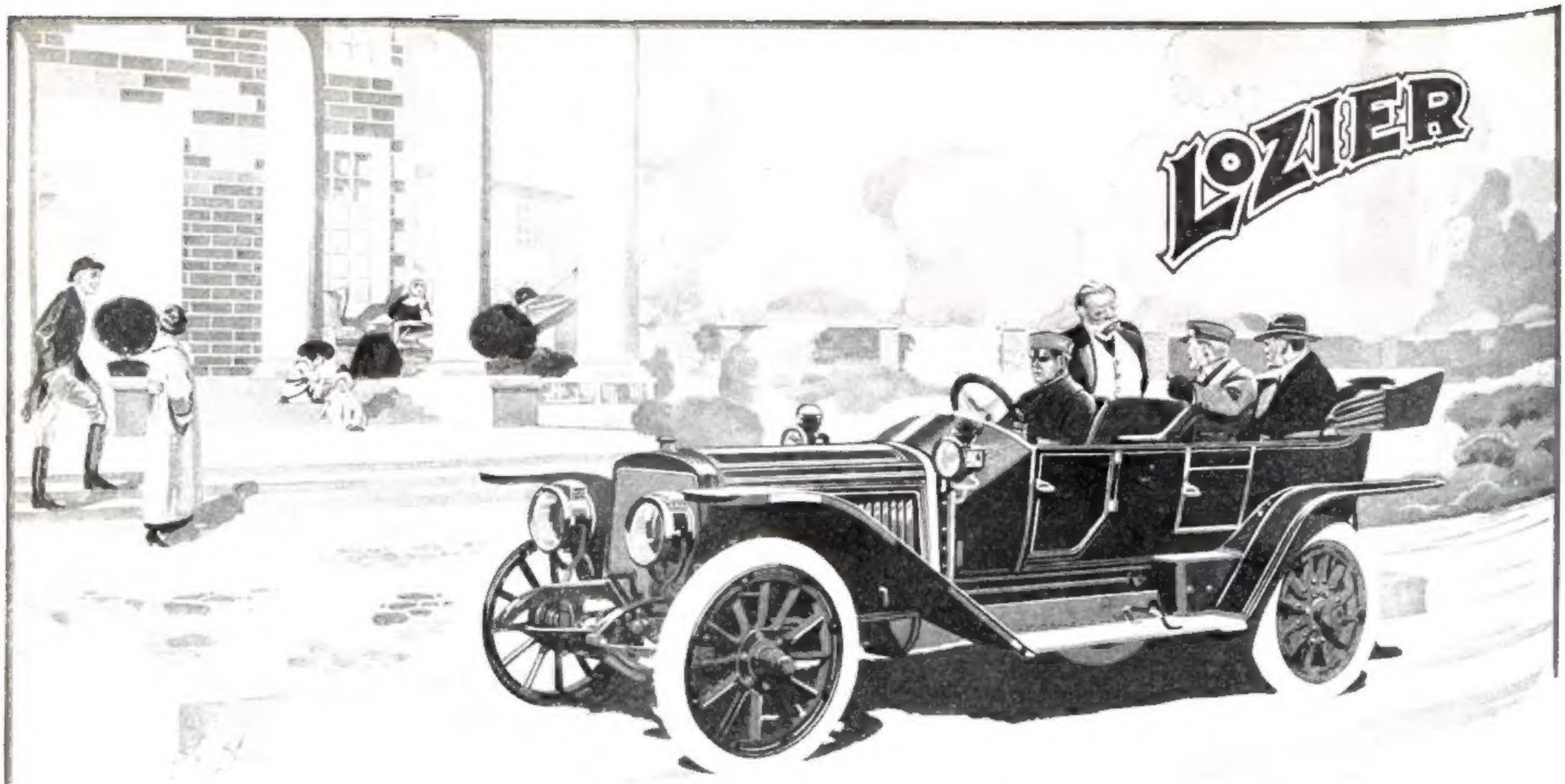
MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY



You can get Lozier Luxury only in Lozier cars

The mechanical excellence, speed and endurance of Lozier cars have been discussed in former advertisements and have been demonstrated repeatedly in the greatest races on road and track and in the hands of Lozier owners everywhere. In this advertisement we wish to call your attention particularly to Lozier luxury—that final, supreme quality which, added to these other qualities, justifies the frequently heard assertion that the Lozier is admittedly "the best car built in America."

ONLY Lozier cars can give Lozier luxury. They are built to satisfy luxury-demanding people—those whose position and training accustom them to the utmost in convenience and comfort—the best. To those who measure cost in satisfaction and not in dollars, the Lozier is unequalled.

Lozier is the car used by the man of affairs whose time is measured in big money value, by the family with important social engagements which must be met without annoyance or delay. Owners of the Lozier know they can make the most of a short business or social day. They can be on time not only with certainty, but with luxurious comfort as well.

What Motor Car Luxury Means

The Lozier is essentially for the luxury-seeking, luxury-demanding class. Luxury in a motor car means not alone personal bodily comfort. It means ease of mind, confidence, satisfaction, and—to the man of affairs—increased business efficiency.

An immigrant making a trip from New York to Chicago travels in a day coach and is satisfied. The man of average means hurries to the Pullman office and if he can secure a single lower berth on a regular train he, too, is content.

But the man accustomed to the luxuries of life, the man of means, the man to whom comfort and ease of mind mean more than money, does not stand in line at the Pullman window, nor is he content with a single berth on a slow train. He sends his secretary for a berth, a section, or a stateroom on the limited. For the man of unusual wealth a button brings someone who arranges for his private car.

In the great International Race at Indianapolis, May 30, 1911, Ralph Mulford, in a Lozier, drove the fastest 500 miles ever driven by one man. Average speed 74.47 miles per hour.

The man who rides in a single berth on a slow train pays more than the immigrant, but he would not care to save that money at the expense of day coach travel. The man who travels in stateroom or the private car pays still more. But such a man, accustomed to this luxury, would be even more reluctant to put up with the discomfort of a single berth.

Touring Becomes a Luxury

Touring in a Lozier is like a trip in a private car or a well appointed stateroom The car is big, roomy and perfect in its appointments. Wheels and tires are large. Long wheel base, deep luxuriously upholstered seats and long nickel steel platform springs render travel over the road a source of constant enjoyment.

There is power not only to take you to your destination and back; but there is a deep, comfortable feeling of great reserve power—power to surmount hills without effort—power for swift and silent going—power for any emergency. There is ease, satisfaction, and a restful, comforting sense of safety on any kind of road.

You Get What You Pay For

Such luxury, of course, costs money, but it is not expensive to the man of means—the man who measures its cost in satisfaction and comfort.

We make no claim that a Lozier Six at $5000 is the car for the man who must economize on first cost. Good cars are sold at a lower price and are worth what they cost. They will usually take a man to his destination and bring him back. So will the local railway train and the day coach.

But to make the same trip with speed, with comfort and safety, with the same comparative luxury offered by the fast limited, you need a Lozier.

Price Has Never Been an Object

In building these cars price has never been an object. Not only has the best been put into every part but comfort, elegance and beauty have always kept pace with admitted mechanical excellence.

And yet the Lozier, despite its superlative luxury, costs no more to maintain than an ordinary car of the same size. In fact it is the lightest car for its power, is easy on tires and, being practically unbreakable, eliminates repair expense.

If you talk with men who are experienced motorists—"the men who know"—they will tell you that the Lozier is the best car built in America, and that Lozier luxury is always worth the price.

1912 Models
6 cyl. 51 h. p. $5000
4 cyl. 46 h. p. $4700
Two chasses only—7 styles of bodies

On request we will send you our 1912 illustrated catalogue and a series of "Talks With Men Who Know."

LOZIER
2111 Mack Avenue, Detroit

ALCO

Motor Trucks

How to Judge a Motor Truck

BUYING a motor truck is like hiring a man. You are not interested in the color of his eyes, the tilt of his nose, or his height and weight.

You want to know what this man has done and what he can do.

Just so with the motor truck.

It's what a truck will do that interests you.

Price alone sells few trucks. It's what you "get for the money" that sells them. In other words *value*.

Four things determine value in a truck.

One of them is good *design*.

The only sure way to tell good design is by results.

If a truck is not well designed the owner soon knows. If it is well designed, and if he can use more trucks in his business, he buys more of the same make—naturally.

Thus you may judge a truck by the number of repeat orders or re-orders.

In the case of the Alco Truck 62 per cent. were purchased on repeat orders. Nine-tenths of this number are in the service of firms and corporations listed in Bradstreet's at over $1,000,000.

Before purchasing, many of these large firms carried on extensive experiments to determine which motor truck was best. If only *one* Alco had been purchased by each of these concerns, its place among motor trucks would be clear. But each of these bought more than one. The American Express Company has 40; the Gulf Refining Company 16; Gimbel Brothers 13; the Long Island Express Company 10; and so on.

Among many the Alco has been accepted as the standard—all future purchases will be Alcos.

The second point on which value depends is the *experience* of the manufacturer.

Good design means little unless experience in building is back of it. The thing to know is "how long has the manufacturer been building trucks." "What does the manufacturer know about the problems of transportation?"

For the American Locomotive Company, builders of the Alco Truck, the experience began in 1905. The Alco Truck was marketed in 1908. The experience of the American Locomotive Company in problems of transportation dates back to 1835 as movers of the world's goods.

The problems of the locomotive and the problems of the motor truck are parallel. One is a power driven vehicle running on rails. The other a power driven vehicle running without rails.

The experience of the American Locomotive Company, as builders of the Alco Truck, is rare.

Value is again determined in the *way the truck is built*.

Little does it matter how well a truck is designed if it is not well built. It becomes a consideration of factory and factory equipment.

The Alco factory represents a very large investment in equipment. In it are built 95 per cent. of the parts of the Alco Truck. It has the most complete heat treating plant of any motor truck factory in the world. It has large chemical and physical laboratories to analyze and test the metals that go into the Alco Truck. In special and automatic machinery the investment is particularly large. Many of the tools are not tools in the ordinary sense of the word, but are fine instruments—like those of a surgeon—and are kept in flannel when not in use.

In this factory is the largest drop hammer in the world. It weighs 250,000 pounds.

The fourth consideration in determining value—and one that is most decisive—is the *responsibility* of the manufacturer.

The safest thing in the world to buy is reputation. Buying a truck from a manufacturer without reputation or responsibility is like making a loan without security.

The American Locomotive Company is capitalized at $50,000,000. It dates back to 1835 as movers of the world's goods. It has built 50,000 locomotives. Its reputation is indelible.

These four considerations—Good Design, the Experience of the Manufacturer, Good Building and the Responsibility of the Manufacturer—provide an "acid test" for judging a motor truck.

There are a few trucks that can stand this test.

Of these the Alco Truck is one.

You should investigate the Alco for one vital reason, if for no other:—the *latent* experience—of its builders in manufacturing power driven vehicles.

The Alco line is in four sizes: 2 ton, 3½ ton, 5 ton and 6½ ton. Special time saving and labor saving bodies can be built on the Alco chassis for various lines of work.

The new Alco catalog tells you what the Alco Trucks are doing in many lines of business in many cities, possibly in the same business as yours. It is a 64 page book. Write for it today.

American Locomotive Company, 1880 Broadway, New York

Builders also of Alco Motor Cars and Alco Taxicabs

Chicago Branch: 2501 Michigan Avenue.
Boston Branch: 567 Boylston Street.

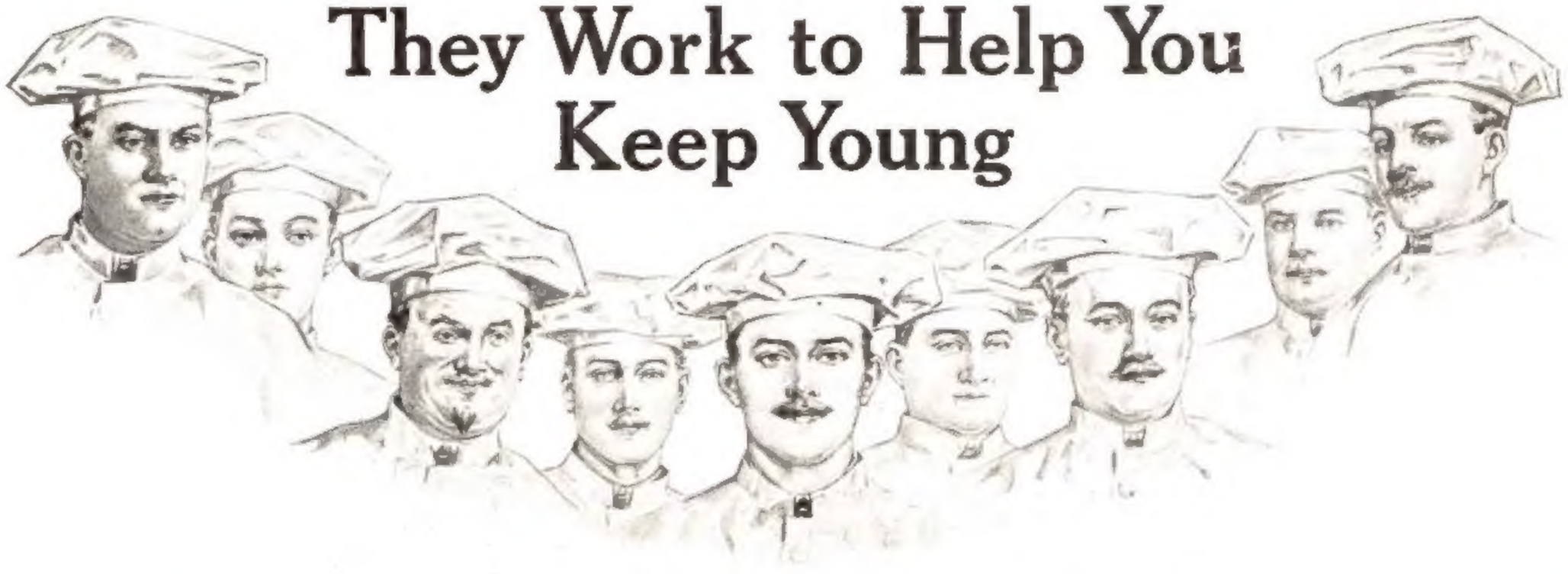
Canadian Headquarters:
596 St. Catherine Street West, Montreal.

Movers of the World's Goods since 1835

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY ALCO

Capital, $50,000,000

They Work to Help You Keep Young



Listen, Madam:

You could, if you wished, spin flax and weave cloth, just as our grandmothers did.

You might knit the men's socks, as they did. You *could* get along without a sewing machine, a washing machine or a telephone.

And you can bake beans.

But don't you think that women's time has been better employed since modern helps were adopted? And women retain their youth far longer than fifty years ago.

OUR contribution to these modern conditions lies in baking excellent beans. Our army of cooks now do the bean baking for over a million homes.

They bake the best beans in America—nobody questions that. They've been taught how to do it by fifty years of experience.

They send these beans to you all ready to serve. You get them anywhere, at any time, with all the fresh oven flavor. And they bake for so many that this expert service costs you even less than home baking.

THEY use Michigan beans, picked out by hand—just the whitest and plumpest—the choicest beans that grow. They make their sauce from whole, vine-ripened tomatoes—from Livingston Stone tomatoes. We could buy sauce for one-fifth what they spend to make it, but no such sauce as this.

They bake the whole dish together—the beans, the pork and tomato sauce. The delicious blend permeates every atom. That's a zest which you lack in home baking.

THEY have steam-heated ovens kept all the time at 245 degrees. They bake in small parcels so that full heat goes through. Four-fifths of the beans in the home baking dish rarely get half that heat.

That's why Van Camp's are immensely digestible. They don't tax the stomach, don't ferment and form gas, don't go largely to waste as do home-baked beans.

No beans are crisped, none broken. None are mushy, none soggy, none hard. The beans come out nut-like, mealy and whole. That's because we bake in live steam. You know that people like beans baked like this.

ALL that prevents the universal use of these beans is the penchant for home cooking. That means sixteen hours of soaking, boiling and baking. The meal for tomorrow must be started today.

It means everyday beans, hastily picked over. It means baking to pieces to be half-way digestible. It means the adding of cold tomato sauce on top.

The Van Camp way—the modern way—means a dozen meals ready on the pantry shelf. The other way—our grandmothers' way—means waiting and planning and work. Don't you know of a way to spend bean-baking time in some happier way out of the kitchen?

"The National Dish"

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

Baked Beans in 1850

There's another pity about home-baked beans. It also applies to poor factory-baked beans. People don't get beans often enough.

Beans are 84 per cent nutriment; they are 23 per cent nitrogenous. They are richer than beef in food value, yet they cost one-third as much.

Beans are our racial food—the favorite dish of the hungry, the delight of the connoisseur. The only reason why you don't serve them oftener is the bother of home baking.

Why make such a dish a burden? Why not serve it at its best? There is no other way to cut the high cost of living so much and so pleasantly as by serving baked beans.

Let the beans themselves tell the rest of the story. Tell your grocer to send a few cans. Not of common baked beans—not inferior beans. Tell him to send Van Camp's.

Three Sizes: 10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Baked Beans in 1911

Van Camp Packing Company (Established 1861) Indianapolis, Ind.

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CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

A Sequel to Léontine & Co.—By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

"Everything Comes to Him Who Waits"

AUTHOR'S NOTE—Although this novel is complete in itself, it may be interesting to the reader to know something of what has gone before.

Frank Clamart is the son of an American millionaire who died bankrupt when Frank was a child in the care of Tante Fifi, an old French gentlewoman. Tante Fifi dies, after which Frank is thrown on the world and grows up to be a burglar. He works by preference on the Continent, and is one day caught by Prince Kharkoff, whose winnings he attempts to steal at the Auteuil racecourse. Frank is deported to Cayenne, but escapes and returns two years later to Paris, where he makes the acquaintance of Léontine Petrovski, a beautiful Polish girl who is an acquaintance of Kharkoff and, unknown to the Prince, is the "fence" or disposer of the plunder of an organized gang of French thieves. The chief of the gang is the Count Ivan, a prominent figure in Paris society. The most skillful thief is a man known to Parisian society as Monsieur de Maxeville and to the criminal world as Chu-Chu le Tondeur—the Shearer.

At a supper party given by Léontine, Frank attempts to show his skill by stealing a string of pearls from the house of a rich American. Léontine accompanies him into the house while the other members of the party wait outside in Ivan's limousine. Frank and Léontine are surprised by the householder, whom Léontine wishes Frank to shoot; but Frank recognizes the man as his own half brother, John Cuttynge. In attempting to escape, Frank, to save the others from being captured, grapples with a policeman and is himself arrested. Frank is to be deported to the African battalion, but John Cuttynge, learning of their relationship, intercedes for him and, by furnishing a heavy bond, secures Frank's parole. He takes Frank to his house, where Edith Cuttynge, John's wife, extracts from Frank a promise never to steal again. Frank enters the motor business in which John is interested.

Léontine, who is in love with Frank, tries to get him back to the underworld, and failing she persuades Chu-Chu to steal a string of pearls belonging to a guest of the Cuttynges'. Frank guesses the plot, goes to Ivan, the chief, and persuades him to return the pearls. The next day a string of pearls belonging to Mrs. Cuttynge is found to have disappeared. Frank suspects that Chu-Chu has stolen this string on his own account, accuses him of the theft in the presence of Ivan, then searches him at the muzzle of his pistol. He finds, not the pearls but valuable gems stolen from the Baron Rosenthal, which Chu-Chu should have turned over to the chief.

This and other circumstances cause a feud between Frank and Chu-Chu. Frank discovers that Edith Cuttynge's pearls have been stolen by her husband, but out of gratitude and devotion he takes upon himself the blame for the theft. It is with the feud that the present story concerns itself.

LET me tell you, my friend, that when I started out on my stalk for Chu-Chu le Tondeur, or Chu-Chu the Shearer as his name would be in English, I was about the most discouraged man in France. To have to slip back into the underworld just when I had begun to make good at earning a clean, honest living was bad enough, but what took the heart clean out of me was the knowledge that the woman who had saved me from penal servitude and started in to make a man of me should think that I had broken my word to her and gone back to the old graft.

This was what really hurt, though I must say it was this that put an edge on me too. I don't say that I should have felt any scruples at the idea of assassinating Chu-Chu after what had happened between us, but I doubt if I should have had the same savage impatience to do for him if it hadn't been for Edith. Although I had been a thief for thirty years I had never been a danger to society except where its pocketbook was concerned. I had always worked unarmed and had never hurt anybody—except for a few bruises, perhaps, in a scuffle to get away. In the same way I had always managed to keep clear of trouble with people in the underworld, and even when I escaped from Cayenne I had spared a couple of devilish guards that I had every reason for killing and might just as well as not have settled. No, sir; I was never a bloodthirsty man.

But Chu-Chu was. Chu-Chu was wolf or weasel, snake or tiger, according to the hunting-ground and the game he was out for. He had seldom pulled off a big job without leaving blood in his wake, and his reputation as a killer was so bad that even the swells of his own mob were afraid of him and he usually had to work alone. In Ivan's big organization of European thieves there were a good many hard, desperate people, yet I do not believe that there was a single one who would have dared to hold Chu-Chu up at the point of a gun in the presence of Ivan himself, as I had done, and prove him a liar to his chief, to say nothing of depriving him of gems worth a fortune. That alone was plenty to set Chu-Chu on my trail, to say nothing of my having tried to kill him in his motor on the road to Boulogne.

So here we were, each out for the other's pelt. The odds were a bit with me, I thought, and for a variety of reasons. In the first place, I was more of a cosmopolitan and less of a pronounced type, and therefore able to play easily the rôle of Frenchman, Englishman or American. Then I had no little mannerisms, while Chu-Chu was known to his associates as "the man who smiles" and had a trick of smiling slightly to himself. His figure was average, as far as one could see through his clothes, and his physical strength was said to be phenomenal, while his face was an uncommon one for its prominent bony structures. Chu-Chu's features suggested a Spanish or possibly Basque origin, with high cheekbones, red-lipped mouth, the upper lip dropping to a point in the middle and suggesting to me the beak of a snapping turtle, while his nose was long and acquisitive—a nose like the late King Leopold's.

Another thing in my favor was the fact that there was little danger of my being drawn into imprudence by such a hatred as Chu-Chu must have felt for me. There are certain human beings who are affected by the sight of an enemy just as you might expect a wild bull to be. It sends the blood to their heads and makes them a bit crazy, and even if they are able to control their actions their looks are apt to give them away. Chu-Chu was rather of this sort, I was inclined to think, and though he could be as acute as a fox when on the job it wasn't unlikely that he'd make some sort of a break once he thought that I was in his neighborhood.

But what seemed to me by long odds the best card in my fist was the tip that Ivan had given me as we parted: Said Ivan: "Look out for an Oriental type of person with one nostril larger than the other. He is Chu-Chu's familiar. Some people say that he is Chu-Chu's brain."

Well, the stalk was on, and here I was out in the forest of St. Germain hidden in a clump of bay and laurel, rigging myself out like a *prédicateur*, or wandering preacher. I knew the part to perfection, for there had been one of these chaps doing missionary work at Cayenne, and several times I had talked with him and learned all about the fraternity. The costume as well as the rôle was ideal for my business. A man might wear anything under the long black *soutane*, and the round black hat had a wide brim

that shielded the face by the least bend of the head. Another thing that helped was the fact that these preachers often wear shaded goggles, having formed the habit out in the colonies. It's a great point in favor of a man disguised to have his eyes screened. There are fine subtle lines of expression around a man's eyes that are almost impossible to control at all times.

Well, sir, I stuck a little hand mirror in the crotch of a bush and got to work. The skin was brown enough, as a consequence of the Cayenne health resort and of being so much on the road in motors. Then I ran the clippers over my head.

All rigged out and with a tweed knickerbocker suit underneath the long black *soutane*, a grimy black valise in one hand and a big cotton umbrella in the other, I walked over to St. Germain and bought a third-class ticket for Paris. My plan was to get a little room up in Passy, giving it out to any neighbors who might be curious that I was studying English. Then as soon as I was settled I would get to work to locate Chu-Chu; and this might be a hard job, or again it might not, depending on how much he was afraid of me.

It was possible that Chu-Chu, trusting to his reputation as the most dangerous man in Europe when it came to the settling of a score, might think that I had lost my nerve and skipped the country. But, considering the fact that I had made such a good try for him on the road to Boulogne, the chances were that he would be convinced that my heart was in my work and would get under cover himself.

It might seem on the face of it like a pretty hopeless sort of job, combing a big city for a man whom I'd only seen three times in my life and who was pretty sure to be in some sort of disguise. But there was one thing that I thought would help me out. Chu-Chu knew that Léontine Petrovski had taken a fancy to me, and he would never believe that any such woman as Léontine would have to call twice to a man. Her looks and the wonderful alluringness of her were the talk of Paris, and when Léontine walked into a swell restaurant even the musicians got mixed in their notes. Chu-Chu would be pretty sure that I would be hanging about Léontine, and it was somewhere in her neighborhood that he would try to pick up my trail. And it was while he was trying to nose it out that I counted on crossing his.

It was a funny situation, each of us shadowing Léontine's house, trying to get wind of the other. But the more I turned it over in my mind the more convinced I grew that the quickest way to find my man would be to keep a constant watch on the little house in Passy. There would be also the chance of falling on Chu-Chu possibly going to see Léontine on professional business.

All this being so, I took a room in a little hotel just off the Rue de Passy, telling the *patronne* that I was perfecting my English in one of the many little schools in the neighborhood. There was a little café almost opposite Léontine's house, and I found that by sitting back in a particular corner I could look out under the low awning in front and keep a constant watch without being observed from the street. So there I went every day at noon, for it would have attracted attention if I had spent the entire day there, and after a very good little lunch I would get out a copy of Dickens and a pocket dictionary and spend the most of the afternoon reading and looking out of the window. The personnel of the establishment used to hold me up to the other clients as a very model of industry and perseverance.

Most of these other clients were cabmen, *fiacre* and taxi drivers. Like all of that class of French working people, they were quiet, orderly, good-natured fellows, full of good-humored banter and amusing stories in connection with their trade. The second day that I was having *déjeuner* there one of the taxi drivers, who had just finished his meal and was about to crank his motor, was hailed by Léontine's butler. I saw Léontine, more superb looking than ever, come out, get in and whirl away.

It occurred to me, of course, that for all I knew she might be going even then to keep a rendezvous with Chu-Chu; and it occurred to me also that if the Shearer came to Léontine's house even while I was on the lookout it might not do me a particle of good as he would be pretty sure to come and go in a taxi, probably cleverly disguised. A good many people came to and went from Léontine's—some in handsome private limousines, others in taxi-autos, and still others in taxicabs or afoot. In the first week of my watching I recognized several members of Ivan's mob and once Ivan himself.

But for all the folk that came and went I was convinced, at the end of two weeks' watching, that Chu-Chu had not got past me. For all I knew he might be, and very likely was, watching the house from some point not far from where I was stationed. I began to be afraid that we might be alternating watches, he perhaps going on duty at night. I did a good deal of night work myself, dining at the same little restaurant and sitting behind the screen of dwarf orange trees in tubs, usually to see Léontine and Kharkoff roll away at about half past seven in the big six-cylinder car that I myself had sold to the prince. They dined out and went to the play or the opera almost every night, although it was now midsummer and most of the *chic* people were at the springs or beaches.

It was tiresome work watching there for a sign of Chu-Chu, but the two proverbs or maxims of which I have always most admired the truth are "It's dogged as does it," and "Everything comes to him who waits." Personally I believe that there is some sort of compelling, cohesive force given off from the person or animal that sits down and quietly waits and wishes for his prey. That force goes out in time to draw the desired object, especially when the wishing is done conscientiously and without any let-up. So I sat there and waited and watched and read Pickwick Papers and Oliver Twist and Dombey and Son and picked up the dictionary when I happened to think of it. Most of the cab drivers said a word to me when they came in, and I had the general reputation of being an inoffensive but deeply erudite young preacher.

Then one hot day when the little "terrace"—as they call the strip of sidewalk inclosed by dwarf oranges—was crowded and even the inner room was well filled, a freshly painted, saucy little auto-taxi drew up to the curb, and down from the driver's seat stepped a very pretty, smartly costumed chauffeuse. Just at this time the prefecture had decided to issue permits to women, and quite a number of enterprising young persons started in to compete with the men. They have since practically disappeared, the profession not being adapted to the sex, due perhaps to the ladies' insisting on the feminine prerogative of changing their minds when meeting somebody on the road.

There was nothing indecisive about this good-looking chauffeuse. The lunching drivers were watching her and I heard a murmur run through the room: "Look, there she is—the Countess Rosalie!"

"The Countess Rosalie?" I asked of a chauffeur at a table opposite. "That is her sobriquet?"

"Not at all," he answered. "The title is her own. She met with misfortune, and preferred to support herself driving a taxi to pinning feathers on hats. Everybody knows her. Between us, she is the only woman in Paris who can really drive."

Whatever else may have been said about her, the Countess Rosalie was nice to look at. Her glossy chestnut hair was coifed as snugly as she could twist it under her little visored cap, and the trim, pretty figure, mature yet with supple girlish lines, was displayed charmingly and modestly in the costume of light Indian khaki. The skirt was short and showed her small, gracefully rounded ankles and dainty feet, which told of good blood somewhere, and as she came across the sidewalk she began to draw off her little kid gauntlets, smiling, red-lipped, bright hazel eyes dancing as she replied with a charming mixture of friendliness and sauciness to the good-natured greetings from the crowd at *déjeuner*. It may be true that some of the remarks were a bit free, but not one was the least bit offensive, so far as any deeper intention went. All hands "tutoyéd" her, I noticed, which was quite permissible, as here in France there is a sort of *esprit de corps* between members of the same craft of manual labor, who use between themselves the familiar "thee" and "thou."

Nobody scored anything on the Countess Rosalie. She gave them all as good as they sent, and was a pretty sight doing it, with her red cheeks, even white teeth and saucy pouting lips. She was not a little woman, but her daintiness gave one that impression. I noticed, though, that when one of the older chauffeurs got up to look at the carbureter of her car, which she said was flooding all the time, she was rather the taller of the two, although he looked a fair-sized man.

The tables outside were filled, so she came inside where the seat opposite me appealed to her as the most desirable because it was next to the window.

"Monsieur will permit me to sit here?" she asked with a smile and about as keen a look as I ever got from any pair of eyes. It wasn't a hard look, but just a look to size me up and form an idea of how much of a fool or knave lived under that black *soutane*.

"Pray do so, Madame," I answered. "It is not too hot here by the window."

She thanked me and sat down. I picked up my book and I could feel her bright eyes searching me as I read. French is like a mother-tongue to me, having spoken scarcely any English until my old nurse, Tante Fifi, died and I was sent to the asylum. Besides, I had done a good deal of work in France—not housebreaking, you understand, but con graft at the big resorts like Aix-les-Bains and Dinard and Trouville. For all of his acuteness at home there is no such sucker as the traveling American, especially if you strike him when he's a bit lonely and has had his leg pulled—or thinks he has—by Europeans, and thinks that the American language with an Ohio accent is a guaranty of good faith. Mind you, I'd never done any mean little tricks like nicking his leather with his letter of credit and a few hundred francs or accepting his invitation to do Montmartre at his expense, and then going through him when he was filled up with a mixture of wormwood, logwood and carbonated white wine called champagne. But I had once sold an American millionaire an original Rembrandt, which an Italian acquaintance of mine painted during the week that I was showing my friend the Louvre and a few other places. Even the United States customs let him pay duty on it as an original, and the picture is now the pride of his part of the state. My Venetian friend and I shared up a hundred thousand francs between us, and all hands were satisfied.

But making an American think that I was the last living descendant of the Condé family and convincing an alert Parisienne that I was an Alsatian *prédicateur* were two very different things. So I went on with my reading, while my pretty companion ordered her *déjeuner* and went ahead with her meal. But all the time I could feel her bright, curious eyes fixed on me, investigating every detail of countenance and costume.

Presently from across the street I heard a motor slowing down and glanced across to see a taxi pulling up in front of Léontine's house. A slender, well-dressed man with black hair and a thin black mustache stepped quickly out, rang the bell of the garden door and was let in a moment later by Léontine's *maître d'hôtel*. But I scarcely noticed him, for something had caught my eyes and drawn them to the driver of the taxi.

This chauffeur was apparently a man past middle age and seemed altogether of the new type that has now become so common to this class. He looked to be of medium size and weight, was costumed in the usual uniform and wore a closely cropped mustache of iron-gray. His face was rather high-featured, the nose aquiline and the eyes dark and overhung by bushy, grizzled eyebrows.

There was absolutely nothing about the fellow to hold my attention, but for some reason I was unable to take my eyes off him. He reminded me of somebody quite impossible for me to place, and as I stared through the window at him I had that intensely disagreeable sensation of being utterly baffled in memory. Almost as if he felt the force of the mental effort I was making he shot a quick look in my direction, but the awning was low and I was sitting back in the shadow, and all that he could see was the crowded tables on the terrace. Yet something in that sudden glance of his had set my heart to thumping in a way that was mighty disagreeable.

But it was no use. I couldn't for the life of me place him, so I picked up my book again. As I did so my eyes fell on the pretty face opposite. The Countess Rosalie's fork was poised halfway between her plate and her inviting red lips, and the piece of melon on it was quite forgotten. Her face had a look of intense and almost startled curiosity. Seeing that I had noticed it she recovered herself, popped the melon into her pink mouth and looked down at her plate, coloring rather vividly.

I leaned forward: "Madame was about to say something?" I asked suavely, for I knew that something she had seen in my face must have startled her and I did not care to have it leak out that I was spying on the little house in the garden.

"Oh, no, Monsieur!" she answered, slightly confused.

"We missionaries," said I with a smile, "sometimes carry in our minds the pictures of things that one would wish to forget. Now and then some passing thought or something we may read recalls them and at such moments the emotion awakened may reveal itself. You were startled at the expression of my face?"

She nodded. "That is true," she admitted. "When I sat down opposite you your look was that of a studious priest. Then all at once you laid down the book and looked through the window with the mouth and eyes of an Apache about to strike—oh, Monsieur!"

She drew back, checking a little frightened gasp. While she was speaking I had looked through the window again, and as I did so the chauffeur in the taxi across the street leaned forward as if to examine something at his feet. In that second I recognized him for Chu-Chu le Tondeur. There was something familiar in the contour of the bony outline of the face, the poise of the head on the body, the tightening of the sleeve over the muscular arm. There could be no doubt.

And yet it was an amazing thing, and the instant that he had recovered his upright position I could have sworn that my vision had played me a trick, due perhaps to my one constant idea. Chu-Chu's brows were thin and straight and black, his nose was long but low-bridged, his eyes were rather light in shade, his chin pointed. Also he was a more trimly built man, less full in the paunch. I was almost baffled.

But the woman opposite was looking at me as if she wanted to get up and bolt, and that would never do. I smiled at her and wondered at the fascinated look in her eyes. But I didn't wonder long, for in my business I couldn't afford to miss a single trick. The glimpse that the Countess Rosalie had got of the criminal, the assassin, looking out of the eyes of the studious young preacher had frightened and startled her, but it had aroused her curiosity. I saw the chance of securing a valuable pal.

"Madame," said I with a reassuring smile, "what was it that you thought you saw in my face?"

She gave a nervous little laugh. "Something terrible," she answered, and glanced over her shoulder at the sun-flooded street. There was nothing but the gardens and

shuttered houses opposite and the grizzled taxi driver drowsing on his seat.

"You are right," I answered with another smile and a little shrug. "It was something terrible, because it was jealousy. There is nothing more terrible than jealousy, you know."

Her eyes opened very wide. "But you are a priest," she said.

"I will tell you something," I said, leaning toward her and dropping my voice. "You have surprised a secret while sitting here, and I do not want you to say to any of these others that you caught me glaring at that house in the garden across the street. But it is because of the woman who lives there that I have become a *prédicateur*."

The interest that every Frenchwoman always lends to a love story flamed up in her face.

"And the man for whom the taxi is waiting is your enemy?" she half whispered.

"I wish him no ill," I answered, "but I must find out where he goes after leaving here. You have almost finished your *déjeuner*, have you not? May I engage your services for the afternoon?"

She hesitated for an instant, then nodded.

"You want me to follow him?"

"Yes, but without his discovering that he is being followed. That may be difficult, as it is very possible that he will be on the lookout."

"But why should he be on the lookout?" asked the Countess Rosalie. Her pretty face was flushed and eager, and as she spoke she beckoned to the *garçon* and settled her bill. I had already paid my own. We both looked out of the window at the taxi diagonally opposite. The top was up, as was the case with most of the others, for the sun was directly overhead and very hot. Chu-Chu had pulled a newspaper from his pocket and appeared to be reading.

"He may expect to be followed," I answered, "because the woman whom he is visiting is suspected of being a nihilist. So far the police have never disturbed her because she is under the protection of Prince Kharkoff ——"

"It is Léontine Petrovski?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes," I answered.

"And she is the woman whom you love?"

"I love her no longer."

"I Have Every Reason to Think That Chu-Chu Has Sworn to Take My Life"

"But you are jealous of her. It comes to the same thing. I understand. You wish to be revenged and so you want to find out more about this man. Isn't that true?"

"To some extent," I answered. "But I will tell you another thing. The chauffeur is a friend of the man who is in La Petrovski's house. I could learn more, perhaps, from watching him than from watching the other. If you are free ——"

"Look!" she interrupted, and dropped her hand on my sleeve.

For Léontine's garden door had swung open, and out came Léontine herself, followed by the dark man whom I recognized from Ivan's description as Chu-Chu's manservant, or pal, or whatever he was. Chu-Chu, with a quick sidelong glance, got down to start his motor.

"Come, then," said the Countess Rosalie, loud enough for those about us to hear. "I will set you on your way."

"You are very kind," I answered, and followed her to the door. Under the awning I waited for an instant while she said a word of thanks to the man who had regulated her carbureter. The pause gave Chu-Chu time to turn and start down the street toward the Chaussée de la Muette.

One of the coffee-drinking chauffeurs got up and cranked our motor, with some joke about a pretty woman's need of a strong arm. I stepped inside and we started, Chu-Chu being by that time near the end of the street.

My titled chauffeuse certainly knew her work. As soon as Chu-Chu was around the corner she darted ahead, lagging back as soon as he was in sight again. As it was very hot and the hour for *déjeuner*, there was but little traffic; but unless they led us a chase of some length I did not think that they would suspect that they were being followed. It is nothing unusual for two taxicabs to be running the same course at about the same speed; in fact, many chauffeurs drop into the habit of gauging speed by the chap ahead, as this simplifies traffic and tends to an evenly moving procession.

We spun out through the Chaussée de la Muette and into the Bois, past the Auteuil racecourse and, striking the boulevard that leads to the Boulogne gate, followed it straight out. Here Rosalie let Chu-Chu get so far ahead that I was worried.

"Don't lose him," said I through the tube, for the Countess' cab was fitted out with all the modern conveniences, even to flowers and cigar holder and a little red electric light. *Chic* was the word for it, inside and out.

"I want to give him time to pass the octroi," she answered, brisk as a robin redbreast.

"All right," I answered, "at your own discretion."

But Chu-Chu, instead of going through the Boulogne gate, held on around past the Longchamps racecourse, and at such a clip that Rosalie got anxious and turned on all the power she had. As we passed the Porte de Boulogne I saw an agent raise his whistle to his lips and thought that it was all up with us, but Rosalie blew him a kiss and he lowered it with a sheepish grin and a warning shake of his head. Although I did not know it at the time, Rosalie was quite a well-known figure and had even been interviewed for several of the papers. Being in automobile circles myself I should have known all about her, but did not simply on account of the pressure of my own affairs.

But I was learning about her fast enough now. Under the impression that Chu-Chu was going right around Longchamps she closed in, and when he suddenly darted off to the left and pulled up at the St. Cloud gate we were only about a hundred meters behind him. It was a big surprise for Rosalie, but she wasn't feazed a particle. If she had kept on around we might have lost him, and if we had slowed down and waited for him to declare his essence it might have attracted attention, so up comes Rosalie full bore, brakes down at the gate, coming to a stop just behind Chu-Chu and hops out to get her ticket.

As for me I had put on my tinted goggles and whipped out a little breviary, and was reading away with my head ducked a trifle. Under the rim of the flat hat I watched Chu-Chu as he made his declaration, took his ticket and stepped back to his car. He shot a quick glance at Rosalie, half curious and half amused, at which she shoved out her little chin and passed him with a pout. The octroi men tried to give her a little badinage, and I was frightened for a minute as Chu-Chu was going off at a good clip; but Rosalie snatched her ticket out of the official's hand and came running back, laughing. She had left the motor running, of course, and the next second we were off along the bank of the Seine after Chu-Chu.

"Your Léontine is a beauty," said Rosalie through the tube. "I don't wonder you're jealous. But that chauffeur has the eyes of a wolf. He looks as if he might be Chu-Chu le Tondeur."

"What do you know about Chu-Chu le Tondeur?" I asked.

"Oh, everybody knows about him. For myself I doubt that there is such a person. Every time there is a murder and robbery people say 'Chu-Chu le Tondeur.'"

I wondered what she would think if she knew that the gentleman with the wolfish eyes was actually none other than the celebrated criminal whose performances had sent shivers down the spine of many a respectable bourgeois or lonely chatelaine in her gloomy country house hidden in the trees. It might also startle her, I thought, if she were to discover that the studious preacher in her cab was, even as Chu-Chu walked from the octroi station to his motor, wondering if it might not be possible to hit him with a shot from an automatic pistol and escape in the confusion that would follow.

For precisely this idea had gone through my head. Nowadays when one hears a sharp report the first thing that crosses the mind is the thought that it is a burst tire or a back fire from a motor. As Chu-Chu walked past the window of Rosalie's taxi I was almost on the point of shooting, then jumping out, picking him up and, while the octroi officials were tearing about and the crowd was gathering, slipping off into the bushes and shedding my round hat, goggles and *soutane*. Underneath I wore a tweed knickerbocker suit and russet shoes, and I had in my pocket a tweed tourist's cap to match the suit and a Paris Baedeker. It would have taken me just about two seconds to have made the change from a wandering Alsatian French *prédicateur* to the most harmless of British tourists.

Then why didn't I? It is rather hard to say. I had nothing to fear from Léontine or from Chu-Chu's man. Léontine would have guessed in a flash what had happened and probably would have helped me if the opportunity offered. Chu-Chu's pal would have been principally interested in doing his own getaway before it was discovered that Chu-Chu's face was skillfully made up. I had noticed when he passed that his nose got its aristocratic bridge from shadow-lines carefully laid on, and his eyes, really light, were made to look dark by the blackening of the

lower lashes and perhaps a little atropin. His mustache was faked by the gluing in of white hairs among the black ones already there.

I think that I could have pulled the job off all right. Honestly, my chief reason for not taking the chance was the Countess Rosalie—I didn't want to mix her up in it. She had been a little trump, and the French police are always ready to grab a scapegoat. There's a bit of the Chinese theory about French criminal procedure. Somebody ought to suffer, if only to preserve the reputation of the police. Punish the guilty by preference, but punish somebody. As a matter of fact, the guilty party, or supposedly guilty party, usually gets off in the end unless he's a fairly honest sort of cove; but there's a lot of trouble about it all the same, and I didn't want to chuck it on my bright-eyed Rosalie. I was getting rather keen about Rosalie.

Anyway, Chu-Chu walked past his finish unhurt, and maybe he felt that there was a heap of trouble in the atmosphere, for his little smile showed the white of two fangs that might be useful to a collie, and his eyes were dancing. He may have looked at me; I don't know, because when he got close my own eyes were frozen on an Ave Maria. One spark would have blown up the magazine, and I wasn't taking any more chances than were strictly necessary. Something told me that from the moment that Chu-Chu's eyes and mine actually met any disguise under heaven would be about as effective as a Paquin gown in front of an X-ray machine.

Off we went again, Chu-Chu well in the lead and a car or two between us. He was across the bridge at St. Cloud before we had reached it, but we caught a glimpse of him as he swung round the corner to start up the hill on the road to Versailles. At the first turn, which as you remember is mighty sudden and with a good nine-per-cent grade, we caught up to him, which we certainly should not have done if he hadn't purposely slowed. The man with Léontine was looking back, and as he sighted Rosalie he said something to Chu-Chu, who went from his first to his second speed.

It was plain enough that they were a bit suspicious, although the chances were about ten to one that any car coming out of that gate of the Bois would stick to the Versailles road. Nevertheless, at the top of the hill Chu-Chu still kept on his second speed, and Rosalie was obliged to take her choice of passing him or appearing to slow down purposely. Being a quick-witted girl she did the former, and skipped past in a sort of triumphant way as if pleased at having overtaken him.

Apparently Chu-Chu was satisfied and came to the conclusion that there was no harm in us, for when Rosalie purposely slowed down on the incline farther along he swept past without so much as a glance.

All of this time I had been trying to study out their game, but without any success. The relations between Chu-Chu and Léontine had always been strictly professional, with Ivan as intermediary. That is to say, when Chu-Chu managed to collar stones or pearls he turned them over, or was supposed to turn them over to Ivan, who gave them to Léontine to dispose of. Why Chu-Chu should be lugging her off into the country I couldn't imagine, unless there was some game going that had nothing to do with me.

Chu-Chu's taxi was of precisely the same make and model as Rosalie's, the sort most in use in Paris. But from the way he passed us I could see that he was getting a good deal more out of his motor than we were, and this was not surprising when you come to remember that Chu-Chu was a star driver with a beautiful sense for any sort of machinery, whereas Rosalie was more or less of a novice. Besides, her carbureter was working irregularly and she was always too impatient about going into the speed ahead. I was afraid that as soon as we struck the fast part of the road beyond St. Cloud Chu-Chu might dig out and leave us wondering. There was also the chance of his becoming suspicious of us if at the end of several kilometers he found us still on his trail. Rosalie's taxi looked like any other taxi, but Rosalie herself did not look like any other taxi driver, and what had been at first an advantage—for Chu-Chu would never suspect me of picking out the most conspicuous driver in Paris to hound him—might easily spoil the whole business.

So I picked up the speaking tube. We were working up the last easy part of the grade.

"Madame Rosalie," I said.

"Eh, well?" she answered.

"I'm afraid he smells a rat. He is going to try to leave us once we get past the railroad crossing."

"Don't be afraid," she answered tartly. "There isn't a taxi in Paris that can make this one feel lonely. Besides, he is carrying one more person."

"But how about your carbureter?"

"Don't bother about the carbureter. It's all right."

"Thank you," said I, and hung up the tube.

Evidently the Countess Rosalie was touchy about her car. Or perhaps she felt that some slight compliment was due her, rather than impending doubts. As if she wanted to show what she could do when she really tried she brushed the arm of a bicyclist with her mudguard, then swept past a stone-cart on the wrong side of the road and got a stream of bad talk from the carter, to say nothing of a narrow escape from knocking the head off the leader, which swung to the right from instinct at the sound of the motor.

It was a wasted effort of hers, though, for Chu-Chu fooled us again. Instead of turning sharply to the left at the crossroads he held straight on, slowing a bit to let the stream of cars go past. The result was that we drew up right behind him and he looked back and saw us. After we had followed him across the big road from Suresnes to Versailles he looked back again, then slowed down.

"Keep right on," said I sharply to Rosalie.

"I am not a fool!" she answered, and gave her speed lever a vicious little jerk. I could feel the three pairs of eyes on us as we passed. It was a pretty serious moment and we were in danger of spoiling everything, for we had taken a big, unnecessary détour from Paris to go to any point where that road would take us. There was only one thing to do and I did it. Leaning out of the window I called to Rosalie to stop. She cut off the gas and braked viciously. (Continued on Page 60)

"THE SHOPPERS' PARADISE"

Where Good Americans Go to Buy—By Corinne Lowe

WHEN I started out to Europe last spring I must say that my view of my native land was somewhat curdled. I had gloomily accepted the opinion that America is a headstrong, flighty young thing that never does anything thoroughly, and I even went so far as to quote the long-haired economists who speak of her as a "moribund nation." Above all, however, did I honor this creed: Fashion is born in Europe, cradled in every little shop of Paris and London, and there is no article of woman's wear made at home that is not more thoroughly, more fashionably and more inexpensively made abroad.

What was it, then, that changed my viewpoint, that restored me to a triumphant faith in my country's superiority, and that prompted me at the end of my trip to place defiantly a tiny American flag between me and my English vis-à-vis at the *pension* table? It was not the ruins, for on the whole the ruins are kept in a very good state of preservation. Neither was it any cankering disappointment in the local color, for everywhere one can see uniforms and picturesque stone walls almost as comfortably as at a Belasco production. Nor was my patriotism strongly revived even by the ghosts of butterballs with which they put off a healthy American appetite. No, what really led me back to America uttering boisterous Yankee-Doodleisms was a long, desperate, fruitless search for the sort of clothes that most American women want and that every American woman can get at the most unpretentious shops in America.

This would probably be a different sort of a narrative if I belonged to the class that is looking for the "exclusive creations of the great Parisian *ateliers*." But I was not bound for such, and I did not wish to invest in a two-hundred-dollar hat. Sables were not down on my shopping list, and ruby-studded safety-pins had not yet been recognized by me as an essential of daily comfort. For this reason I must leave to the people who desire these things their belief in the supremacy of Paris and London as shopping centers of the world.

I am also bound to admit that my shopping adventures abroad might have been different if I had received a special course of instruction from people who knew just where to go. But this admission urges the fact that the shopping advantages of a place should not have to be estimated by detectives. In America it is surely not necessary to go a-ferreting for the ordinarily attractive and inexpensive articles of woman's wear, and why should one allow more elastic standards abroad? So, as a representative of the blue-serge-suit-and-tailored-shirtwaist woman of America who expects to replenish her wardrobe in Europe, I feel that my lament deserves respect. The conditions that governed my selection were the same as those that are open to the average woman tourist, and I came home with clothes that alienated my friends and that cost me what they would have cost in this country.

To her who in the love of fashion holds communion with the daily newspaper advertisements it would seem that Paris sets the final seal on every article of woman's dress. "The unmistakable *chic* of the Parisienne"; "The deft touch of Paris"—it was phrases like these that haunted me as I set forth on my first shopping quest. The immediate object of my search was a smart little street hat—the kind that will undergo travel, sight-seeing and universal dust without much discomfiture. Remembering the tales of my friends, I felt justified in expecting some such hat on every Paris street corner.

It was with a light step, then, that I bounded into one of a row of little millinery shops on the Rue Lafayette—a street that had been particularly recommended to me for its reasonable and seasonable specimens of millinery. It struck me outside the shop that the window display was rather meager and unimpressive, but I had heard how secretive were French methods of trade, and I had no doubt that the shelves inside were fairly bulging with inspired creations.

"Madame desires something for the street," echoed the little saleswoman, as in cautious, guide-book French I explained what I wanted. "But how do you like thees?"

She was holding out before my eyes with incomparable grace a tall object. As a spire it was immensely satisfying. I can imagine its tall and slender proportions adding grace to the skyline of any foreign sea-town. But as a hat! Nevertheless, I tried it on, and I couldn't help tingling a little at my sudden intimacy with the famed art of Paris.

"*Très, très chic*," chirruped the little saleswoman, dancing in circles about me.

But I shook my head gloomily, for I had seen myself first. True, the thing had line—oh, undoubtedly it had line. You could have proved all the propositions in Euclid by the generosity of it. Yet, after all, I am not a mathematician.

Thereupon the saleswoman grievingly brought me out another model. This also had architectural claims. It was a perfect dome, and settled lovingly down over my left eyebrow and right cheek. Again my saleswoman read my expression.

"Madame does not like thees one?" she inquired, standing off with folded arms and surveying me with an expression of hurt wonder.

"Something more conservative," I ventured. And straightway commenced the quest. One by one she brought them out—spires and domes, domes and spires—and not a single hat becoming! In that next ten minutes I met and faced a tremendous fact, strengthened by all my succeeding experiences with French millinery. It is that there is no variety of model in the small Parisian hat shops.

Now in an American shop the saleswoman shows you something different when you express your dissatisfaction with one type of hat. "You do not like this turban?" says she. "Then I will show you something else." And immediately she brings you a wide-brimmed hat or a tricorne. But in your Paris shop the saleswoman says, "Madame does not like this?" and brings you the very same kind of a hat. It is quite evident, in fact, that she expects to lull you to acquiescence, to dull your senses by her constant play with the two kinds of hats.

Of course my later explanation was that the little French milliner never obtains the models to which the humblest shop in America has easy access, that she is dependent on the veriest whispers from the great milliner-artists to whom she lives so close. I recognized the truth that if one wishes to see French styles one must come to America where they are made public, not stay in France where they are kept under lock and key. But on that first day the wine of those Paris advertisements was still in my brain.

So I tramped the length of the Rue Lafayette. I pressed my nose wistfully against the panes, seeking for some specimen that vaguely promised the charm and becomingness of the American hat. During the course of the day I tried one hundred hats, and I sorely tried twenty-five saleswomen. At last I returned to my *pension* with a haggard gleam in my eyes and without a hat.

The next day, divided between my impulse to cable home for a hat and to transfer a mortgage to one of the real milliner-artists' frothy bits of straw, I again started out on my grim quest. I was again snuffed out by the same old round hats and elongated by the same old high ones, and I again undertook the task of explaining that

I wanted something different. Yet into my perplexities there never once entered any question of price. Prices were indeed remarkably reasonable, and I could have bought any number of hats in a scale that ranged from three dollars and sixty cents to eight dollars. When, however, you consider that in most cases straw, flowers and ribbon were of extremely inferior quality, you will not be swept off your feet by the economy thereof.

One feature that deepened my resentment at the whole lot of French millinery was the prevalence of blue and white. Not a hat apparently could help itself from being dark blue straw with loops of white ribbon. And if the white did not enter as ribbon it appeared as wings. In vain I tried to convince the saleswoman that white was an objection in the wardrobe of the tourist.

"But Madame can change the ribbon," each one would sweetly argue.

I couldn't possibly make them see that I should have to keep changing every night. But I could make them promise any number of amendments. One and all would agree to take a hat up in the back or to lift it from the head a wee bit more or to lower the crown. And, of course, they would change that offending white ribbon to loops of black and blue striped ribbon. Yet when, under promise of such revision, I finally took a hat I was greeted with protests.

"Ah, but, Madame, my dear Madame, we could not make such changes. It would spoil the line—it would destroy the *chic*."

"But you said you would change it," I objected huffily; "I cannot wear it like this. At least," I stipulated after a moment, "you will change this ribbon?"

Then did that saleswoman go through the ritual of shrug, raised eyebrows and explanatory palm. "Ah, Madame, now it is that you seek the impossible," she cried. "We cannot get the ribbon Madame asks. We do not have it. We cannot—it is quite, quite impossible."

There was no use arguing. Her attitude to commerce was quite final. And in this way was I starved, wearied and cajoled into buying a hat that I detested. I paid six dollars for the joy of its possession and it mercifully wore out in four weeks.

My second draft of patriotism was quaffed at the linen suit department of one of the great Parisian department stores. Somewhere I had heard that one could get such perfectly charming linen suits in Paris for six or seven dollars, and I chortled at the privilege of being turned loose in a real linen suit-patch. After an hour's search I did find, too, a very pretty little suit. Of course it needed alteration, and I was overjoyed to find that the alteration charges were much lower than is customary in this country.

In Search of a Nighty

BUT alack the day! You should have seen that skirt when it did come forth from the hands of the tailors. Even in this era of tight skirts it would immediately have been conspicuous as a bolster slip. It rubbed the skin off my ankles whenever I attempted anything so radical as a walk. And to add to my sense of injury they had tacked an extra charge of three francs on my bill!

To show that this mistake arose from no prejudice toward the beauty of the tight skirt I may mention that the skirt of my friend, bought and fitted in the same store, erred quite as much in the other direction. While mine was as tight at the ankles as it was at the hips, hers was as loose at the hips as it was at the ankles.

It was in this mood of hurt enlightenment that I met a friend of mine—a charming elderly woman who knew her Paris thoroughly. "Well, my dear," said she excitedly, "what do you think?"

"That I should like to step on everybody's toes," I answered gently.

"Wait," said she, "until you hear what has happened to me. I have just had a black broadcloth suit made by one of these Paris tailors. I wish you could have seen it when it came back yesterday. It sagged three inches on the floor and I don't touch the coat any place. The strange part about it is that it fits my daughter, who is four inches taller than I am and weighs almost twice as much. I took it back to the tailors, of course, and they insisted that it was all right. I tried it on for them, and they swore by all the legends of the tailor trade that it was a marvel—a poem—a dream."

"But you are not going to pay for it?" inquired I wonderingly.

"Why, of course," said she. "I've got to pay for it. Don't you know this wicked French law that obliges you to pay for everything that you order? It's no worse than the experiences of a dozen other people I know, and it's better than meeting a *gendarme* face to face."

In spite of these depressing experiences my faith in the supremacy of Paris as a shopping center was not yet quite gone. "There are still," I reminded myself, "lingerie and blouses—the two great Parisian specialties. I'll try them next."

So I sallied forth one morning in the bright Paris sunshine, and I gazed kindly at the soldiers in their bright red trousers, and the people who eat at the street café tables, and the bearded old ladies with their fruit-carts. For there is a lilt in the heart of any woman who expects to get a bit of French lingerie at half price. Why, I even anticipated the gleam of envy on the faces of some homebound friends of mine to whom I intended showing my treasures.

"What!" I could hear them say, "did you get that at fifty-nine cents? Why, I simply can't believe it."

So by the time I had reached the lingerie counters of the famous Galérie Lafayette I was in quite a glow. "Have you any nightgowns at seven francs or thereabout?" I asked in a tone of great confidence.

"*Voici*," was the salesman's laconic reply as he pointed to a heap of nightgowns.

Voici indeed! Here were gowns at two dollars and a half, three dollars, three dollars and a half and upward, but where, oh, where, were the dainty little hand-worked Paris garments that one finds in America at one dollar and a half, and that by every law of logic should have been here at even less?

London, Like Paris, Requires a Special Course of Shopping Instructions

"Haven't you anything cheaper?" I asked indignantly. He shook his head.

"Why," said I, "it would pay you to import your Paris lingerie from America. We have it cheaper with us." And with this Parthian arrow I walked out.

Of course there must be French lingerie in Paris at low prices. I have seen specimens with my own eyes and have heard the vainglorious remarks of American women who bought them. But the fact remains that this place where I tried my lingerie luck was one of the three great department stores of Paris, and that it didn't have a nightgown under twelve francs.

Furthermore, most of the lingerie shown there was not the sort that would please any American woman. Instead of being made of our delicate nainsooks and soft cambrics, it was constructed of muslin as stiff and heavy as that which formed the clothes of our grandmothers. And, except in the very high-priced models, all the garments were absolutely without the little niceties of cut to which our women have become accustomed.

But there were yet French blouses on which to hang the remnants of a shaken faith. Be it confessed I had bought French blouses in America, but it had always been under the more or less subduing circumstances of the "end-of-season" sales. Here in Paris, I felt sure, such blouses, exquisite of frill and fine of tuck, made their everyday exit at similar prices. To other women tourists expecting the same, I might say that there is undoubtedly such a thing as a blouse compass—an intangible thing that leads some women straight to shops where blouses can be picked up at a song. Without this mysterious possession, however, one remains forever "cold." For instance, I quite owe it to this fairy gift that I discovered my own particular blouse preserve—a needlework shop near the Odéon, where it is possible to buy the daintiest, frilliest, most fascinating blouses at absurdly small prices. For I had been wandering around the Latin Quarter one morning in a most romantic mood and with a thought far removed from blouses, when suddenly the compass worked—I *felt* my shop.

Before that, however, I had found nothing that simplified the average woman's problem of how to buy an eight-dollar blouse for four dollars. At most shops French blouses command almost the same price that they do at home. And in the Rue de la Paix—that street noted for having more things you don't want at prices you can't afford than any other shopping thoroughfare in the world—they are, of course, more expensive. As an example, at one shop where I inquired the price of a simple little waist in the window they blandly informed me that it was fifteen dollars. The same waist on Fifth Avenue would probably have cost twelve dollars. There is no doubt, too, that Paris receives much of her revenue from American women who are willing to pay the three dollars difference for the privilege of shopping in Paris.

If you happen to meet a wild-looking individual in Paris, with an "I'd-like-a-tender-little-baby-au-gratin" expression, you may be pretty sure that it is an American woman hunting an inexpensive corset. French corsets, the everlasting well from which the advertisement rhapsodist in this country continually dips for such moving phrases as "The supreme art of the French *corsetière*," "The graceful line that only Paris can give," are, in fact, not all that this enthusiastic fancy represents.

Thus much I found while hunting one with Phyllis. Phyllis is my friend, and she hailed me right outside one of the big department stores. "Come," said she, "this is my last hope. I have been trying all over Paris to find a good inexpensive corset. So far I have failed, but, like Micawber, I'm hoping that something will turn up."

Corsets Come High

WHEN she had looked through all that this store had to offer she shook her head despondently. "No," said she, "I've got to wait till I get back to America." I'm bound to say, too, that the outlook was not encouraging. Not a thing under eight francs—one dollar and sixty cents—and these were as different from the good-looking, well-made corsets to be found at home for such a sum as can well be imagined. Instead of showing half a dozen models at this price, they displayed only about two styles which, with their clumsy appearance and poor boning, were a far cry from our own light, graceful, lace-trimmed models. There was a large selection, I remember, at four and five dollars. But even in these the boning was very poor, and the entire justification of the cost lay in the brocaded materials of which they were made.

I recalled then what a woman corset-buyer in America had once told me. "Do you know," she said, "you can't get those French manufacturers to make a corset the way the American woman wants it? They insist on cutting it for the French woman's figure, and you've simply got to stand over them to make them do it your way."

It was quite evident that no one had "stood over" the French corsets that I saw in Paris!

If you wish to prick this bubble of French corset superiority still further, dare the portals of one of the real hoity-toity French *corsetières*. This is the home of your true French corset. Sometimes there will be a bone here, sometimes there will be none. The corset may or may not be your size. But the French saleswoman will bring each before you as though she were laying at your feet the treasures of the earth, wrested from time and chance and all adverse circumstance. And at the end when you ask the price she will coo into your face: "One hundred and twenty-five francs, Madame." Yet the fact that the French *corsetière* waxes fat on American dollars is a pretty good proof that the gossamer and cobweb business is always a prosperous one.

Another phase of ready-to-wear garments in which American women have felt the smoothing touch of the

(Continued on Page 56)

An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

She Was Trying to Find Out What an Englishman Thinks

WHEN we had been in London long enough for our letters of introduction to take effect and began to meet the people socially, I became aware of a curious circumstance, a sort of preoccupation on the part of the women as if they were all being haunted by a new spirit of the times. English women talk extremely well in the presence of each other, but I believe they consider it a sort of Tristram Shandy immodesty to show any kind of animation, either emotional or intelligent, in the presence of men. The women settle into a dignified coma whenever men are about. They answer the men civilly, but you can see that their purpose is to be just women. However, when we withdrew to the drawing room, leaving the men to wine and cigars, or if we all happened to be women together at a teaparty or in a club, I was at once conscious of a singular droning sound among them, not audible to the ear but to the mind, as if somewhere near me they were swarming, gathering about one center. At last I discovered that they were nearly all suffragists, and that though they might entertain an undefined American stranger with plenty of pleasant talk about which museum in which to see the best pictures, and where to find other points of interest—the English always infer that Americans are tourists, interested in their art, their monuments and museums rather than in them, so that the first question they always ask is: "Have you been to the Abbey?"—meaning Westminster—these women were really thinking about their "movement" and, where opportunity afforded, making side remarks to one another upon the progress of the cause.

Suffragists Clash With the Police

THE points of similarity between English suffragists and American suffragists are remarkable and significant, showing that everywhere this movement must come out of the same conditions. They are all women not above the average in native intelligence, but they have in some way managed to get a new and positive use of their minds. Instead of being the passive verbs of human existence almost in the objective case, if one may outrage all rules of grammar with a figure of speech, they have become active transitive verbs with the franchisement of their sex as their direct object. They are either women of wealth with or without advanced education, or they are women from the English universities who have probably "majored" in economics and the sciences, with a large following now of other women that they have recruited from the working classes, which, of course, one never sees except at the meetings or when they are showing off the cause with a demonstration. Like their American sisters, the English suffragists are tall or short, middle-aged or old, but rarely young. *En masse* they do not look what men would call attractive; and it is no wonder the men take this to heart, sneer about it. It is a great loss to the pleasure of mankind when so large and ever-increasing a body of women cease to have for their object in life to be pretty and adorable, but have made up their minds to let their chins grow and strengthen till they get what they want, even if it ruins the contour of their faces. But one thing the stranger cannot help noticing. This is that the English suffragist is invariably ridiculously short-waisted; from Lady S. to Mrs. P. the last one of them has lost the pretty feminine hyphen that exists in most other women. I do not know why one should notice this especially in the suffragists when other English women are afflicted in the same way; but somehow one naturally expects the desire for suffrage to stretch them, just as the giraffe has developed a long neck by being obliged to reach up to bite twigs off the boughs above him! And doubtless in the course of time these ladies will pull themselves out into a waist line, for they are certainly getting in reach of political twigs much more rapidly than are the women in our country. The movement in England is about eighteen months in advance of the same movement in our country, in spite of the fact that it is admitted, I believe, that the idea originated in America. And I have not met any man or woman in the British Isles, however opposed to it, who did not concede that the movement will eventually succeed. This assurance appears to date from that "Black Friday" last November when in front of the Houses of Parliament the police repulsed that great body of suffragists, led by some of the most distinguished women in the land, when they attempted to get into the House of Lords. They were subjected then to systematic tortures and indignities. The men twisted their arms and thumbs. They threw them down, dragged them through the streets, beat them and trampled on them. This was done, it is claimed, by the order of the Home Secretary, who said afterward that it was intended to "frighten the women so that they would never again attempt such a performance." And it succeeded; but today Mr. Churchill is probably the man most hated in England, not only by the women but by the men.

Your Englishman is a queer fellow. He never comes to his senses until he has gone his limit. He burned his martyrs in Smithfield Market, then adopted their creed and erected very grave, high-sounding tablets all round the place in their memory. In less than fifty years there will be just such a tablet let into the front wall of the Houses of Parliament that will read something like this:

HERE IN NOVEMBER 1910
Anglo-Saxon women made their stand for Liberty. Near this spot they suffered indignities in order that those who came after them might enjoy the rights and protection of citizenship. This memorial is set up by Act of Parliament to commemorate their honor and courage.

Then the American tourist will have another famous spot to "do," another inscription to read and copy into her absurd notebook.

As I have said, I am an old woman in more senses than one, and I belong to the Westminster Abbey order of things. I am the resting-place of many honorable traditions. At my time of life I cannot be expected to give up my knitting feelings and join the most revolutionary movement started in the last two thousand years. I have a kind of feminine instinct against voting which, I am willing to admit, is different from having a reason against it. On the other hand, it is a kind of instinct with me to retire into the kitchen during the fruit season and relieve a certain fiery domestic temper by putting up plain jelly and orange marmalade. But following Peggy about and listening to these English women's talk about it has forced me to take a sort of vicarious interest in this new experiment that has for its object the democracy of women—women, you understand, who are the authors and passionate preservers of all the castes in society, and are by nature the most retiring and conservative beings on the earth. The history of the world, as I have read it, is the history of men only, with an occasional figurehead queen or a Jezebel to set it off. It records what men have accomplished in war, in government, in society and in science; women figure in it chiefly as wives and mothers. And the real distinction between men and women, every one has taken for granted until now, is that the souls of good men have always been advancing and the souls of good women have always been retreating, flying for sanctuary to some religion or to some illusion. The "right about face and forward," then, of the present feminine soul looks like a kind of virago phenomenon. How did she come to metamorphize herself? The explanation in our country is simple. We had the idea first, but it was not until this long-toothed, short-waisted, ungraceful, phlegmatic English woman picked up her ridiculously gathered skirts, tucked her dog under her arm and placed herself at the head of the movement for suffrage that her American sisters actually fell in line and followed her. From my interpretation of her in the first chapters of these papers, which is fairly truthful, it does seem that she would have been the last person in the civilized world to break a convention and assume the initiative in bringing about a new order of things.

When Women Do Not Rebel

AFTER I had been in London long enough to convince the suffragists that I was still capable of receiving ideas they took me into their confidence and among other things tried to explain their existence. They thought the movement resulted from the hardships and inequalities of their lot in life. This is the common mistake of applying logic to observation of conditions rather than to the causes that lead to them. As a matter of fact, the more a woman is deprived of her rights, the more she is abused, and the more she suffers from injustice the less likely she is to rebel. This is the everlasting difference between her and a man. In the course of a comparatively short time you may always count upon a man's kicking up a row or a revolution if you deprive him of anything he thinks he ought to have, but it is not so with women; and the British Isles afford two striking examples of this fact. The Scottish and Irish women are poorer, less fortunate in every way than the English women. They have more suffering to endure from their husbands and fathers. The faces especially of the Scottish women are tragically marked with this and with their bitter impotency. But the suffrage movement has gained little or no headway either in Scotland or in Ireland.

I Suffered From a Kind of Rheumatism of the Mind

It is very commonly claimed by the English suffragists that the inequality of the divorce law has had much to do with starting the movement. The

English law is so framed that a husband may be guilty of the most frightful cruelties toward his wife without her being able to divorce him. But I doubt whether this had anything to do with the starting of the agitation. A woman will never be very active about getting rid of the father of her children. It is her way of standing by the children. And she will keep on doing it as long as she has children, no matter if she has two votes to his one and even if he beats her every day. The men have the everlasting advantage over women here. As long as she bears children to him, Nature will not permit her to discredit them by suing for a divorce even on the best of grounds. It is the childless wives who run up the divorce statistics in our own country among respectable people. In England there are not enough childless wives to do this.

Another explanation of the strength and activity of the suffrage movement in England is attributed to the number of women who have come to it from what I venture to call the "administrative class." Not only does this account for its vitality and immense financial resources, but these particular women insure the ultimate success of the cause. Since they are the one class of women absolutely different from any we have in America I shall go more into detail about their origin at the risk of becoming tedious to my old knitting-lady readers.

The population of England is divided into three portions the nobility, the people and the poor. That part of the people that would be called the idle rich in our country justifies its relation to society here by the fact that it "administers" everything, from the laws to the charities, free of charge. And when you consider that London alone contributes several millions each year to charity you can understand that the administrators of it earn their right to exist. One must be amazed at the sum spent in this way until it is understood that the working men and women receive such small wages that they really belong to the pauper class and are kept up in part by charity. Sir Thomas Lipton, for example, furnishes breakfast every morning except Sunday to fifteen hundred poor children. In short, England pensions, subsidizes, that part of her population that in any other country would revolt at the conditions under which they live. This is what is called a paternal government. Really it is the greatest and most injurious trust ever invented by man, and I marveled at the assurance of those Englishmen who were continually embarrassing Peggy and me by calling attention to the trusts and corporations in our country and saying that no democratic form of government could be effective while they existed, and that England was the only democratic government in the world. Still, this charity trust is a very neat arrangement. It insures against the discontent of the discontented. It makes the poor grateful and servile. And it gives the otherwise "idle rich" something to do in keeping with their station and their bombastic sense of their own importance.

Suffrage Forces Split

BUT here is where the suffrage wins many thousands of this administrative class are women. Recently something has happened that has made them realize that they are tired of their job. They are bored. After managing for five hundred years hospitals and homes for paupers children and old men and women they want a change. The monotony must have long since proved unendurable to any but English women, especially when they have not been able to vary it by any other branch of the administrative service, such as taking a term in the House of Commons as the men do. These women have consequently welcomed the suffrage movement with almost hysterical ardor. It is not only a righteous cause, but it serves as a much-needed diversion. They did not start it, but they are flocking to it by the tens of thousands, bringing with them wealth and through their administrative business a trained knowledge of conditions and of the laws responsible for such conditions, which ordinarily educated women do not have. One sees here the weakness of the American suffrage movement by comparison, for the rich women there who have joined it largely belong to the idle, flamboyant rich. They have merely imitated the ardor of the English without having their experience. Therefore, they have really split the suffrage forces by their insolent and presumptuous methods, and have alienated the more intelligent and independent women who refuse to be dictated to by them. It is probably only a question of time before many of them will desert the ranks altogether.

So much then for the women's explanations of the beginnings of the suffrage movement in England. Not one of them in my opinion knew who had made them what they were. And this is Nature. None of us knows who made us, and it has always struck me as a remarkable circumstance that man should have discovered that God made him. It is more a commentary upon his conceit than a compliment to the Creator. And before I give what is probably the origin of the new woman who has adopted suffrage almost as a religion I must set down here the only explanation offered me by an Englishman. He is the editor of probably the greatest daily paper in London, but like nearly all of his sex he cannot bring himself to consider the destiny of women except in the light of their primitive mate-relation to man.

"There are," he said, "seventeen women to every fifteen men in England. The two extra ones who could not get husbands became restless and started this unfortunate agitation about the rights of women to the franchise."

And he was serious. He believes this is the truth. I did not venture to tell him that in our country we should allow about four extra women to every fifteen men for their second wives!

Now it is much easier to prove that man made woman than it is to prove that God made man. The first one was created indeed, but she was designed especially for the comfort and delectation of a man, a person of simple tastes, from all accounts, still a different kind of being in many particulars. But this was the last woman ever created. Since then men have been the sole moulders of this sex. Wherever you see one of them, new or old in her notions of things, you may know that she was formed by him. So, I say, it is easy to demonstrate that the Englishman made his suffragist, not by neglecting to marry the two extra ones in the seventeen, not by the inequalities of his laws that discriminate against her, and not by the way he is said to domineer over her and occasionally slap her, but he made her tenderly and carefully, offered prizes for her advancement and every possible inducement for her growth and development. He did this when he opened the doors of his universities and other higher institutions of learning to her, where she received the same training that men receive and, what is more important, quite a different point of view from that given by the lady principal of a girls' boarding school. What he had in mind, of course, was to afford his daughter the best possible advantages, so that she would be able to content herself with literature and art and science in lieu of a husband, or, in case she married, be more nearly the equal and companion of her husband. That is the queer circumstance about life. You aim at one thing and by the awful providence of God you get another. Nothing could have been farther from the Englishman's purpose than to have produced this new, intractable, unsentimental, outrageously intelligent female who has become the virago of liberty, who not only wants to do what he does and go where he goes, but wants to vote when he votes and probably against him. Doubtless the Maker of the heavens and the earth is sometimes astonished when one of His little well-rounded and patted stars turns out to be a comet with a forked tail a million miles long. And nothing mortal can surpass the indignant astonishment and disgust with which the Englishman views this new serpent Eve he has nursed in his bosom.

They Consider It a Sort of Tristram Shandy Immodesty to Show Any Kind of Animation in the Presence of Men

In New Zealand

BUT there you have it, the explanation of the new woman in England and in our own country. Given the same studies, the same teachers and the same environment, they develop the same kind of minds, the same sense of justice and the same courage in demanding it. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have for some time been turning out about four hundred women a year, practically every one of them a suffragist. Balliol College, Oxford, opens its doors during the summer to debates between working men and women on the subject of suffrage. Think of the effect upon the public sentiment of a little territory like England of four hundred fresh and ardent women missionaries for the rights of women. And they have organized it into a missionary movement, with the passion and ardor and self-sacrifice of disciples in all ages. No wonder the bored and rich women have joined them the thing had the look of heroics and charm from the start. It was not the chimera of fanatics but of calm-faced gentlewomen who were refined and learned in all the wisdom of the universities. They could produce an argument, you understand, and did not depend upon emotional excitement for interest in their cause.

But like the followers of every new faith the suffragists have their share of intolerance. In one of the largest and most influential of the women's clubs in London I observed that some of the members who believed in it refused to speak to other members who declined to take the movement seriously, and the men say that where the women have had the opportunity to cast the ballot they are tyrannical in the exercise of their citizenship.

"I would not live in New Zealand!" exclaimed an English gentleman one day.

"Why?" I asked. It was the first time I had seen the masculine British countenance moved and disrupted by an emotional expression.

"It is like this," he replied. "I am a family man; I entertain a good deal. Suppose I live in New Zealand. I send to my wine merchant for so many bottles of wine" he paused to gain control of himself. "Well, do you know what would happen?"

"No; what?"

"The merchant must take my order to the chief of police, who makes a note of it. Then suppose I am entertaining more than usual and I make out another order for wine very soon. He takes it again to the chief of police, who comes to see me next day, and he says: 'Mr. G., you are ordering more intoxicants than usual; why?'

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APPENWEIER'S ACCOUNT

HOW ELKIN LUBLINER GRADUATED INTO SALESMANSHIP

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"WHEN I hire a salesman, Mr. Klugfels," said Marcus Polatkin, senior partner of Polatkin & Scheikowitz, "I hire him because he's a salesman, not because he's a nephew."

"But it don't do any harm for a salesman to have an uncle whose concern would buy in one season from you already ten thousand dollars goods, Mr. Polatkin," Klugfels insisted. "Furthermore, Harry is a bright, smart boy; and you can take it from me, Mr. Polatkin, not alone he would get my trade, but us buyers is got a whole lot of influence one with the other, understand me; so, if there's any other concern you haven't on your books at present, you could rely on me I should do my best for Harry and you."

Thus spoke Mr. Felix Klugfels, buyer for Appenweier & Murray's Thirty-second Street store, on the first Monday of January; and in consequence, on the second Monday of January, Harry Flaxberg came to work as city salesman for Polatkin & Scheikowitz. He also maintained the rôle of party of the second part in a contract drawn by Henry D. Feldman, whose skill in such matters is too well known for comment here. Sufficient to say it fixed Harry Flaxberg's compensation at thirty dollars a week and moderate commissions. At Polatkin's request, however, the document was so worded that it excluded Flaxberg from selling any of the concerns already on Polatkin & Scheikowitz' books; for not only did he doubt Flaxberg's ability as a salesman, but he was quite conscious of the circumstance that, save for the acquisition of Appenweier & Murray's account, there was no need of their hiring a city salesman at all, since the scope of their business operations required only one salesman—to wit, as the lawyers say, Marcus Polatkin himself. On the other hand, Klugfels had insisted upon the safeguarding of his nephew's interests, so that the latter was reasonably certain of a year's steady employment. Hence, when, on the first Monday of February, Appenweier & Murray dispensed with the services of Mr. Klugfels before he had had the opportunity of bestowing even one order on his nephew as a mark of his favor, the business premises of Polatkin & Scheikowitz became forthwith a house of mourning. From the stricken principals down to and including the shipping clerk, nothing else was spoken of or thought about for a period of more than two weeks. Neither was it a source of much consolation to Marcus Polatkin when he heard that Klugfels had been supplanted by Max Lapin, a third cousin of Leon Sammet of the firm of Sammet Brothers.

"Ain't it terrible the way people is related nowadays?" he said to Scheikowitz, who had just read aloud the news of Max Lapin's hiring in the columns of the Daily Cloak and Suit Record.

"Honestly, Scheikowitz, if a feller ain't got a lot of retailers *oder* buyers for distance relations, understand me, he might just so well go out of business and be done with it!"

Scheikowitz threw down the paper impatiently.

"That's where you are making a big mistake, Polatkin," he said. "A feller which he expects to do business with relations is just so good as looking for trouble. You could never depend on relations that they are going to keep on buying goods from you, Polatkin. The least little thing happens between relations, understand me, and they are getting right away enemies for life; while, if it was just between friends, Polatkin, one friend makes for the other a blue eye, understand me, and in two weeks' time they are just so good friends as ever. So, even if Appenweier & Murray wouldn't fire him, y'understand, Klugfels would have dumped this young feller on us anyway."

As he spoke he looked through the office door toward the showroom, where Harry Flaxberg sat with his feet cocked up on a sample table midway in the perusal of the sporting page.

"Flaxberg," Scheikowitz cried, "what are we showing here anyway—garments *oder* shoes? You are ruining our sample tables the way you are acting!"

Flaxberg replaced his feet on the floor and put down his paper.

"It's time some one ruined them tables on you, Mr. Scheikowitz," he said. "With the junk fixtures you got it here I'm ashamed to bring a customer into the place at all."

"That's all right," Scheikowitz retorted; "for all the customers you are bringing in here, Flaxberg, we needn't got no fixtures at all. Come inside the office—my partner wants to speak to you a few words something."

Flaxberg rose leisurely to his feet and, carefully shaking each leg in turn to restore the unwrinkled perfection of his trousers, walked toward the office.

"Tell me, Flaxberg," Polatkin cried as he entered, "what are you going to do about this here account of Appenweier & Murray's?"

"What am I going to do about it?" Flaxberg repeated. "Why, what could I do about it? Every salesman is liable to lose one account, Mr. Polatkin."

"Sure, I know," Polatkin answered; "but most every other salesman is got some other accounts to fall back on. Whereas if a salesman is just got one account, Flaxberg, and he loses it, understand me, then he ain't a salesman no longer, Flaxberg. Right away he becomes only a loafer, Flaxberg, and the best thing he could do, understand me, is to go and find a job somewheres else."

"Not when he's got a contract, Mr. Polatkin," Flaxberg retorted promptly. "And specially a contract which the boss fixes up himself—ain't it?"

Scheikowitz nodded and scowled savagely at his partner.

"Listen here to me, Flaxberg," Polatkin cried. "Do you mean to told me that, even if a salesman would got ever so much a crazy contract, understand me, it allows the salesman he should sit all the time doing nothing in the showroom without we got a right to fire him?"

"Well," Flaxberg replied calmly, "it gives him the privilege to go out to lunch once in a while."

He pulled down his waistcoat with exaggerated care and turned on his heel.

"So I would be back in an hour," he concluded; "and if any customers come in and ask for me tell 'em to take a seat till I am coming back."

With the Exception of a Dozen Wooden Hangers, the Rack Was Empty

The two partners watched him until he put on his hat and coat in the rear of the showroom and then Polatkin rose to his feet.

"Flaxberg," he cried, "wait a minute!"

Flaxberg returned to the office and nonchalantly lit a cigarette.

"Listen here to me, Flaxberg," Polatkin began. "Take from us a hundred and fifty dollars and quit!"

Flaxberg continued the operation of lighting his cigarette and blew a great cloud of smoke before replying.

"What for a piker do you think I am anyhow?" he asked.

"What d'ye mean—piker?" Polatkin said. "A hundred and fifty ain't to be sneezed at, Flaxberg."

"Ain't it?" Flaxberg retorted. "Well, with me, I got a more delicate nose as most people, Mr. Polatkin. I sneeze at everything under five hundred dollars—and that's all there is to it."

Once more he turned on his heel and walked out of the office; but this time his progress toward the stairs was more deliberate, for, despite his defiant attitude, Flaxberg's finances were at low ebb owing to a marked renewal of form exhibited the previous day in the third race at New Orleans. Moreover, he felt confident that a judicious investment of a hundred and fifty dollars would net him that very afternoon at least five hundred dollars, if any reliance were to be placed on the selection of Merlando, the eminent sporting writer of the Morning Wireless.

Consequently he afforded every opportunity for Marcus to call him back, and he even paused at the factory door and applied a lighted match to his already burning cigarette. The expected summons failed, however, and instead he was nearly precipitated to the foot of the stairs by no less a person than Elkin Lubliner.

"Excuse me, Mr. Flaxberg," Elkin said. "I ain't seen you at all."

Flaxberg turned suddenly, but at the sight of Elkin his anger evaporated as he recalled a piece of gossip retailed by Sam Markuties, the shipping clerk, to the effect that, despite his eighteen years, Elkin had at least two savings-bank accounts and kept in his pocket a bundle of bills as large as a roll of piece goods.

"That's all right," Flaxberg cried with a forced grin. "I ain't surprised you are pretty near blinded when you are coming into the daylight out of the cutting room. It's dark in there like a tomb."

"I bet yer," Elkin said fervently.

"You should get into the air more often," Flaxberg went on. "A feller could get all sorts of things the matter with him staying in a hole like that."

"*Gott sei dank* I got, anyhow, my health," Elkin commented.

"Sure, I know," Flaxberg said as they reached the street; "but you must got to take care of it too. A feller which he don't get no exercise should ought to eat well, Lubliner. For instance, I bet yer you are taking every day your lunch in a bakery—ain't it?"

Elkin nodded.

"Well, there you are!" Flaxberg cried triumphantly. "A feller works all the time in a dark hole like that cutting room, and comes lunchtime he *fresses* a bunch of *Kuchen* and a cup of coffee, *verstehst du*—and is it any wonder you are looking sick?"

"I feel all right," Elkin said.

Flaxberg Crumpled Up on the Showroom Floor

"I know you feel all right," Flaxberg continued, "but you look something terrible, Lubliner. Just for today, Lubliner, take my advice and try Wasserbauer's regular dinner."

Elkin laughed aloud.

"Wasserbauer's!" he exclaimed. "Why, what do you think I am, Mr. Flaxberg? If I would be a salesman like you, Mr. Flaxberg, I would say, 'Yes; eat once in a while at Wasserbauer's'; *aber* for an assistant cutter, Mr. Flaxberg, Wasserbauer's is just so high like the Waldorfer."

"That's all right," Flaxberg retorted airily. "No one asks you you should pay for it. Come and have a decent meal with me."

For a brief interval Elkin hesitated, but at length he surrendered, and five minutes later he found himself seated opposite Harry Flaxberg in the rear of Wasserbauer's café.

"Yes, Mr. Flaxberg," he said as he commenced the fourth of a series of dill pickles, "compared with a salesman, a cutter is a dawg's life—ain't it?"

"Well," Flaxberg commented, "he is and he isn't. There's no reason why a cutter shouldn't enjoy life too, Lubliner. A cutter could make money on the side just so good as a salesman. I am acquainted already with a pants cutter by the name Schmul Kleidermann which, one afternoon last week, he pulls down two hundred and fifty dollars yet."

"Pulls down two hundred and fifty dollars!" Elkin exclaimed. "From where he pulls it down, Mr. Flaxberg?"

"Not from the pants business *oder*," Flaxberg replied. "The feller reads the papers, Lubliner, and that's how he makes his money."

"You mean he is speculating in these here stocks from stock exchanges?" Elkin asked.

"Not stocks." Flaxberg replied in shocked accents. "From *spieling* the stock markets a feller could lose his shirt yet. Never play the stock markets, Lubliner. That's something which you could really say a feller ruins himself for life with."

Elkin nodded.

"Even *im Russland* it's the same," he said.

"Sure," Flaxberg went on. "*Aber* this feller Kleidermann he makes a study of it. The name of the horse was Prince Faithful. On New Year's Day he runs fourth in a field of six. The next week he is in the money for a show with such oldtimers as Aurora Borealis, Dixie Lad and Ramble Home—and last week he gets away with it six to one a winner, understand me; and this afternoon yet, over to Judge Crowley's, I could get a price five to two a place, understand me, which it is like picking up money in the street already."

Elkin paused in the process of commencing the sixth pickle and gazed in wide-eyed astonishment at his host.

"So you see, Lubliner," Flaxberg concluded, "if you would put up twenty dollars, understand me, you could make fifty dollars more, like turning your hand over."

Elkin laid down his half-eaten pickle.

"Do you mean to say you want me I should put up twenty dollars on a horse which it is running with other horses a race?" he exclaimed.

"Well," Flaxberg replied, "of course, if you got objections to putting up money on a horse, Lubliner, why, don't do it. Lend it me instead the twenty dollars and I would play it, and if the horse should—*Gott soll halten*—not be in the money, y'understand, then I would give you the twenty dollars back Saturday at the latest. *Aber* if the horse makes a place, understand me, then I would give you your money back this afternoon yet and ten dollars to boot."

For one wavering moment Elkin raised the pickle to his lips and then replaced it on the table. Then he licked off his fingers and explored the recess of his waistcoat pocket.

"Here," he said, producing a dime—"Here is for the dill pickles, Mr. Flaxberg."

"What d'ye mean?" Flaxberg cried.

"I mean this," Elkin said, putting on his hat—"I mean you should save your money with me and blow instead your friend Kleidermann to dinner, because the proposition ain't attractive."

II

"YES, Mr. Redman," Elkin commented when he resumed his duties as assistant cutter after the five and a half dill pickles had been supplemented with a hasty meal of rolls and coffee, "for a *Schlemiel* like him to call himself a salesman—honestly, it's a disgrace!"

He addressed his remarks to Joseph Redman, head cutter for Polatkin & Scheikowitz, who plied his shears industriously at an adjoining table. Joseph, like every other employee of Polatkin & Scheikowitz, was thoroughly acquainted with the details of Flaxberg's hiring and its dénouement. Nevertheless, in his quality of head cutter he professed a becoming ignorance.

"Who is this which you are knocking now?" he asked.

"I am knocking some one which he's got a right to be knocked," Elkin replied. "I am knocking this here feller Flaxberg, which he calls himself a salesman. That feller couldn't sell a drink of water in the Sahara Desert, Mr. Redman. All he cares about is gambling and going on theayters. Why, if I would be in his shoes, Mr. Redman, I wouldn't eat or I wouldn't sleep till I got from Appenweier & Murray an order. Never mind if my uncle would be fired and Mr. Lapin, the new buyer, is a relation from Sammet Brothers, Mr. Redman, I would get that account, understand me, or I would *resplain*."

"*Yow*, you would do wonders!" Redman said. "The best thing you could do, Lubliner, is to close up your face and get to work. You shouldn't got so much to say for yourself. A big mouth is only for a salesman, Lubliner. For a cutter it's nix, understand me. So you should give me a rest with this here Appenweier & Murray's account and get busy on them 2060's. We are behind with 'em as it is."

Thus admonished, Elkin lapsed into silence; and for more than half an hour he pursued his duties diligently.

"*Na!*" Redman said at length. "What's the matter you are acting so quiet this afternoon?"

"What d'ye mean I am acting quiet, Mr. Redman?" Elkin asked. "I am thinking—that's all. Without a feller would think once in a while, Mr. Redman, he remains a cutter all his life."

"There's worser things as cutters," Redman commented. "For instance—assistant cutters."

"Sure, I know," Elkin agreed; "but salesmen is a whole lot better as cutters *oder* assistant cutters. A salesman sees life, Mr. Redman. He meets once't in a while people, Mr. Redman; while, with us, what is it? We are shut up here like we would be sitting in prison—ain't it?"

"You ain't got no kick coming," Redman said. "A young feller only going on eighteen, understand me, is getting ten dollars a week and he kicks yet. Sitting in prison, *sagt er!* Maybe you would like the concern they should be putting in moving pictures here or a phonygraft!"

Elkin sighed heavily by way of reply and for a quarter of an hour longer he worked in quietness, until Redman grew worried at his assistant's unusual taciturnity.

"What's the trouble you ain't talking, Lubliner?" he said. "Don't you feel so good?"

Elkin looked up. He was about to say that he felt all right when suddenly he received the germ of an inspiration, and in the few seconds that he hesitated it blossomed into a well-defined plan of action. He therefore emitted a faint groan and laid down his shears.

"I got a *krank* right here," he said, placing his hand on his left side. "Ever since last week I got it."

"Well, why don't you say something about it before?" Redman cried anxiously; for be it remembered that Elkin Lubliner was not only the cousin of Marcus Polatkin but the adopted nephew of Philip Scheikowitz as well. "You shouldn't let such things go."

"The fact is," Elkin replied, "I didn't want to say nothing about it to Mr. Polatkin on account he's got enough to worry him with this here Appenweier & Murray's account, and——"

"You got that account on the brain," Redman interrupted. "If you don't feel so good you should go home. Leave me fix it for you."

As he spoke he hastily buttoned on his collar and left the cutting room, while Elkin could not forego a delighted grin. After all, he reflected, he had worked steadily for over a year and a half with only such holidays as the orthodox ritual ordained; and he was so busy making plans for his first afternoon of freedom that he nearly forgot to groan again when Redman came back with Marcus Polatkin at his heels.

"*Na*, Elkin!" Marcus said. "What's the matter? Don't you feel good?"

"I got a *krank* right here," Elkin replied, placing his hand on his right side. "I got it now pretty near a week already."

"Well, maybe you should sit down for the rest of the afternoon and file away the old cutting slips," Marcus said, whereat Elkin moaned and closed his eyes.

"I filed 'em away last week already," he murmured. "I think maybe if I would lay in bed the rest of the afternoon I would be all right tomorrow."

Marcus gazed earnestly at his cousin, whose sufferings seemed to be intensified thereby.

"All right, Elkin," he said. "Go ahead. Go home and tell Mrs. Feinermann she should give you a little *Brustte;* and if you don't feel better in the morning don't take it so particular to get here early."

Elkin nodded weakly and five minutes later he walked slowly out of the factory. He took the stairs only a little less slowly, but he gradually increased his speed as he proceeded along Wooster Street, until by the time he was out of sight of the firm's office windows he was fairly running. Thus he arrived at his boarding place on Pitt Street in less than half an hour—just in time to interrupt Mrs. Sarah Feinermann as she was about to start on a shopping excursion uptown. Mrs. Feinermann exclaimed aloud at the sight of him, and her complexion grew perceptibly less florid, for his advent in Pitt Street at that early hour could have but one meaning.

"What's the matter—you are getting fired?" she asked.

"What d'ye mean—getting fired?" Elkin replied. "I ain't fired. I got an afternoon off."

Mrs. Feinermann heaved a sigh of relief. As the recipient of Elkin's five dollars a week board-money, payable strictly in advance, she naturally evinced a hearty interest in his financial affairs. Moreover, she was distantly related to Elkin's father; and owing to this kinship her husband, Marx Feinermann, foreman for Kupferberg Brothers, was of the impression that she charged Elkin only three dollars and fifty cents a week. The underestimate more than paid Mrs. Feinermann's millinery bill, and she was consequently under the necessity of buying Elkin's silence with small items of laundry work and an occasional egg for breakfast. This arrangement suited Elkin very well indeed; and though he had eaten his lunch only an hour previously he thought it the part of prudence to insist that she prepare a meal for him, by way of maintaining his privileges as Mrs. Feinermann's fellow conspirator.

"But I am just now getting dressed to go uptown," she protested.

"Where to?" he demanded.

"I got a little shopping to do," she said; and Elkin snapped his fingers in the conception of a brilliant idea.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "I would go with you. In three minutes I would wash myself and change my clothes—and I'll be right with you."

"But I got to stop in and see Marx first," she insisted. "I want to tell him something."

"I wanted to tell him something lots of times already," Elkin said significantly; and Mrs. Feinermann sat down in the nearest chair while Elkin disappeared into the adjoining room and performed a hasty toilet.

"*Schon gut*," he said as he emerged from his room five minutes later; "we would go right up to Appenweier & Murray's."

"But I ain't said I am going up to Appenweier & Murray's," Mrs. Feinermann cried. "Such a high-price place I couldn't afford to deal with at all."

"I didn't say you could," Elkin replied; "but it don't do no harm to get yourself used to such places, on account might before long you could afford to deal there maybe."

"What d'ye mean I could afford to deal there before long?" Mrs. Feinermann inquired.

"This Man Insulted Me!"

"I mean this," Elkin said, and they started down the stairs—"I mean, if things turn out like the way I want 'em to, instead of five dollars a week I would give you two dollars and fifty cents a week." Here he paused on the stair-landing to let the news sink in.

"And furthermore, if you would act the way I tell you to when we get up there I would also pay your carfare," he concluded—"one way."

III

WHEN Mrs. Feinermann entered Appenweier & Murray's store that afternoon she was immediately accosted by a floorwalker.

"What do you wish, madam?" he said.

"I want to buy something a dress for my wife," Elkin volunteered, stepping from behind the shadow of Mrs. Feinermann, who for her thirty-odd years was, to say the least, buxom.

"Your wife?" the floorwalker repeated.

"Sure; why not?" Elkin replied "Maybe I am looking young, but in reality I am old; so you should please show us the dress department, from twenty-two-fifty to twenty-eight dollars the garment."

The floorwalker ushered them into the elevator and they alighted at the second floor.

"Miss Holzmeyer!" the floorwalker cried; and in response there approached a lady of uncertain age but of no uncertain methods of salesmanship. She was garbed in a silk gown that might have graced the person of an Austrian grand duchess, and she rustled and swished as she walked toward them in what she had always found to be a most impressive manner.

"The lady wants to see some dresses," the floorwalker said; and Miss Holzmeyer smiled by a rather complicated process, in which her nose wrinkled until it drew up the corners of her mouth and made her eyes appear to rest like shoe-buttons on the tops of her powdered cheeks.

"This way, madam," she said as she swung her skirts round noisily.

"One moment," Elkin interrupted, for again he had been totally eclipsed by Mrs. Feinermann's bulky figure. "You ain't heard what my wife wants yet."

"Your wife!" Miss Holzmeyer exclaimed.

"Sure, my wife," Elkin replied calmly. "This is my wife if it's all the same to you and you ain't got no objections."

He gazed steadily at Miss Holzmeyer, who began to find her definite methods of salesmanship growing less definite, until she blushed vividly.

"Not at all," she said. "Step this way, please."

"Yes, Miss Holzmeyer," Elkin went on without moving, "as I was telling you, you ain't found out yet what my wife wants, on account a dress could be from twenty dollars the garment up to a hundred and fifty."

"We have dresses here as high as three hundred!" Miss Holzmeyer snapped. She had discerned that she was beginning to be embarrassed in the presence of this self-possessed benedick of youthful appearance, and she resented it accordingly.

"I ain't doubting it for a minute," Elkin replied. "New York is full of suckers, Miss Holzmeyer; but me and my wife is looking for something from twenty-two-fifty to twenty-eight dollars, Miss Holzmeyer."

Miss Holzmeyer's temper mounted with each repetition of her surname, and her final "Step this way, please!" was uttered in tones fairly tremulous with rage.

Elkin obeyed so leisurely that by the time Mrs. Feinermann and he had reached the rear of the showroom Miss Holzmeyer had hung three dresses on the back of a chair.

"H'allow me," Elkin said as he took the topmost gown by the shoulders and held it up in front of him. He shook out the folds and for more than five minutes examined it closely.

"I didn't want to see nothing for seventeen-fifty," he announced at last—"especially from last year's style."

"What do you mean?" Miss Holzmeyer cried angrily. "That dress is marked twenty-eight dollars and it just came in last week. It's a very smart model indeed."

"The model I don't know nothing about," Elkin replied, "but the salesman must of been pretty smart to stuck you folks like that."

He subjected another gown to a careful scrutiny while Miss Holzmeyer sought the showcases for more garments.

"Now, this one here," he said, "is better value. How much you are asking for this one, please?"

Miss Holzmeyer glanced at the price ticket.

"Twenty-eight dollars," she replied, with an indignant glare.

Elkin whistled incredulously.

"I Got a Krank Right Here. Ever Since Last Week I Got It"

"You don't tell me," he said. "I always heard it that the expenses is high uptown, but even if the walls was hung *mit* diamonds yet, Miss Holzmeyer, your bosses wouldn't starve neither. Do you got maybe a dress for twenty-eight dollars which it is worth, anyhow, twenty-five dollars?"

This last jibe was too much for Miss Holzmeyer.

"Mis-ter Lap-in!" she howled, and immediately a glazed mahogany door in an adjoining partition burst open and Max Lapin appeared on the floor of the showroom.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Miss Holzmeyer sat down in the nearest chair and fanned herself with her pocket-handkerchief.

"This man insulted me!" she said; whereat Max Lapin turned savagely to Elkin.

"What for you are insulting this lady?" he demanded as he made a rapid survey of Elkin's physical development. He was quite prepared to defend Miss Holzmeyer's honor in a fitting and manly fashion; but, during the few seconds that supervened his question, Max reflected that you can never tell about a small man.

"What d'ye mean insult this lady?" Elkin asked stoutly. "I never says a word to her. Maybe I ain't so long in the country as you are, but I got just so much respect for the old folks as anybody. Furthermore, she is showing me here garments which, honest, Mister—er——"

"Lapin," Max said.

"Mister Lapin, a house with the reputation of Appenweier & Murray shouldn't ought to got in stock at all."

"Say, lookyhere, young feller," Lapin cried, "what are you driving into anyway? I am buyer here, and if you got any kick coming tell it to me, and don't go insulting the salesladies."

"I ain't insulted no saleslady, Mr. Lapin," Elkin declared. "I am coming here to buy for my wife a dress and certainly I want to get for my money some decent value; and when this lady shows me a garment like this"—he held up the topmost garment—"and says it is from this year a model, understand me, naturally I got my own idees on the subject."

Lapin looked critically at the garment in question.

"Did you get this style from that third case there, Miss Holzmeyer?" he asked, and Miss Holzmeyer nodded.

"Well, that whole case is full of leftovers and I don't want it touched," Lapin said. "Now go ahead and show this gentleman's wife some more models; and if he gets fresh let me know—that's all."

"One minute, Mr. Lapin," Elkin said. "Will you do me the favor and let me show you something?"

He held up the garment last exhibited by Miss Holzmeyer and pointed to the yoke and its border.

"This here garment Miss Holzmeyer shows me for twenty-eight dollars, Mr. Lapin," he said, "and with me and my wife here a dollar means to us like two dollars to most people, Mr. Lapin. So when I am seeing the precisely selfsame garment like this in Fine Brothers' for twenty-six dollars, but the border is from silk embroidery, a peacock's-tail design, and the yoke is from gilt net yet, understand me, I got to say something—ain't it?"

Lapin paused in his progress toward his office and even as he did so Elkin's eyes strayed to a glass-covered showcase.

"Why, there is a garment just like Fine Brothers' model!" he exclaimed.

"Say, lookyhere!" Lapin demanded as he strode up to the showcase and pulled out the costume indicated by Elkin. "What are you trying to tell me? This here model is thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents; so, if you can get it for twenty-six at Fine Brothers', go ahead and do it!"

"But, Mr. Lapin," Elkin said, "that ain't no way for a buyer of a big concern like this to talk. I am telling you, so sure as you are standing there and I should never move from this spot, the identical selfsame style Fine Brothers got it for twenty-six dollars. I know it, Mr. Lapin, because we are making up that garment in our factory yet, and Fine Brothers takes from us six of that model at eighteen-fifty apiece."

At this unguarded disclosure Lapin's face grew crimson with rage.

"You are making it up in your factory!" he cried. "Why, you dirty faker you, what the devil you are coming round here bluffing that you want to buy a dress for your wife for?"

Elkin broke into a cold perspiration and looked round for Mrs. Feinermann, the substantial evidence of his marital state; but at the very beginning of Max Lapin's indignant outburst she had discreetly taken the first stairway to the right.

"Bring that woman back here!" Max roared. Miss Holzmeyer made a dash for the stairway, and before Elkin had time to formulate even a tentative plan of escape she had returned with her quarry.

"What do you want from me?" Mrs. Feinermann gasped. Her hat was awry, and what had once been a modish pompadour was toppled to one side and shed hairpins with every palsied nod of her head. "I ain't done nothing!" she protested.

"Sure, you ain't," Elkin said; "so you should keep your mouth shut—that's all."

"I would keep my mouth shut *oder* not as I please," Mrs. Feinermann retorted. "Furthermore, you ain't got no business to get me mixed up in this *Geschichte* at all!"

"Who are you two anyway?" Max demanded.

"This here feller is a young feller by the name of Elkin Lubliner which he is working by Polatkin & Scheikowitz," Mrs. Feinermann announced; "and what he is bringing me up here for is more than I could tell you."

"Ain't he your husband?" Max asked.

"*Oder a Stuck!*" Mrs. Feinermann declared fervently. "A kid like him should be my husband! An idee!"

"That's all right," Elkin rejoined. "*Im Russland* at my age many a young feller is got twins yet!"

"What's that got to do with it?" Max Lapin demanded.

"It ain't got nothing to do with it," Elkin said, "but it shows that a young feller like me which he is raised in the old country ain't such a kid as you think for, Mr. Lapin. And when I am telling you that the concern which sells you them goods to retail for twenty-eight dollars is sticking you good, understand me, you could take my word for it just the same like I would be fifty-five even."

Again he seized one of the garments.

"And what's more," he went on breathlessly, "the workmanship is rotten. Look at here!—the seams is falling to pieces already!"

He thrust the garment under Lapin's nose with one hand, while with the other he dug down into his trousers pocket.

"Here!" he shouted. "Here is money fifty dollars!"

He dropped the gown and held out a roll of bills toward Lapin.

"Take it!" he said hysterically. "Take it all; and if I don't bring you tomorrow morning, first thing, this same identical style, only A-number-one workmanship, which you could retail for twenty dollars a garment, understand me, keep the money and *fertig*."

At this juncture the well-nourished figure of Louis Appenweier, senior member of Appenweier & Murray, appeared in the door of the elevator and Max Lapin turned on his heel.

"Come into my office," he hissed; and as he started for the glazed mahogany door he gathered up the remaining garments and took them with him.

For more than half an hour Elkin and Max Lapin remained closeted together, and during that period Elkin conducted a clinic over each garment to such good purpose that Max sent out from time to time for more expensive styles. All of these were in turn examined by Elkin, who recognized in at least six models the designs of Joseph Redman, slightly altered in the stealing by Leon Sammet.

"Yes, Mr. Lapin," Elkin said, "them models was all designed by our own designer and some one *ganvered* 'em

(Continued on Page 38)

OUR FIRST CRUISE

By GEORGE FITCH

AFTER Doc Wright and I had labored and argued with the Imp for about five months and had got the engine subdued to a point where it would eat out of our hands without damaging the hands too seriously, we suddenly became afflicted with ennui. We were bored with the whole business. Starting the engine and running the boat up the river for five or ten miles wasn't sufficiently interesting. We wanted to cut loose from civilization and explore the dark corners of the universe, charting unknown regions and pushing the prow of the Imp up rivers hitherto inhabited only by the hungry alligator or the pensive hippopotamus.

We discussed this trip a great deal during the month of September. Doc was for starting for Australia and lugging the boat over the right of way of the Panama Canal. I was more sensible. I wanted a modest little cruise down the Mississippi and round the Gulf, with a dash up the Atlantic Coast to New York, a loaf through the Erie Canal and a romp home through the Great Lakes. I am a lot more practical than Doc. On this trip you can stop for gasoline and postal cards every few miles, while on the road to Australia there are places where you are exactly nine weeks from the nearest baseball extra. In the end we compromised on a trip to Starved Rock. Starved Rock is a little natural wonderland located about seventy-five miles up the Illinois River. We chose it because there is a good hotel there. The people who starved on the Rock were foolish enough to go there before there was a hotel nearer than Philadelphia. The Imp could do eight miles an hour when in good health, and that would land us at the Rock in ten hours—an easy day's journey.

It looked so attractive that we started getting our equipment right away, and by the first of October we had collected a camping outfit, a blacksmith's forge, a pocket anvil, a vise and carpenter's bench, a canoe, a mast and sail, a stock of groceries, a gasoline stove and set of dishes, a water condenser, an icebox, a set of marine signals, a telescope, two guns and a bushel of shells, a medicine chest, two sou'westers, wading boots, a sea anchor, a writing desk, mosquito netting, a correspondence course on camping, a gill net, a trawl net, two fishing poles and a small power lathe, together with upward of a ton of miscellaneous tools.

But after we had collected this equipment we found that if we were going to put it all in the Imp, which was only twenty-four feet long and slim-waisted to boot, we ourselves should have to travel in a small boat tied behind; on the other hand, if we were going to tow the equipment in a boat behind we should have to have a larger craft to do the towing. This discouraged us so that we decided to pocket our pride and ask Alfred DeCurses Greene to come along with us as our guest. Greene, after he had enthusiastically accepted our invitation, suggested that we get a stout oar and lash it securely to the boat.

"We don't need anything else," he said; "but I'll be ding-donged if I am going to travel with a couple of flutter-brained maniacs in a boat they have got as crazy as themselves, without an oar handy."

That settled the equipment business, and we decided right there to go to Starved Rock on October thirtieth.

There is a vast fascination in preparing to launch boldly out on a great river and travel all day and possibly part of the night between unknown shores. Doc and I felt it strongly. We talked and dreamed of nothing else. We had the Imp's engine taken down by a careful machinist and then we hired another machinist, who was even more skillful, to make it run after the first machinist had worked on it. We got maps of the river, and even bought new suits in order to have some old cast-off clothes to wear on the trip. It was with the greatest exhilaration that, on the evening of October twenty-ninth, I set the alarm clock for five A. M. and told my family not to expect me home for three days.

I arose at seven the next morning and got to the dock before eight o'clock, beating Wright by about five minutes. Greene had been at the dock since six and had the Imp all ready for the cruise. In fact, for a guest he had been entirely too officious. He began ordering us round at once, but we settled that matter mighty suddenly by electing officers. I was elected captain, because I liked to steer, and Doc Wright was elected engineer. I voted for Doc and he voted for me. Then we elected Greene deckhand to comfort him. After this was done we climbed into the boat, ordered him to cast off and started for Starved Rock.

It is wonderfully inspiring to start up the river on a long trip in the cold dawn of an autumn day. We were very busy. We had to stow the suitcases and coil up the ropes, and there was a little job of painting still uncompleted that I intended to do when I got tired of steering. We ordered Greene to scrub out the bottom of the boat and clean the anchor, and I had just taken one hand off the steering wheel to light a capacious pipe when the engine began making a peculiar noise

Funny how terrifying an unknown noise is in a motor-boat engine. It may not be a particularly frightful noise in itself. This noise wasn't. It was just a grinding, purring noise. I have heard more alarming noises out of a tomcat. But it mystified us and worried us. It was a noise that couldn't be made by an engine in good health. Doc looked all over the thing, felt its pulse, tested the exhaust, looked at the carbureter and the flywheel and shook his head. The engine seemed to be all right.

"I wouldn't risk the thing," I said to him. "Maybe if we shut it off and let it rest a minute it will feel better."

We tried to engage Greene in a casual conversation on engines in general, but he only grunted and went on polishing brass. The sulky dog was peevish over those elections. But he couldn't bother us. We could run an engine if we had to, as Doc remarked when he turned on the battery again. The engine started as if it wanted to get to Starved Rock at a single bound. I never saw an engine run so wildly. But the grinding noise still continued. Besides, when I grabbed the wheel and prepared to steer dexterously through the landscape ahead I discovered that we weren't progressing. The engine was running a hundred miles an hour and we were standing still.

"Stop the engine, Doc," I yelled, "the propeller's fallen off." Doc stopped the engine. Then he indulged in some of the most picturesquely hand-embroidered conversation that it has ever been my good fortune to hear. The perversity of a propeller that had stuck on for years and years while we had been nosing round within a few miles of home, only to fall off at the beginning of our first cruise, was outlined in that conversation until even a piece of bronze could have understood the point. If I had been that propeller I should have blushed all over.

"What are we going to do?" asked Doc of Greene, who was still wiping up the floor.

"Engineers don't ask deckhands what to do," said Greene sullenly.

"You bet they don't!" said Doc, flaring up; "and it wouldn't do them any good if they did. You'd have had this engine all apart by this time."

That was handing Greene one in a sore spot and we felt pretty good over it. There was a spare wheel in the boat, and Doc and I tossed up to see which one should put on the wheel and which one should paddle the boat. Doc lost. Then we tossed up again to see whether the loser should paddle or soak himself in the nice cold October river. Doc was elected to soak himself and I began to paddle. The shore was a good distance away, and by the time I had reached it we had drifted two miles below town. We ran on a nice sandy bar and Doc stripped to his underclothes. He stepped off into the water, doused himself with shivering shrieks of woe and began feeling round under the boat. In doing so he got his head under the water because he foolishly left it just where I was poking round with the oar, and when he came up he mixed river water and conversation in such a scandalous manner that we couldn't understand him for some time.

"Th' glub glub, whoush, glub damsh ough glug oughst allsh blurb gurg-gurb timesh," he remarked emphatically.

We cheered. "Say it again!" I yelled. "It's worth listening to."

"Thshhs blashgurg wheelshou-sspssp. Lb-blb-blim on alshsh sdthtime," he said again.

"Say it again," cried Greene, "and say it slower. I want to write it down."

"You gogo ttto tttthundersh phew," said Doc, climbing into the boat. "The bb-b-b-lamed pfffew w-w-wheel's bb-bb-b-been on all the t-t-t t-time." Then he went and coiled himself round the hot engine and refused positively to converse further.

If the wheel was on and the engine was running, why didn't we go? I looked imploringly at Greene, but he continued to polish brass and leave whole libraries unuttered. It made me mad. "That crab is going to stand round and watch us queer this trip just to get a laugh at us," said I to Doc; "but he'll fool himself. I'm going to fix this engine if it takes a week." I pushed the boat off the bar and started the engine again. It ran beautifully and we progressed with the utmost grace and dignity down the river sideways, while I pawed over all the various contraptions and dinguses and runkydorums of one sort and another that had hitherto behaved themselves. I lost a good deal of bark from my fingers and learned a few trifling things of no value. But we still continued to drift except occasionally, when we ran aground and had to be pried off with Greene's long-suffering oar. By noon we were hungry as wolves. By three o'clock we were so famished that it was all we could do to paddle the Imp to shore at Pekin against the will of the current, which seemed bound to take her to the Gulf of Mexico. But we finally accomplished it. I mopped my face, put on my coat and jumped ashore.

"Where are you going?" said Greene.

Doc Wright Begged a Gallon From a Farmhouse

"I'm going to hire a machine shop to fix this boat," I said, feeling more or less bored with the whole trip.

"Wait a minute," said Greene.

He picked up a wrench and tightened up a little screw on the cylindrical rinky-dink back of the engine. Then he started the engine backward. The Imp slid out into the channel. After that he reversed the engine and started it forward. The Imp began plowing her way up the river as if her attention had just been called to the desirability of running.

"Your set screw was loose and the propeller shaft wasn't turning," said Greene indifferently.

Of course the proper thing to do would have been to murder Greene, but somehow for almost the first time we did not yearn to do this. All of a sudden he had become tremendously important to that cruise of ours. I knew all about a set screw now and could put one in with my eyes shut, but for all I knew something might happen to the muffler. It might turn blue and develop a whooping-cough, and then we should be expected to study out this new branch of the science while drifting merrily down the river the wrong way. No, we had to have Greene. So we flattered him and praised him all the way to Peoria, and the result was that the next morning, when we got down to the dock at ten o'clock to start once more, he ordered us round as if we had been deckhands.

"Hop into that boat now as fast as you can, turn on the gasoline and stand by with that headline," he yelled. "And don't stand round there, you lubbers, with your mouths open. Step lively now. For two cents I'd take a rowboat and beat you to the Rock."

I ask you if that is pleasant conversation from a guest. And I ask you further if it is fair to talk that way to a man when he is afraid to talk back. We were so mad that our necks burned, but we didn't say anything. We were afraid Greene would go back home if we did. We just obeyed orders and finally sat in the stern as important as two pussycats on a battleship while he bustled about and finally started the engine and began backing out. Our sternline was trailing in the water and once I thought I would mention it, but I hated to obtrude. Greene backed and backed and the engine got weaker and weaker until it finally stopped altogether.

Greene was vexed. He pulled and hauled on the fly-wheel until finally the engine refused to budge. Then he got up, crowded past us and looked over the stern. So did we with great interest. That little half-inch rope was as tight as a bowstring.

"Well, I'll be sulphur and brimstone and four hundred in the shade!" said Greene—though those weren't the exact words he used.

"What's the matter?" said Doc, looking anxiously over the stern as if he expected to see a shark.

Greene looked at him with utter contempt. "That rope's fouled in the wheel," he barked. "It's got to be cut out before we can go an inch."

"You don't say," I remarked in great surprise. "Would a little rope like that stop a big boat? How did it happen to do it?"

"It fell off the deck, I suppose," snapped Greene.

"I noticed it piled round loosely here when we started," said Doc in lamblike tones. "I was going to ask you if I might coil it up the way we used to, but you were so sharp I was kind of timid about it."

"Yes," said I, "you seemed to know so much about everything that I thought if that rope needed to be coiled up you'd surely tell us to do it."

"What do you think of a captain that makes you mop off the waterline and leaves a rope round like that?" Doc asked of me.

"H-s-s-h," I answered; "he's our guest, you know."

"Well, we're the only ones that know it," said Doc. "He's forgotten it. He's been acting as if he were foreman of a section gang."

"I wouldn't mind his bossing if he knew anything," I complained. "But when a man climbs into your boat and orders you all over it and tells you he knows as much as a national library, and then gets you into trouble because he hasn't sense enough to coil up a sternline, you naturally wonder if he isn't all bluff ——"

At this moment a terrific explosion occurred. It was Greene. We were perfectly happy. When he finished remarking we asked if he was going to walk home in the dusty road among the vegetable wagons where he belonged, or stick to his job and get us out of trouble. That hooked him right through the gills. He announced that he was going to stay with the Imp till she reached Starved Rock if it took a week. He cooled off and went to work and we went to work and we all bossed each other, share and share alike. The result was that late in the afternoon we got that rope off and headed up the river, I steering and Greene and Doc nursing the engine in friendly cooperation.

The Imp ran beautifully once more. We headed up the river into the lake and wrangled over how far to go that night, and I stood at the wheel and surveyed the watery horizon like Christopher Columbus discovering new worlds. It was splendid. We would run in at some friendly little town late that night and sleep like children after our hard exertions, and then in the morning—just then I tried to crawl over the wheel on my stomach. It was painful and disturbing. I unwrapped myself and sat down, feeling particularly unhappy just as Greene said

"Well, I'm blamed if the lunatic hasn't run us on Mud Island!"

It appeared to be true. I never did get the hang of the channel through the upper lake and it seems that I had been blithely steering for the swamps to the right of the river. The Imp was tilted comfortably bow end up on the bar at the foot of a muddy, squdgy flat a mile from the channel, and after the rest of the crew had taken in the situation at some length they came round to where I sat and began to talk about me.

It was a frightfully painful conversation. They talked over and round and through me, and discussed the most intimate details of my mental equipment without so much as suspecting that I was there. I sat in the stern and took it all, but there was one comfort. Being that proud and haughty, they couldn't of course condescend to ask me to help them get the boat off. They professed to be afraid I would misplace the river. So they waded and dug and pushed and got themselves daubed up until they looked like clay models, while I just sat in the stern and drank in the sunny October air and heard myself compared to all the eminent boneheads that have cumbered the earth since time began. When darkness came we were still nestling in the mud.

"Let's knock off and have supper," said Doc. "I'm hungry enough to eat hay. I hope you or the Rocky Mountain burro over in the stern brought some good substantials. I was in a hurry and I got the dessert myself." Saying which, he produced a sack with three dozen store-made doughnuts of the common gutta-percha variety. Greene looked at them wildly.

"Suffering Caesar!" he shouted. "That's the first time we ever agreed on anything." Digging out a sack from his suitcase he rolled out another three dozen doughnuts. The design of the hole was different, but they had evidently been made from the same sawdust pile.

Greene and Wright sat and looked at the doughnuts with inexpressible sadness. "There's no use moaning," Greene said at last; "we've got to fall back on the old island wrecker. Hustle up, Timber-top, and produce some real grub. Here's a chance for you to furnish an excuse for living."

Now I had left home in a big hurry that morning and had forgotten all about provisions until I had got downstairs. I had no time to waste on them then, but I had found a jar of fine durable doughnuts with sugar on them in the kitchen and had wrapped them up in a newspaper. They were three times as good as the ancient relics that the lunch-counter men had palmed off on those other two innocents, but do you suppose I got any credit for that? Not a word. They blamed me for the whole business. You would have thought I had been commissioned to bring a banquet. They refused even to sample them. For that matter, Greene wouldn't eat any of Wright's doughnuts and Wright wouldn't touch any but his own, while of course neither one would have offered me a doughnut if I had been attacked by Apaches and had needed it for defense. Each one ate his own brand, reviling the other man's atrocious doughnuts and praising his own make to the skies. We almost got good-natured over it.

We ate our doughnuts and then we sat in the Imp, while the slow centuries winged their way backward into history and the thermometer crawled down toward the frost line. Occasionally Greene, who had the loudest lungs, would jump up and hail some far-off red or green light with no effect. Then he and Doc would discuss me some more. I got awfully tired of these discussions. I finally lay down and went to sleep in the middle of one of them. I woke once, feeling crowded. Greene was on one side of me fast asleep and Doc on the other. The next time I woke the sky was pink and blue and the night fog was rising off the water. There was a particularly homey look to the scenery. Moreover, we weren't aground. We were rocking gently down the river, and not a hundred yards off was our home dock.

I kicked Doc and Greene into consciousness and when they saw that dock they glared at me and called me a liar. I had to paddle the boat up to the dock itself before they would believe it. The river had risen a couple of inches during the night, it seems, and there had been a strong wind from the east that had rocked us off into deep water. And here we were at the starting line once more, with Starved Rock just seventy-five miles away, as usual.

We got on the street car and went downtown to a restaurant, where we filled up with care and thoroughness. As Greene finished his second order of bacon and eggs he turned to us and made a short oration.

"I don't know what your ideas are," he said apologetically, "but my idea would be that the Imp will start for Starved Rock in just half an hour."

"Hurray!" said Doc and I.

"And my idea is that we've got to stop quarreling too," he said emphatically. "This is a serious business, getting to Starved Rock. We've been at it two days and we're just where we started. I don't say that we can't starve just as successfully round here as we can up there, because we've proved it; but we started for the Rock, and by the lee scuppers of Noah's Ark, we're going to get there!"

"Hooray!" we cried once more, and went back to the dock full of noble resolves.

We had the Imp filled full of gasoline and oil and water and sandwiches and fresh batteries and canned goods, and just at seven o'clock we started for Starved Rock once more. The dockkeeper came out and cheered us as we left. That dockkeeper would rise from sound sleep at midnight to be present when we started for anywhere or came home. I never saw anything like the interest he took in our affairs.

We steered the Imp up through the Upper Free Bridge and past the summer resorts into the lake. We missed Mud Island by a comfortable margin and we staggered on past Mossville. We were ten miles from home by a little after eight o'clock. Personally I felt as exploreful as Christopher Columbus, and perfectly confident. But Greene was gloomy.

"She ain't right," he said despondently; "she ain't working worth a cent. Her batteries are weak and there's something wrong with her carbureter. She don't get any compression and I ought to take that pump apart this minute and clean it. She's getting hotter every minute."

That's Greene all over. He was beginning to enjoy the trip now. When an expert begins to sit beside an engine and shake his head with a morguelike expression he is getting into the spirit of the thing. Greene fiddled with the coils and the carbureter and took off the lubricators, holding his hands over the oil-holes to keep the air out in the meanwhile. He is so expert that he can almost take an engine apart while it is running. I believe that is his ultimate ambition. Some day he will take a gasoline engine entirely apart and reassemble it without making it miss a pop. When he has done this he will ask death to take him. There can be no more in life for him.

The Imp surged on past the willow points above Mossville and there arose on the starboard bow the little town of Spring Bay, nestling among the hills and unsoiled by railroads or modernism of any sort. It was an ideal point for a breakdown. No human being could have picked out a better spot. Quietly as a baby going to its rosy rest, the Imp folded its tired cranks and dropped asleep.

"No, you don't!" yelled Greene, leaping up and shaking his fist at the placid engine; "any other time it's all right, but you run today. Understand? Will you run or shall I take the monkey-wrench to you?"

I saw Greene take a monkey-wrench to an engine once and I shuddered at the threat. The result was appalling. That engine was scattered over two docks and four boats in less than an hour. But our engine didn't even pale. It slept on while Greene dissected the carbureter and cleaned the pump and put in new spark-plugs and put everything together and cranked and then said pious things with the reverse clutch on.

"Sounds to me as if she was out of gasoline," said Doc Wright timidly.

Greene looked at him severely. "Boy," he said, "did you or did you not see that dockkeeper pour twenty gallons into the tank? What kind of a thirst do you suppose this engine has?

"Nevertheless ——" said Greene. He scratched his head and looked in the gasoline tank. It was dry as a bone.

But the bow of the boat was full of gasoline. There was an opening for a ventilator in the deck and the careful assistant dockkeeper had poured out twenty gallons into that hole.

We paddled the boat into Spring Bay and went after gasoline like three ravening pirates after gold. The tank wagon was due the next day and supplies were very low. I coaxed a gallon from the minister's wife, and Doc Wright begged a gallon from a farmhouse, and Greene, with a desperate air, bought a bottle of spring tonic. Then we started the Imp again, and with our precious two gallons we ran to within three hundred yards of the dock at Chillicothe, after which we tried the spring tonic out with indifferent results. So we ran the Imp aground in the mud and Greene waded fifty yards ashore with a five-gallon can, returning half an hour later triumphant, but not much to look at, he having negotiated a clay bank on his hands and knees both ways.

And now we fared forth again and a mighty cheer went up, for we were twenty miles from home and had conquered amazing difficulties. So we made merry among ourselves, and Doc Wright playfully slipped a can of water into Greene's sleeve as he bent over the engine, and Greene retaliated with a dipperful in Doc's ear and was rewarded with a young cataract in the hip pocket and gave back good measure in Doc's collar—after which, both being soaked, they stripped to their underclothing and sat on the forward deck in the sun, their shirts waving from the flagstaffs, stem and stern, and the herons and mallard ducks blushing at their shamelessness as we careered madly on toward Henry.

There is a dam and a lock at Henry that the state maintains for the undoing of the unwary. Usually there is enough water over the dam for safe passage, but strangers

do not know this. They sail innocently into the lock, and not only does the implacable lockkeeper lock them in and charge them one dollar and fifty cents, but they have to toil at the windlasses at both ends before they can escape. It was galley-slave work. We panted our way one hundred and eleven times round both windlasses, and just as the job was over a fat old tub put-putted merrily up the river and over the dam with the utmost unconcern. We yelled with rage and demanded our money back, but the lockkeeper only laughed at us. I am going to run for governor some day, or maybe Doc will if he has time, and then that lockkeeper, if he is still alive and sinning, will laugh from the other side of his mouth.

We were almost halfway. The Imp had never been so far from home before. Joy settled down over us like a light fleecy cloud and we swam in bliss. I know now that we should have refrained from rejoicing until the Rock was in sight, but we were inexperienced then and didn't know this. We organized a lopsided quartet and sang so loudly that when a priming cock blew out we could hardly hear the engine's modest remarks about it through the din.

Greene fixed the engine by driving a wooden plug in hard. Then he fixed the coils with a pin—I don't know how—and after that he fixed the carbureter with some pins and part of an old cork, and when he finished that he mopped his brow and began to fix a leaky lubricator with chewing gum. And then it began to dawn upon us that maybe Fate was on the job again and that we weren't going to get to Starved Rock after all. The quartet went out of business abruptly.

Greene fixed the lubricator after an awful struggle. The tiller rope parted a little later, but we didn't fix it. Time was precious. Doc lay down under the transom of the boat and steered by yanking the lever round by hand. I watched the channel and gave him signals by kicking his port and starboard feet. It was hard on Doc, but we were desperate. If we could only get that engine into health again we could fix the rope while running and lose no precious time.

A noisome odor arose. Greene sniffed suspiciously. He laid his hand on the engine cylinder and took it away right off with a yell. The engine was hot enough to fry eggs. Greene looked over the side of the boat and gave a whoop of despair. Not a drop of water was coming from the pump.

We ran to shore and tied up, smothered in gloom, all but Doc, who crawled out from his kennel under the stern looking almost happy and began to straighten out his warped frame. Greene took the pump apart and probed and primed and probed and blew into the intake hose until he swelled visibly. Nothing happened. Far under the boat was the water intake and something had got into it. For the want of a fifteen-cent brass screen we were lost. Fifteen-cent screens are now as bad as horseshoe nails for upsetting men and nations.

A mile up the river we could see the elevator at Hennepin peeping shyly forth from behind a bend. We decided to row the Imp up there and haul her out. After that we could repair her and go on if we had to run all night and all the next day and on until election time. We had two oars this trip and Doc paddled. It would almost have been more convenient to tie up the boat and haul the village down to it. The old-time galley slaves used to complain a good deal over their lot; but a galley slave didn't have to tug on an oar that slipped off a home-made oarlock every third time and allowed him to sit down hard in a bushel of tools.

We paddled the Imp along in the swift current and finally we found a high bank free from brush. Then Doc got out and towed us for a ways while we rested. Then we rowed some more. Sometimes we won and sometimes the current had it all its own way. I'll bet no college eight ever finished with tongues hanging farther out than ours were when we ran the boat on the gravel beach at Hennepin and sat down to pant awhile.

We sat and rested and looked with dull, fishy eyes on quaint old Hennepin. There was never a more magnificent October day, but we weren't interested in it. We were not interested in anything—not even in a steamboat that was poking its way up the river that is, not until she whistled for Hennepin and stood in for the landing. Then Greene got up and began to hum in a peculiar manner of his. It is the exhaust from his brain. Whenever he is thinking over eleven thousand revolutions a second you can hear that hum.

The steamer came grandly in and the keel grated not fifty feet from us. She was a Government snag-boat, and as Greene gazed at those two immense derricks on her bows he began to slap himself and whistle. Then he jumped out of the boat and made for the steamboat. We sat more or less expectant until he finally returned. To look at his face one would have imagined that he had just been given the State of Illinois for a country home.

"All aboard for La Salle," he grinned; "we start in fifteen minutes."

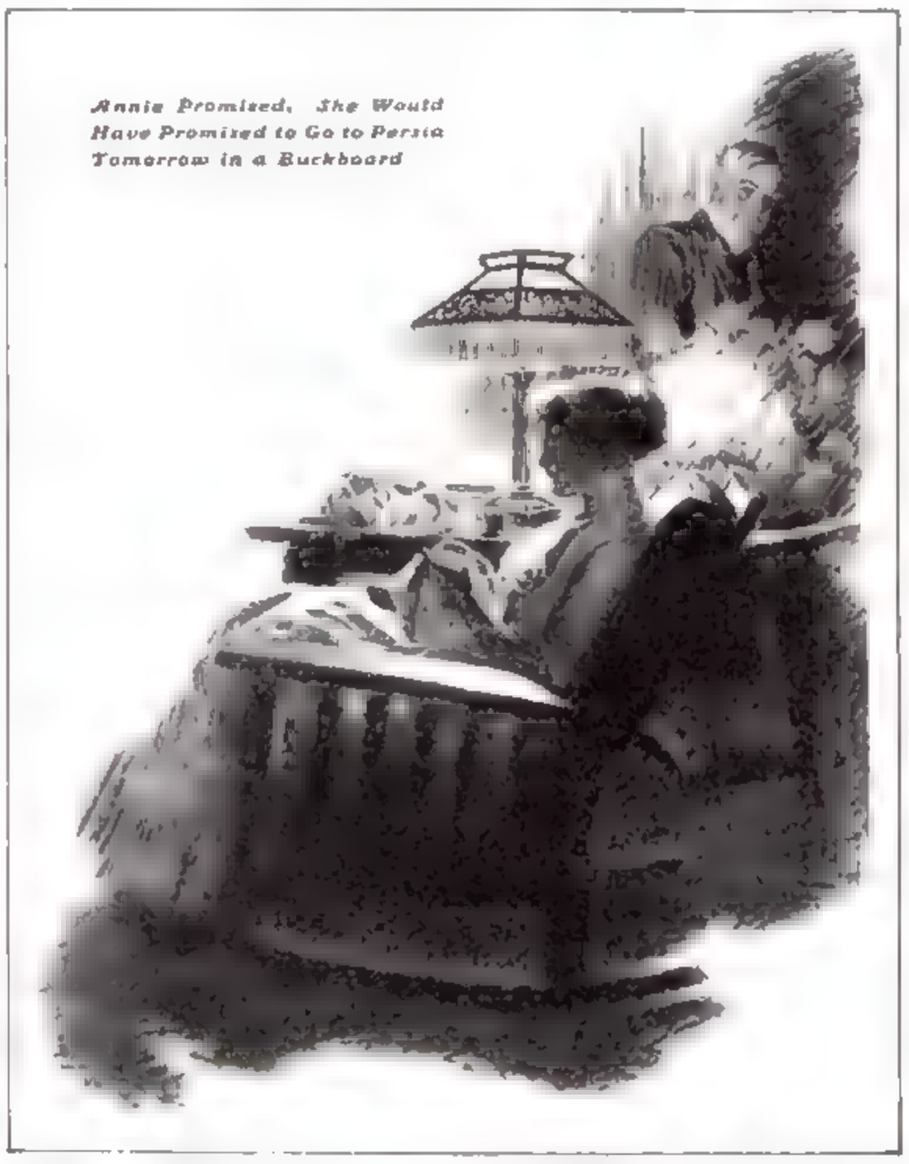
Which we did. Greene knew the captain, and anyway he could talk a strange bulldog into lending him his tail for a bell rope. The snag-boat was going up to La Salle to get a package of smoking tobacco for the first mate—that's the way they run those Government boats—and anything to relieve the monotony was welcome. In fifteen minutes

(Continued on Page 45)

MODERN METHODS

By CASPAR DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. V. McFALL



Annie Promised, She Would Have Promised to Go to Persia Tomorrow in a Buckboard

EDWARD FITZGIBBON FROMLICH was born—and I wish to give the careless natal fates due credit for the choice—in New York, U. S. A. He was a young man of the newest America, a person who was alive to the present, intensely keen on the future, but who regarded all pasts Gettysburg, Châlons, Richard the Crusader, Diogenes, Thebes and Olympus and Sinai and the Waters of Ganges—as "put away to sleep" That is to say, that E. F. Fromlich's blood, traditions and general heredity had been whisked to a fine froth in the great metropolitan churn. If he had any antique reverences he did not know them.

Strictly with a view to the future his own Edward had gulped down all the free education New York gave in the nineties, and read all sorts of "solid books" in free libraries ever since. He was not bookless, as the commonalty reckon books. To Fromlich himself much of his study appeared mere stuffy chapters of introduction, twaddle about Xerxes and Alexander Hamilton and Fulton and Queen Victoria and Galileo and the Triple Alliance, written by authors who doddered fatally with the past and had difficulty in "coming up to date."

At thirty-two Fromlich had laid by four thousand dollars—for the future, of course by running engines and dynamos. He came up, trope-weary from three years on the Isthmus, into the Pennsylvania coalfields, when the dogwood flaunted white promise on all the hills and apple blossoms made the valleys bridal. He was a personable young man. He cherished a general faith in human nature; but his passionate belief was pledged to two realities with real futures to them New York and the Canal. To these cults a third was added in the course of the summer. He fell in love with Annie Pearl Jones, of 18 Hopkins Street, Granville.

Annie Pearl Jones was a mine boss' daughter, and Edward settled to running dynamos in an underground power house of a coal mine. Her looks, his up-to-dateness, sheer youth and summer moonlight and propinquity he boarded just round the corner made the match. They were married in August, deeply in love. They furnished a small, plain, rented house. They began to cut large slices off the future and butter them and eat them.

Then

Edward discovered that everything womenkind did had their grandmothers' customs in it, even to curtaining or not curtaining a window with muslin; and all the other women watched to make each sister toe the traditional mark. Present utilities and rational objectives were nowhere. Annie Pearl Fromlich was a conservative and a ritualistic housekeeper. She wouldn't believe a book or a germ or a Government Bulletin on oath. She would sit on a bed in a darkened room with glass paperweights in her hands whenever it thundered. The worst thing of all, Edward observed, when he patiently and systematically tried to understand her, was that Annie was a woman. Woman, when you come to think of it, is an archaic animal, a vessel of the past.

I omit what Annie Pearl Jones discovered about man and Edward: it would not make light reading. Suffice it to say that on the twentieth of October, 1909, Mrs. Fromlich took a car downtown to the county courthouse, was met by her lawyer, and filed papers for a cruel and incompatible divorce. Then she went home to her mother's, took off her hat, had a cup of strong tea and cried herself sick. Everything women do has their grandmothers' customs cropping up in it.

Weeks drew on. In Pennsylvania anybody not rich or distinguished can get a divorce as neat as Reno's best. Annie Pearl's little case was heard in January. The stereotyped result might have been expected, save that old Judge Fuld was on the bench. He shillyshallied with his power. To Annie Fromlich, who raised sky-blue eyes to him, and whose young face crimsoned and paled too often to bespeak hopes thoroughly embalmed, the judge gave but a travesty of justice. She should have alimony of five dollars a week; she should be separated from her incompatible husband for three months; and after that breathing spell the court would, if she insisted, go on and grant her an interlocutory decree for a period of one year!

After this effort the judge adjourned the session for luncheon. Annie's lawyer gathered up his papers, snapped a rubber-band on the bundle, smiled upon his client with routine courtesy.

"Too bad, Mrs. Fromlich. He's very uncertain on matrimony. And, of course, the law allows a wide discretion. He's the best judge in the state on land titles, practically never reversed; but for the divorce court he's just a waste of time. We'll have to do it all over in three months now. He hopes couples'll come together. He's an old man."

"It can't be helped," sighed Annie Pearl, getting up from her chair. But her knees trembled and her heart thumped. After all, if if Ned Oh, if ——

But Ned apparently did not. He conceived it the part of an up-to-date American husband long-sufferingly to permit a few wives to divorce him. He should make no overtures, no complaints, no scandal; and generally accommodate himself to circumstances. The proper man mustn't take to drink or run away, because either extreme would exaggerate the lady's importance. He should say nothing and pay the lawyer. All these things, then, in the strength of his German steadiness, his Irish pride and his American up-to-dateness Annie's husband set himself to fulfill. He puzzled Granville terribly.

Before the settlement of alimony young Mrs. Fromlich had gone to work in the silk mill for, finances aside, her young body had to earn its sleep in that period of troubled mind. After the day in court she kept on for weeks. But in March, as days grew longer and spring stirred

imperceptibly in the Northern world, a great weariness and weakness grew upon her. Twice the spinning machines blurred into blackness as Annie crumpled to the floor. She was going into a decline, she knew. She wouldn't work after this week, not ever again. She didn't care either. It was the effect, she was sure, of a broken heart.

She stayed at home with her mother and puckered her smooth brows with three days of intense thinking. She had no work to do. Finally of an afternoon she looked at herself long in the tilted glass behind her bureau, did her hair three different ways for experiment, and decided to live. She took out a purse from a cubbyhole; it had twenty-two dollars in money and seven yellow checks. Memorials, these.

"Not everybody's man can write a check!" she exulted for the hundredth time. "There's some class to Ned. How that lawyer-thing sat up and took notice when he saw the first one! Day and Night Bank too. Ain't that exactly like him!" She smiled and sighed.

The morning paper lay on the bed with pre-Easter advertising bourgeoning large. Fifty-seven dollars in hand is a good deal of money. A spruce cockrobin, earliest of his family to make the fashionable migrations, appeared by the pear trees near her window-sill. Spring had come!

"I remember how rattled I was first time he gave me one to cash," she continued in a low tone. "I thought he was putting up a game on me to see if I'd ask for the money instead and show I was green, and give him the laugh. But he wasn't. It's his way. He's as used to checks as I am to the eggbeater, and he'd never think of anybody else being different. My, I'd never dared go to the bank with one of them in my life if Mr. Laval hadn't been my Sunday-school superintendent since I was six."

She slipped off her calico dress and turned to hang it on its hook on the wall. A thought caught her, arms upraised. She moaned and struck her hands to her eyes.

"Checks! Getting them every week by mail, like they were patent-medicine samples! What's five dollars a week when it's him I want?"

The room was small and stuffy, the wall paper a wiggly horror. Annie Pearl revolted once and for all against the renunciations, the disabilities, the sad seclusion implied by the shelter of its four walls. She took down her winter suit from its hanger. Ned had got it for her before their last quarrel in October and had seen her wear it once.

"I am going," said Annie, snatching up the newspaper, "to have the niftiest spring suit fifty dollars will buy!" And she stamped her foot. "No matter what's coming, I'm going to have folks see me in some thor'ly good clothes, and remember it too. The hat I'll charge."

Checks and money she crammed into her purse. Her gloves were shabby. She frowned at them and at her slender hands. Then with a setting of the teeth she took from the bureau her wedding ring.

"I'll put it on this once," said she, flushing. "Downtown some of the salesladies have the eyes of a lynx. And I won't have folks thinking and guessing and passing remarks on me. The impudent gossips!"

Downstairs and out went young Mrs. Fromlich, aswirl with emotions and the Easter modes. Edward Fitzgibbon, had he been there, would have understood the mood and loved it. But he was fussing with kilowatts and transformers and cut-offs nine hundred feet underground.

She Would Sit on a Bed With Glass Paperweights in Her Hands Whenever It Thundered

II

ON THE tenth of March Saul Dundridge was made assistant electrical engineer at the Parcross Colliery. His qualifications were purely social. An intermittent alcoholic, of Doric tastes and manners, his high-bred people could not tastefully fit him into their Germantown landscape; and as majority stockholders in the Mountain Coal Company they sequestrated him in a mine under a grandmother's maiden name. The career of Saul Dundridge matters very briefly to this story. He was a scamp, a brute and a fool; but he was a gossip shut up with Ned Fromlich ten or eleven hours a day.

"There's a strictly man-tailored piece of grass-widow up our street," Saul confided to his superior on the third morning of their association. "I'd like to get in with her. Might put a shine on life in this dull burg. What?"

"Oh," said Fromlich.

"She dresses!" stated Saul, lolling on the bench of their underground power house and blinking up at the white arcs. He made his words pictorial and gloated over them. "Showy kind of lavender cloth. Fits her like a skin too. Pretty flossy. I'm glad there's somebody up here in the tall weeds that can rag out like a human of some speed. As for skirts in general, I see they ——"

"Clean that," commanded the engineer, throwing him a wrench with excellent aim. "And don't swill oil over my tools again."

The prodigal obeyed. But while he swabbed he discoursed stupidly or grossly of various Eves and various apples of knowledge.

"You don't say!"

"Among the rubes, Ned, you're the nearest thing to a live wire yourself that I've seen yet. What say you come along with me some evening and see if we can't get the sign from the little hay-queen, eh?"

"Nope," the engineer replied crossly. "I don't want 'em. Besides, I'm ——"

"Her name's Jones, this girlie. Ever hear of her? Father's a mineworker. Pretty well to do, by the house they live in. How d'you think she'd like to have a feller from the city for the summer? What?"

"Why, you plastered skunk!" Fromlich's lean figure overhung the lounger on the bench and Saul instinctively raised an arm. "She wouldn't look at you! She's good! Good, you slobbering——Why, why, I ——" He choked upon his wrath and astonishment. "I know her well," he concluded lamely—"very well."

"All right then," Saul Dundridge assured him hastily. "I didn't know. I didn't say she wasn't, my good man. I just—oh—wondered."

"Then you stop wondering, or I'll just—oh—drop you into a magnetic field, with fatal results, my good man."

Saul grinned nervously. The whirring dynamos were dangerous mysteries, all too handy to the man they obeyed.

"Well, all I know is she has wads of money and clothes up to the minute," he explained. "I never got a word with her. But there's a pious old Sunday-school widower down in the bank here that's after her hot foot."

"It isn't a bank," Fromlich corrected absently; "only a branch bank. Laval's cashier."

"I heard she ran away from her husband, or else he ran away from her, and she hadn't been able to get a divorce, so I naturally just guessed ——"

"No, you didn't." The voice carried an ominous firmness. "Take it from me, thought don't come natural to you at all. I'm going to stop the number two now. And the only natural thing for you'll be to lie on your back between her and four and polish up everything you see till I can't rub a streak off the metal anywhere. She needs it and you need it."

"Oh, come now! It's dangerous. That's no way to treat a fellow. I mentioned the grass widow, but I ——"

"You didn't," Edward Fitzgibbon assured him coldly. "You've been snoring. Took too much of that dope of yours. But you're under my orders, and you're—to—clean—number two."

"With what?" Saul whimpered. "I don't know how. Say! How can I?"

"With cotton waste." Gravely the engineer kicked his helper; and during the rest of the afternoon communicated with him chiefly by these elementary but informative gestures.

For five hours a person of patrician blood lay under the machinery, swearing and swabbing to serve out his sentence.

But the ridiculous tawdry conversation had its reactions. Fromlich, shake himself free as he might, could not be rid of the specter of pious Mr. Laval, the widower cashier, going courting in Woodhull Jones' front parlor. A sneaking yellow cur of jealousy tagged at Edward's heels. He could not but remember that both Laval and Annie were pious conservatives, born and bred. A mere educated, enlightened, modern New Yorker like himself couldn't predict what that kind of people might do.

As for the blabbing Saul he grinned. He had five dollars in his pocket.

After work that Monday he betook him to a florist's shop and sent roses. In his Dundridge-chrysalis he had no cards, so that the flowers went anonymously; but above the street and number of the address he scribbled shakily in leadpencil: "Annie."

III

THE humble-pie that Annie Pearl had in preparation for her own eating received its top crust the evening when three dozen pale pink roses were delivered at her father's house; but by an unfortunate series of coincidences she left the bitter dainty unbaked and uneaten.

In the first place, with thirty-five of the roses in an old English pitcher and one at her breast she sat that evening in the lamplit parlor with shades not drawn, and sewed on a bunch of lacy nothings, and listened and blushed and sighed, and jumped when the doorbell rang.

"It's just like him," she explained to herself as her mother went to answer the summons. "Who else would begin with sending greenhouse flowers? He always has those grand expensive ways of going at a thing. Dear me, I'll be glad to see him sit down in that chair again and square his shoulders back and look me over and begin to fight. I think I'd—Mercy, I'm blushing!"

However, it was a false alarm that time. Mr. Laval had rung. He stood in the hallway just a minute, with the door open to the splashy rainy darkness of the street, to remind Annie that tomorrow evening at seven the Sunday-school cantata would rehearse, and if she'd be sure to go he would call and take her on the ten-of-seven car.

Annie, from her chair beyond the lamp, promised. She would have promised to go to Persia tomorrow in a buckboard, if a ready acquiescence tonight would clear that bothersome old he-sister out of the hall and out of the gate before Ned came. And Mr. Laval prosed, excused, lingered; dripping trickles on the rug, too, from his raincoat. But finally he went.

"He did stare," thought Annie, twirling her thimble. "I'm afraid I looked excited. Or too happy." A little breathless catch of laughter followed and she patted her work. Not for worlds would she look up at those black, rain-beaded street windows! But the wisdom of her grandmothers told Annie Fromlich that at any minute Ned was going to stride along and look in and see—all lavender broadcloth and cream lace and flesh pink flowers—a very pretty wife.

However, he never came.

The code of her grandmothers bade her weep tonight and tomorrow be dreadfully, tormentingly nice to some other man. As for explaining the flowers and Ned, and Ned's not coming, it didn't. The code always had failed on Ned-isms so far.

If Monday had been bad, Tuesday was worse. Cantata evening was thoroughly unlucky. The rain had changed to a wretched spring snowstorm and the Hopkins Street car was late and full of people when young Mrs. Fromlich got on at the corner. Mr. Laval was fussily considerate of her comfort, and an impudent, staring, down-at-heel, bleary man crowded in after them.

Annie had to go through the evening; but Mr. Laval fidgeted so consciously under the car lights that even slighted female affection could not use him as a peg to hang

flirtation on. He had a horror of divorce and he was so obviously afraid of being charmed against his principles. The bleary man had got a seat and smirked in an offensive way.

Then with an awful suddenness Ned Fromlich let go a strap. He nodded to her, raised his hat and bent over the shabby person. His voice she recognized as absolute black fury, though his manner was quietly direct.

"You dirty snooping spy!" was his remark. "Here's your corner. You get off with me."

And he pulled the bellrope and, shepherding his catch, passed out of the front door.

The car stopped, jerked on. Annie peered through the steamy window. Did she, or didn't she, see two men rolling in the snow?

Why on earth ——? Oh, but he was splendid, and awful, and what would people think if she cried about it right now? Oh, oh, oh! If he fought like that he knew how to love like that too. And he was dear. Oh, goodness gracious!

The cantata might have been sung by cats for all Annie knew or cared. To get home and jam on her wedding ring hard, and consult Ned's photograph, and cry into a pillow were all her objectives. And she thought perhaps she'd write him in the morning. Certainly she'd telephone the lawyer man. There was no sense in getting a divorce when you never felt so married in all your life before!

The morning postman brought one of those envelopes with the lawyer's business address in the corner, directed as usual in the lawyer's handwriting.

"Just like him, sending them to the office and not to me!" exulted young Mrs. Fromlich with a proud smile as she turned the envelope over and over. "There's nothing common about Ned. If I didn't want him I needn't have him, see? Strictly business." She ran upstairs, though not so lightly as she once might, and banged the bedroom door.

"Bless your scratchy old chin!" she said softly to a brown photograph that had lately migrated from the bottom washstand drawer to the place of honor behind the pincushion. "This'll be the very last check you give me this way by mail, I know that!"

She unfolded the yellow slip. "E. F. Fromlich." The dear, free, swinging way he signed his name made her heart jump. I suppose her grandmothers' hearts had jumped, too, as far back as any of their menfolks learned reading and writing back in the Roundhead days at least. It was part of the racial woman code.

It wasn't the usual plain alimony check. It was for ten dollars, and it carried trimmings. Right across the top margin, in plain English for anybody to read, Edward Fromlich had inscribed an opinion:

"I see the Lord has sent Deacon Laval courting you. Here's a new bonnet. You must need it."

The divorcée-presumptive read and read and read those baffling lines. She did not weep; and it has always been her contention that neither then nor later did she accord the document one tear. In fact a quite Fitzgibbonish temper developed in her almost melted heart.

"The idea!" said Annie Pearl.

Then she went to the closet, took down a bandbox, and tried on with some approval the correct little beehive affair of cream and black that belonged to her Easter clothes. Yes, it was. It was a good hat. She restored it to its place and turned again to the study of Ned's yellow check.

"Now imagine," said she to the mirrored Annie Pearl, "me indorsing that lovely thing and poking it in the window at poor, scary, old, innocent Laval'"

She thought again, and came with a great sigh of security to firm ground. "Boo!" said she to Edward on the bureau. "Jealous!"

IV

WITH a sapience Ned would not have credited, Annie put away the alimony and waited for next week's insult. She knew it would be worse. And it was.

"I hate a cold-blooded prig with silly notions." So Ned had written. He hated only five dollars' worth too.

Next week's was literary and complex as a Baconian cipher.

"Kindly read 'Taming of the Shrew, by Shakspere, and imagine I wrote the worst parts from experience."

That made twenty dollars which Mrs. Fromlich had in unnegotiable securities. However, she put it by and did much beautiful frothy sewing—a waist or two for herself and a dressing jacket, which were worthy of Paris. When her lace was all sewed up, of course she might need more money. Meantime she sat at home and sewed, and often sang like a happy dreamer of dreams.

But the fourth alimony was too much for the patientest daughter of woman. It said:

"I'm glad I had no children."

"Well!" said Annie. "Married in August!" She raged and laughed and cried. Oh, the ridiculous stupid! This indeed was the limit of his rope.

She dressed in her prettiest waist and new hat and an old brown suit, and went downtown to consult her counsel.

"I know you'll laugh," she explained, having opened the matter. "It's perfectly horrid and I don't expect you to help it. He's awfully mean to do so, even if he is smart, because I'm too ashamed for anything to cash 'em. And there are lots of things I want twenty-five dollars for, you know."

"I've seen them already, Mrs. Fromlich," her adviser assured her with a veneer of professional gravity thinly hiding his amusement. "You forget they come through my hands. I can't say I liked the form. But unless my client took some notice of the irregularity I'd not feel that I could approach Mr. Fromlich."

"Well," said Annie, "the question is, How can we get at him? I don't know what'll be on next week's if we don't do something to stop him. Ned's different from other people. He takes short-cuts to things, and they startle you, they're so short. *I* never see him nowadays."

"I'll look him up if you wish," said the gentleman mildly.

"Oh, no! You wouldn't do at all! I mean I know him as well as anybody does—and that's not very well either—and I'm sure he'd just drop you down a shaft or something for interfering, and that'd be murder, and everything would go from bad to worse." Annie paused to take breath after this climax. Then, blue eyes very wistful, she inquired: "Couldn't you get him up before that old judge that didn't give me my divorce last winter? He was such a sensible man!"

"Per-haps," said the attorney, diving into his waste-basket for an elusive and long-sought article that he never found.

"If I was here, and the judge and you, I think between us we might bring him to reason."

"I'll do what I can," said he, coming upright with a grave face, "to cite him in contempt. Maybe I can. Judge Fuld's sitting now. And if I can get the summons how would day after tomorrow suit you, say at four in the afternoon?"

"I'll get here," said this most naïve of clients. "Oh, indeed I'll come! But are you sure he will?"

"Not sure; hopeful. The judge has rather—rather unusual notions of the marriage contract, fortunately. I'll telephone you. And, meantime, I shall need the offensive communications to show the judge. I suppose you'd rather not indorse them? If you cared to I could give you the money, submit them to him, and put them through my own account here in a bank where you are not known."

Annie Pearl shook her head. Banks were a *terra incognita* to her; but in all tangled trails of discretion, taste, business, delicacy, dress, deportment and abstract ethics she steered her way by one fixed star.

"Ned wouldn't like it," she said with finality. "He's—he's strict and awfully old-fashioned about some things. Never mind the money. And thanks, just the same."

V

NO MAN in a bitterer, blacker humor than E. F. Fromlich ever lost a perfectly good ten hours to dawdle through an entire day in the East Courtroom. He was told to come at nine and he came. An Italian blackhander was suing an Italian saloonkeeper for libel, and getting the worst of his own testimony in a long, stupid bilingual case. No human being, not even the worn, fat old judge, could be interested in the jib-jabber. Nor could Fromlich engross himself in any profitable thinking.

Annie was not on deck. Things went duller and duller.

At a quarter to five finally there was a bustle. The jury retired. The legal machinery began to grind. The judge said this and that in a thin, husky old voice inaudible beyond the immediate circle round him. People went and came. A sheriff or tipstaff or janitor came miraculously straight to Edward and called him by name.

". . . In his chambers now—adjournment—a contempt," sputtered this person rapidly. "This way, please. Judge presently—wait."

Fromlich entered, and with a sigh of relief shut out the Common Pleas beyond a solid door. It was a small room, plain, with low coloring; there were some chairs, a table, books. The books comforted Edward. He made toward the cases. But it was Annie, of course.

In a lacy waist and a cream-colored hat with black on it Annie Pearl sat behind a table. She looked up, smiled, flushed faintly; considering that this life is a tragedy she looked altogether too established in content and peace.

"Well!" spoke Ned, advancing haughtily, derby hat in hand; "have you been keeping me down here all afternoon?"

"Have you been keeping me?" queried she, not unskillfully. "I've been here forever, expecting the judge would come in. Where were you?"

Fromlich brushed that aside with an impatient motion. He stared at her through narrowed lids; and though all pasts were, in principle, "dead ones," he could not but approve in retrospect his taste of eleven months ago. In fact, Annie was prettier and sweeter than when he met her last May. Blue her eyes were, blue to dream of; and with a new look in them, too, as if she knew some baffling secret that he didn't. Confound it, that wasn't the way a near-divorced wife ought to look at a modern enlightened American whom she'd tried and found incompatible!

"Those were horrid, those checks," said Mother Eve, stealing his lawful advantage of the grievance. "I really needed the money, Ned, to buy some things; but of course I'd never cash them. You knew I wouldn't. I hate to think you put all that money into them. Can't you get it back?"

"Money back?" he vociferated.

"Yes. Can't you?"

"Why not ask Laval to cash . . ."

"That's impossible and bad manners," she assured him gently. "The poor old ninnypinny, he'd be about scandalized to his death! You don't need him for a stalking-horse, Ned Fromlich, if you want to quarrel with me."

Edward knew it was true. "All right about that then, Annie," he assented.

And here ended the gossip-motif, introduced for the first time into their major theme by Saul Dundridge down in the dynamo room the twelfth of March.

"Say," the girl's voice continued, "are you happier without me really? Are you, for sure?"

"I don't matter."

She waited.

"Never mind me," elucidated the man. "I don't count, far as this thing goes. You're the one to be suited. I guess I can take my medicine as it comes along. You look out for yourself. I—I'm sorry I made a hash of—this year. You're so young"

"For what?"

"Young to marry. I guess any man that'd made up his mind as hard as I did could have rushed

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"You Dirty Snooping Spy! Here's Your Corner. You Get Off With Me"

How to Beat the Building Game

By B. A. HOWES

ONCE upon a time there was a famous author who wanted to build a house to build a home, as the real-estate advertisements put it. He had plans drawn by an architect and got bids for its construction in permanent and fireproof material. When he received the amounts he was shocked. "That is half as much again as I have allowed!" he cried. So it was decided to build in cheaper construction and "by day's labor," with the direct supervision of the author's family, thus saving the contractor's profit. When the house was finished—and it was very attractive, even though it would never be a family homestead because it would hardly last long enough for that—and the famous author was happily ensconced he was asked: "And was the house built for your original allowance?" "Half of it was!" replied the famous author.

Now is the time of year when every man who has dreams of building a home, encouraged thereto by a swarm of little magazines, begins to plan to beat the building game. If he tries it he will be lucky to do as well as the hero of our opening tale. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, however, and a new home-builder is born every minute.

A highminded gentleman bought some land from other very honorable gentlemen who were developing a highly restricted community where they owned their own homes. They were also backing a building company to erect houses on it, and they patronized a talented and apparently reputable architect who had drawn the plans for most of the houses. The first-named gentleman thought he couldn't do better than accept their recommendation of their building company and pet architect, especially as these latter were willing to build just the house he wanted at a price he could afford to pay. It was to be built for the cost of materials and labor plus a specified percentage, but was not to exceed a certain sum. He didn't scrutinize the exact terms of this guaranty very closely, perhaps; but then the plans had been very carefully worked out, and by this time they were all friends and he and his wife had been charmingly welcomed by the little community.

When the house was well under way, however, and some of the material going into it seemed to the owner very defective, the architect didn't get round to insisting that the contractor should replace it. And when the cost of the house ran up and up, many thousands over the original estimate, there seemed to be no way of exacting satisfaction. The contractor appealed to the architect, and the architect simply faded away. And the original honorable gentlemen of the select community—why, he couldn't sue them; not if he expected to live there, anyway.

How the Canniest Men are Caught

IN THE end the highminded gentleman who had been above suspecting his new friends, realizing that his guaranty was nothing more than a gentleman's agreement and unable to keep the house which had run him deeply into debt, made arrangements to sell. An expert whom he called in found that the house was really worth nearly what he had paid for it. He had not been cheated, except into undertaking a proposition twice as costly as he could afford. His own lack of experience had prevented his recognizing as a forty-thousand-dollar house what had been promised to him for twenty thousand. He had taken an unsupported estimate seriously, without investigating the business reliability of either architect or contractors.

There is just one way to beat the building game, but that is a way which the canny American consistently refuses to take. He has heard plenty of such tales as those above, but he is perfectly sure that no one is going to get the better of him—rather the other way about. And it is just the canny American who is stung worst. A very astute real-estate man in a Western city decided to build a large house for himself on some land he owned. He was determined to have a house of a certain size and of a certain excellent and solid type of construction, but not to spend too much money for it. None of your extravagant commissions for him! So he found a young architect who was willing to shade his percentage a good bit, and who worked very hard indeed to simplify details and cut down all non-essentials, though keeping all the other points demanded. The specifications were duly drawn up by the young architect and sent out for bids. The result was curious. One very well-known builder declined to put in a figure, without comment. Another reputable contractor put in a bid much higher than the owner proposed to go, but intimated politely that he hardly hoped to do business with him "under those specifications." Two or three other obscure firms, who had pressed for the opportunity, bid somewhere near the owner's ultimatum.

The astute real-estate man thought he was making a good bargain in taking up with the low bidder; but from that day to the present the job has been in hot water. The principal sufferer has been the architect; for when the owner has clamored at something he didn't like about the house the contractor has retorted: "Not called for by the specifications!" or "Nothing in the specifications to forbid that!" And there wasn't. The experienced firms had seen that you could "drive a coach and six" through the loosely drawn specifications of the young architect, and that an irresponsible contractor would certainly greatly underbid them and then do shoddy work to his heart's content. Honestly built—the only way they were willing to work—the house would have cost more than the owner would pay; so they let it alone. In the end the owner will probably blackguard the architect, get into a lawsuit with the contractor—which he will lose—and start all over again; but he will deserve his troubles.

A prosperous business man and his wife proposed to build a large house in which to end their days. It was to be a real home in their old home town, and was to be "just as she wanted it." They, too, had a young architect, who was obliging and conscientious. They, too, wanted to build a sixty-thousand-dollar house for forty thousand dollars. They were much more businesslike, however; they made none of the mistakes just chronicled. They found a contractor, with a high reputation for skill and honesty, who was needing work and willing to meet them halfway. The specifications were properly drawn—partly, to be sure, because the builder wanted "to do a fine job" and worked with the architect to get the best construction for the least money; but the owners insisted on a very low figure for the house—so low that it covered practically the bare cost of the job. The builder had no intention of dropping the standard of his work; but he foresaw that human nature, as he had observed it in the somewhat autocratic pair, would work on his side. He made it clear to them that all details must be exactly what they wanted before signing the contract; that changes or extras could be inserted only on order signed by both owner and architect, for a sum specified in each order. Nevertheless, as the house developed, the prospective mistress saw innumerable improvements possible. She would have them all. She did not like the extra charges, to be sure; but, as it turned out, the "extras" she authorized were the only source of profit to the builder.

On the whole, it may be said that these home-builders did well. They got exactly what they wanted, in good construction, at a fair price; but the incident shows the difficulties under which the conscientious builder—and there are a few—suffers. Failing the extras, he could have either lost money on the work or refused to take it at that figure. The owners then doubtless would have closed with a less responsible firm, who would have "skinned the job" to make their profit. If these home-builders had been willing to trust their architect and builder—as at heart they really did—they could have got the same results with less friction by building their house at "cost plus percentage," which usually implies the right to make changes without extra charge.

Under the present system of letting contracts, the architect prepares plans, including working plans and detailed specifications for the work; these plans and specifications are submitted to a group of building contractors—sometimes as many as twelve to twenty. Some of these are probably well known in that particular architect's office; some are known to the owner; some have asked, either from owner or architect, the privilege of bidding.

The common custom is to bid a certain lump sum, which represents the estimated cost to the contractor plus his margin for profit. Sometimes he figures on doing all the work himself; but he usually has obtained bids for special parts of the work from subcontractors—such as for the heating, plumbing, electric-lighting, hardwood floors, painting, and so on. In an elaborate house the ramifications may be more minute. These subcontractors' bids represent some elements in his cost; to them will be added all the work done by his own workmen, and the proportionate office and traveling expenses. This lump-sum form of contract, however, is not invariable.

The Pressure on the Builder

ANOTHER form is the cost-plus-percentage contract, by which the architect's part is the same but the contractor does the work for its cost to him plus a percentage on the cost, varying from seven and a half to fifteen per cent. In this case, of course, the owner is supposed to be furnished with complete vouchers for all expenditures. A variation on the cost plus percentage, much in vogue among simple-minded owners, is the day's-work plan, by which the owner pays, through the contractor, for the labor and materials employed, plus ten per cent on the cost of the latter.

The objection to the old lump-sum form of contract is, of course, that it offers a premium on "skinning the job." Some contractor will surprise and delight the owner with a low bid, thus securing the contract—unless the architect objects—trusting to his own devious methods to wrest a profit from construction as cheap as he can get the architect to accept. The casual wanderer in these fields will say at once "the dishonest contractor" will do this; but in truth it has become almost an understood procedure in the trade, forced upon the contractor by the owner's usual insistence on giving the work to the lowest bidder, and by the architect's tendency to plan a house more elaborate than can be well built for the appropriation. The tendency of the contractor to get below the specifications when he can and the consequent necessity for coercion and police work on the part of the architect are absolutely logical results. The contractor is always working, though the architect or his inspector sees only part of what is going on.

It is pretty well understood that, even with the most careful specifications and the most rigid attitude on the part of the architect, the contractor can cheat if he wants to. Some dissatisfied owners are inclined to suspect their architects of collusion; but that is a mistake. It can probably be said with truth that there are no corrupt architects—or practically none; but there are innumerable weak-kneed ones. Plenty of artistic temperaments will

accept more or less shoddy work rather than fight it out with a blustering contractor. And they, of course, reflect with truth that it is all the owner's fault, anyway, because of his wanting to get a big house in return for a small outlay.

The great objection to the cost-plus-percentage contract in the mind of the layman is his expectation that the irresponsible contractor will run up the cost in order to increase his percentage. This, however, is what happens least often. In this case the contractor is not forced, as under the lump-sum contract, to get his profit as it were by stealth. It is presumed that he will be allowed by the owner a fair price for good work.

This understanding, however, opens the door to certain trade customs which generally prevail, though not among all the firms of highest grade. In the first place, costs are seldom returned to the owner as original vouchers. It is rather the habit of the contractor to "put in a statement," in which materials and labor are set down at a fair retail price indeed, but not exactly what the contractor is paying.

Exactly the same practice is followed in the day's-work form, where the owner pays for materials and labor according to the contractor's accounts. The latter, however, has probably hired these workmen at a price giving him a profit of twenty-five to thirty-three per cent on their wages; and is getting his regular discounts from the material men besides.

The only thoroughly straight and satisfactory arrangement, under the cost-plus-percentage form of contract, is to have it clearly understood whether or not the contractor is giving the owner the benefit of all his discounts. If he agrees to do so he buys the materials—as the owner could not buy them—pays for them, and sends the owner the original voucher from the man who got the money—not a copy. He also turns in the original timesheet—or labor payroll—signed either by the laborers themselves or by the foreman and timekeeper on the job, showing hours of labor and rate of payment for each man. He may also make an agreed-upon charge for office work, personal expenses, and so on, either a fixed sum or a small percentage charge. When this plan is fully lived up to it is the ideal one, both for owner and builder, reducing the possibility of disputes to a minimum and insuring, as no other does, a good quality of work. When it is combined with the stipulation of an "upset price," beyond which the contractor must meet all costs, it would seem that the owner is absolutely protected.

Some architects occasionally recommend the plan of several separate contracts, let on a competitive basis, for carpenter work, masonry, plastering, painting, and so on, with the idea of saving the general contractor's profit on these contracts; but this expectation is mostly illusory. In the first place, this method of building requires a highly competent and well-salaried clerk-of-the-works, who must carefully watch all operations; and the continual disputes as to responsibility and mutual interference between different contractors, with the consequent loss of time, usually eat up the rest of the saving.

Moreover, it is highly probable that even the competitive bids given to an owner are appreciably higher than a general contractor could obtain, the separate contractors anticipating the usual conflicts as to time, and so on, and recouping themselves in advance. Any one who has had to adjudicate between dawdling painters who said they were waiting for the plasterers to finish, and plasterers who in turn accused carpenters of keeping them back, and carpenters who "couldn't set the trim until it was painted," knows the evil possibilities of this situation. If the owner is prepared to spend all his own time on the job, to ward off every possibility of confusion in the order of operations, he may come out all right; but, unless building is for him a pastime for his leisure, this will hardly be possible.

Some one whispers: "There are people now who will do all the architect's work and the building and furnishing for you at a sum you settle on beforehand. Is that not to beat the building game?" Well, it depends on what you want and on how much you have to spend, for such an arrangement requires a pretty large investment.

The method is usually this: The plans are the work of some young architect at wholesale rates—usually not bad, never very good. The building is fairly well done—usually turned in at about cost. The profit on the affair to the firm is in the decorations, including the furniture, which in such houses always turns out to be excessive in quantity on the persuasions of the salesmen, and is, of course, provided at a profit of anywhere from fifty to five hundred per cent.

The decorator in these days is as much overpaid as the architect, with his beggarly six to ten per cent, is underpaid, and on a transaction involving a house and its contents he can reap a handsome profit on the whole from the decorations alone, provided there are enough of them. For people who don't object to upholstery and have no particular individual tastes, the method seems a fairly good one, and at least involves no chance of such difficulties as I have related above; but it is not often followed by people of simple or severe tastes in interiors, and we may consider this rather a way of evading the building game than of playing it.

As for the people who are rash enough to think they can build without an architect, they do not, to my mind, deserve all the sympathy they get. Of course, with a set of stock building plans and a builder of supernal honesty, they may not go so far wrong; but the second ingredient in the combination is the important one. The difficulty about such building plans, accompanied by estimates, is that the specifications are so loose that the poorest work will meet them—thus accounting for the estimates!

A lady in an Eastern city found in one of the magazines a prize design for a charming house, drawn "to cost not over seven thousand dollars." To her surprise and joy she

(Continued on Page 64)

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

JOHNNY GAMBLE PUTS IN THE BUSIEST DAY OF HIS LIFE

I

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

POLLY PARSONS burst into the boudoir of Constance Joy, every feather on her lavender hat aquiver with indignation. "What do you think!" she demanded. "Johnny Gamble's lost his million dollars!"

Constance, nursing a pale-faced headache, had been reclining on the couch at the side of a bouquet of roses four feet across; but now she sat straight up and smiled, and the sparkle that had been absent for days came back into her eyes.

"No!" she exclaimed. "Really, has he?"

Polly regarded her in amazement. "You act as if you are glad of it," she said.

"I am," confessed Constance, and breaking off one of the big red roses she arose, surveyed herself in the glass, tried the effect of it against her dark hair and finally pinned it on her dressing gown.

Polly plumped into a big rocking-chair to vent her indignation.

"I don't see anything to giggle at!" she declared. "Johnny Gamble's a friend of mine. I'm going home."

"Don't, Polly," laughed Constance. "Why, this is one of Johnny's roses;" and she gave it an extra touch really a quite affectionate one.

"I'm all mussed up in my mind," complained Polly in a maze of perplexity. "Johnny Gamble made a million dollars so he could ask you to throw away your million and marry him, and you were so tickled with the idea that you kept score for him"

Constance smiled irritatingly.

"I kept score because it was fun. He never told me why he wanted the money"

"You may look like a Miss Innocence, but you knew that much," accused Polly.

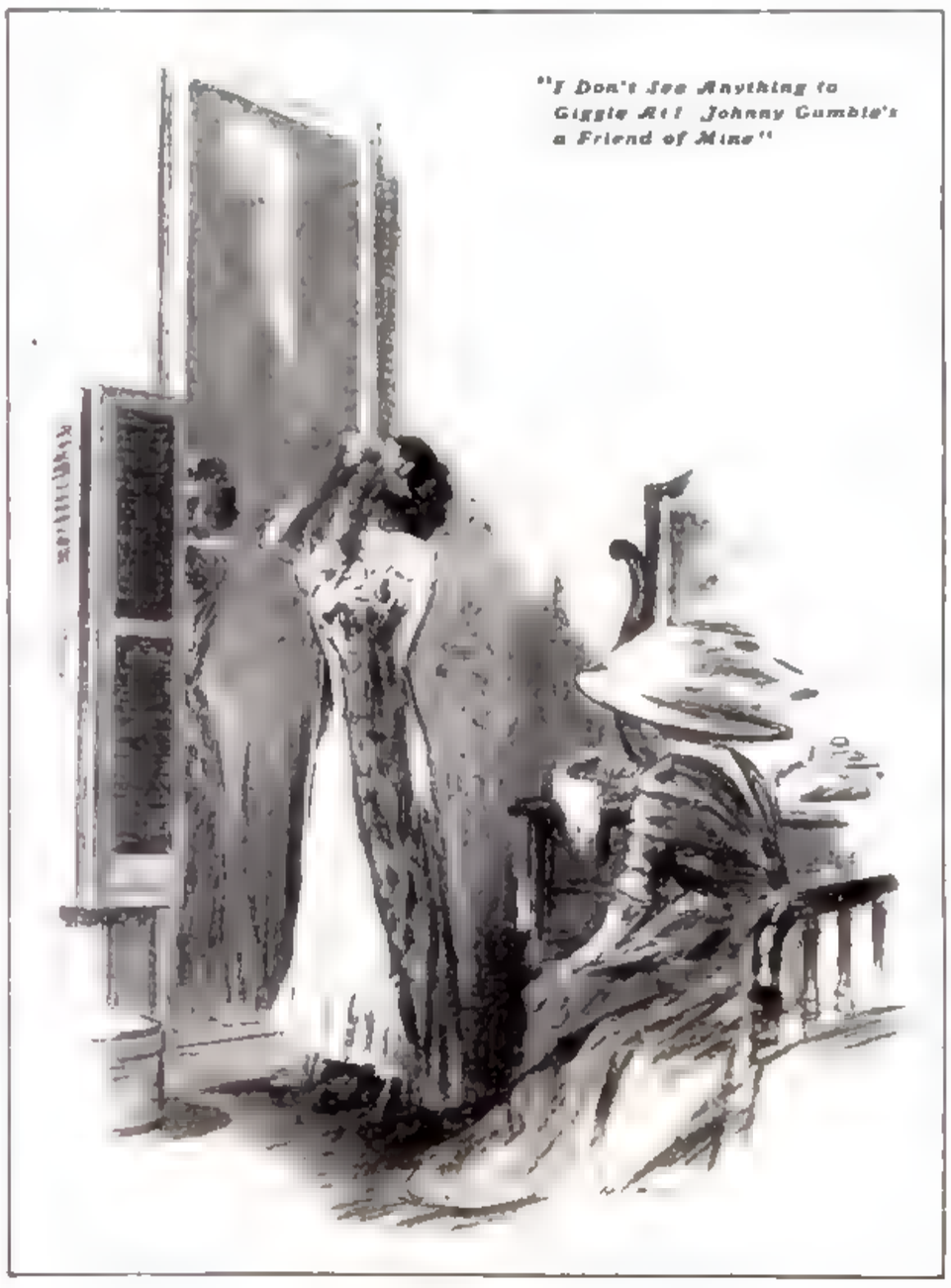
Constance flushed, but she sat down by Polly to laugh.

"To tell you the truth, Polly, I did suspect it," she admitted.

"Yes, and you liked it," asserted Polly.

Constance flushed a little more deeply.

"It was flattering," she acknowledged; "but really, Polly, it brought me into a most humiliating position. At the Courtneys' house-party I overheard Mr. Courtney tell his wife that Mr. Gamble was making a million dollars in order to marry me; and Johnny was with me at the time!"



"I Don't See Anything to Giggle At! Johnny Gamble's a Friend of Mine"

The hint of a twinkle appeared in Polly's indignant eyes as she began to comprehend the true state of affairs. "Suppose he did?" she demanded. "Everybody knew it."

Constance immediately took possession of the indignation and made it her own.

"They had no business to know it!"

Polly smiled.

"Every place I went that day I heard the same thing" continued Constance much aggrieved—"Johnny Gamble's million, and me, and Gresham, and the million dollars I would have to forfeit if I didn't marry Paul. It was million, million, wherever I turned!"

"The million-dollar bride," laughed Polly.

"Don't!" cried Constance. "Please don't, Polly! You've done quite enough. Even you came to me out there that day to tell me that now Johnny had made his million and was coming to propose to me. Why, you knew it before I did."

"I'm sorry I found it out," apologized Polly. "I got it from Loring."

"Why didn't you say that it was Loring who told you?" demanded Constance, disposed now to be indignant at everything.

"I didn't know you were jealous," retorted Polly.

"Jealous!" exclaimed Constance. "Why, Johnny wasn't even civil to any other girl."

Polly smiled knowingly.

"Then why did you quarrel with him?"

"I didn't," denied Constance. "He came the minute you left and I'd have objected if he had proposed then, so I went away. He dropped his straw hat, and it rolled after me and nearly touched me. He dropped it every time I saw him that day. Also he added the final indignity—I overheard him tell Mr. Courtney that he intended to marry me whether I liked it or not. Now, Polly, seriously, what would you have done if anything like that had happened to you?"

Polly waited to gain her self-control.

"I'd have taken the hat away from him," she declared.

Constance smiled once more.

"I didn't think of that," she admitted.

"No, and instead here's what you've done," Polly pointed out to her: "You turned Johnny loose to look after himself, and he isn't capable of it since he fell in love; so for the past two weeks he's been as savage as any ordinary business man. That's one thing. For another, you've made yourself sick just pining and grieving for a sight of Johnny Gamble."

"I haven't!" indignantly denied Constance, and to prove that assertion her eyes filled with tears. She covered them with her handkerchief and Polly petted her, and they both felt better. "I think I'll dress," declared Constance after she had been thus refreshed. "My headache's much improved and I think I'd like to go somewhere." She hesitated a moment.

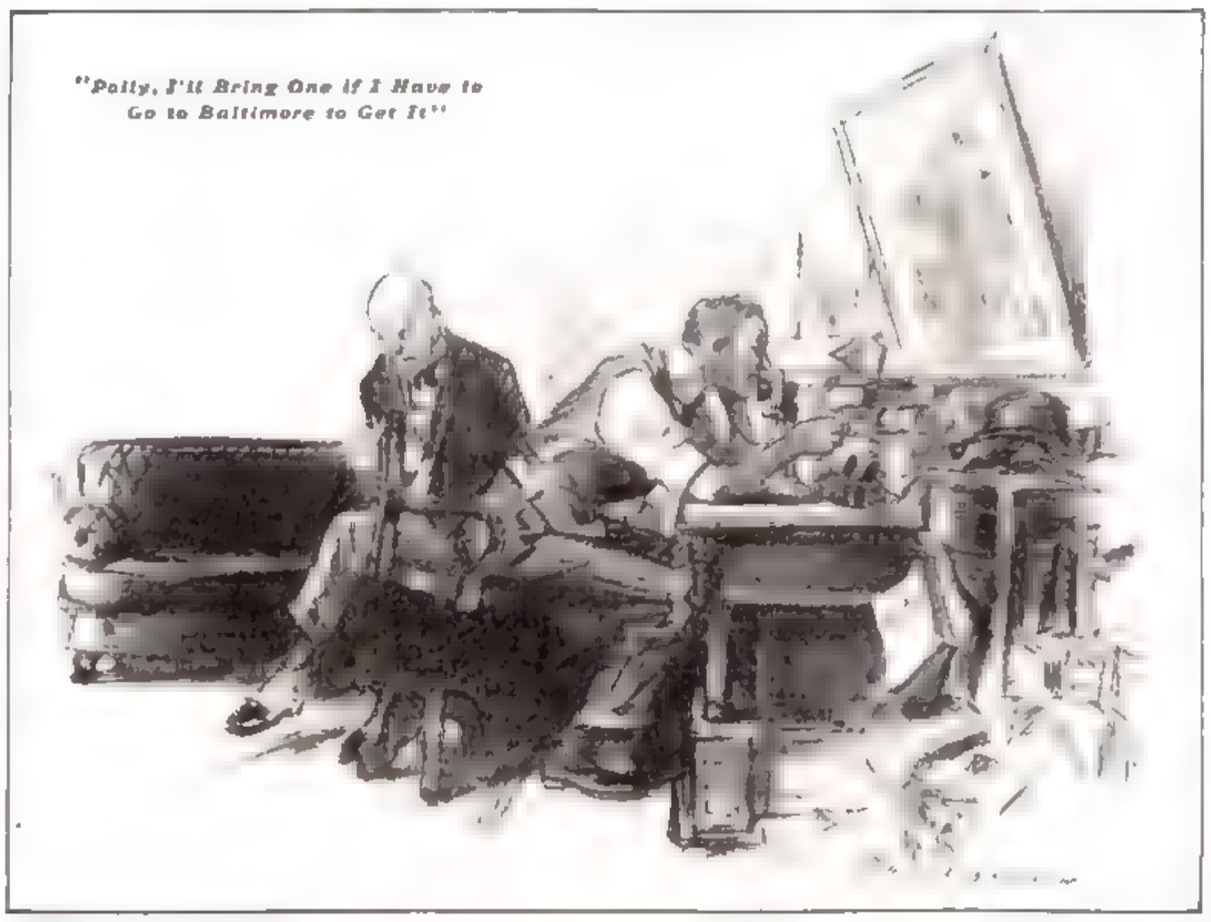
"You know the crowd was to have gathered here to join Courtney's Decoration Day party this afternoon," she added.

"Yes, I remember that," retorted Polly; "but I didn't like to rub it in. Shall I call up everybody and tell them it's on again?"

"Please," implored Constance; "and, Polly ——"

"Yes?"

"Tell Johnny to bring his Baltimore straw hat."



"Polly, I'll Bring One if I Have to Go to Baltimore to Get It"

II

"YOU have your nerve to come to me," said Johnny Gamble to his old-time partner, as that eyebrowless young man sat himself comfortably in Johnny's favorite leather armchair.

"There's nobody else to go to," explained Collaton, with an attempt at jauntiness. "I'm dead broke, and if I don't have two thousand dollars tomorrow I'll quite likely be pinched."

"I'm jealous," stated Johnny. "I had intended to do it myself."

"I've been expecting you to," acknowledged Collaton. "That's one of the reasons I came to you."

"I admire you," observed Johnny dryly. "You bled me for two years on our Western irrigation attempt. When I stopped that leak you cooked up a scheme with Abraham Jacobs to forge notes for money supposed to have been loaned you to carry on the work out there. Jacobs brought suit, you confessed judgment, and attachments were brought against the only live member of the partnership. That was me; and I paid, like a sucker, rather than lose my business standing. Just to fix me so I wouldn't have the chance of a rabbit you lost the Gamble-Collaton books. Yet you have the ingrowing gall to come and tell me you're broke."

"Well, it's the truth," defended Collaton. "Look here, Johnny; I've heard that you made a lot of money in the last few weeks, but you haven't had any more attachments against you, have you?"

"You bet I haven't," returned Johnny savagely. "I've been waiting for just one more attempt, and then I intended ——"

"I know," interrupted Collaton. "You intended to beat Gresham and Jacobs and me to a pulp; and then have us pinched for grand larceny, and try to dig up the evidence at the trial."

"Well, something like that," admitted Johnny with a grin.

"I knew it," corroborated Collaton. "I told them when to stop."

"I guess you'll be a good witness," surmised Johnny. "How deep were you in on this Birchard deal? How much did you get?"

"Did Gresham and Birchard pull something?" inquired Collaton with such acute interest that Johnny felt sure he had taken no part in that swindle.

"Well, yes," agreed Johnny with a wince, as he thought of his lost million. "They did pull a little trick. Did you know Birchard very well?"

"I wouldn't say what I know about Birchard except on a witness-stand," chuckled Collaton; "but I can tell you this much: if he got anything, throw it a goodby kiss; for he can rub himself out better than any man I ever saw. He's practiced hiding till he doesn't know himself where he is half of the time."

"I've passed him up," stated Johnny. "The only people I'm after are Gresham and Jacobs and you."

"I wonder if you wouldn't pin a medal on one of us if he'd give you the other two," conjectured Collaton, smoothing his freckled cheek and studying Johnny with his head on one side.

"We're not coining medals this year," declared Johnny; "but if it's you you're talking about, and you'll give me Gresham and Jacobs, I'll promise you a chance to stand outside the bars and look in at them."

"It's a bet," decided Collaton promptly. "I split up with Gresham two or three weeks ago at Coney Island, when he wanted me to go in on a big scheme against you, and I suppose it was this Birchard stunt. I told him I'd had enough. Your money began to look troublesome to me. That was the day you were down there with the girl."

"There's no girl in this," warned Johnny. "Now tell me just what you can do."

"Will you wipe me off the slate?"

"Clean as a whistle," promised Johnny. "If my lawyer lets you be convicted I'll go to jail in your place."

"It's like getting over-change by mistake," gratefully returned Collaton. "I'm tired of the game, Johnny, and if I can get out of this I'll stay straight the balance of my life."

"You'll die in the top tier, with the penitentiary chaplain writing your farewell letters," prophesied Johnny. "What did you say you could do?"

"Well, I can incriminate not only Jacobs but Gresham in those phoney attachments, and I can hand you the Gamble-Collaton books," set forth Collaton. "Gresham got them away from me to take care of and then held them over me as a threat; but I got them back yesterday by offering to pound his head off. He's a bigger coward than I am."

"How much money did you say you wanted?" inquired Johnny.

"Five thousand," returned Collaton cheerfully.

"You said two."

"I have to have two and I need the rest. I thought maybe I could sell you my interest in The Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company. There's several thousand acres of land out there, you know."

"I haven't laid a finger on you yet," Johnny reminded him; "but if you make another offer to sell me that land I don't know how I'll stand the strain."

"Well, say you give me the money for fun then," amended Collaton. "I didn't know anything about this Birchard deal, but since you've mentioned it I can piece together a lot of things that mean something now. I'll help you chase that down, and you can afford to spare me five thousand. Why, Johnny, I'm a poor sucker that has made the unfortunate financial mistake of being crooked; and you're the luckiest cuss in the world. To begin with, you're square; and that's the biggest stroke of luck that can happen. Everybody likes you, you're a swift money-maker, and you've got a girl—now don't get chesty—that would make any man go out and chew bulldogs."

Johnny reflected over that statement and turned a trifle bitter. He had no million dollars; he had no friends; he had no girl! He contemplated calling the police.

The telephone bell rang.

"Hello, Polly," he said vigorously into the interrupting instrument, and then Collaton, watching him anxiously, saw his face light up like a Mardi Gras illumination. "Bring my Baltimore straw hat!" jubilated Johnny. "Polly, I'll bring one if I have to go to Baltimore to get it." He paused, and the transmitter in front of his face almost glistened with reflected high-lights. "Engagements! For today?" exulted Johnny. "I'm at liberty right now. How soon may I come over?" He listened again with a widespread grin. Collaton rolled a cigarette with black tobacco and brown paper, lit it and smiled comfortably. "Can't I talk to Constance a minute?" implored Johnny, trying to push in the troublous tremolo stop. "Oh, is she? All right; I'll be over in about twenty minutes. No; I won't make it an hour, I said twenty minutes;" and still smiling with imbecile delight he hung up the receiver and turned to Collaton with a frown.

"I think I can raise that two thousand for you," he decided. "Now tell me just what you know about Gresham and Birchard."

III

"MR. GRESHAM is calling," announced Aunt Pattie Boyden with some trepidation; for Constance, besides being ill, had not been in the best of humor during the past two weeks.

"Paul?" commented Constance with a pleased smile, which both delighted and surprised Aunt Pattie. "I didn't expect him for half an hour," and she completed her toilet by adorning herself with a choice collection of Johnny Gamble's roses.

"You are looking your best, I must say," admired Aunt Pattie after a critical survey, for she was particularly anxious about this visit of Paul Gresham's.

"She ought to," interjected Polly, busy at the telephone; "that's the third gown she's tried on. She's expecting particular company."

"Any one besides Paul?" inquired Aunt Pattie, elevating her eyebrows.

"Lots of people," returned Constance with a gayety she had not exhibited for many days. "Mr. Gamble for one."

Aunt Pattie's countenance underwent an instant change, and it was not a change for the better.

"Mr. Gamble!" she exclaimed, quite properly shocked. "I shouldn't think he'd feel in the humor for social calls just now. He's lost all his money."

"You wouldn't believe it if you had heard him laugh over the 'phone just now when I told him to bring his straw hat," declared Polly.

"Who told you the news?" asked Constance, feeling sure of the answer.

"Mr. Gresham," hesitated Aunt Pattie.

"I bet he couldn't keep his face straight," Polly vindictively charged.

"You do Mr. Gresham an injustice, Polly," protested Aunt Pattie severely.

"It isn't possible," insisted Polly. "If it were not giving him too much credit for brains I'd swear he'd helped break Johnny."

"I'm afraid you don't give him quite enough credit for brains," said Constance, and giving her roses a deft parting turn she went downstairs to meet Paul Gresham.

If Aunt Pattie had been pleased by the change in Constance, Gresham was delighted. This was the first time she had really beamed upon him since she had met Johnny Gamble.

"You are always charming," he observed, taking pleasure in his own gallantry; "but today you seem unusually so."

"That's pretty," dimpled Constance. "I wanted to look nice today."

Mr. Gresham's self-esteem arose several degrees. He smiled his thanks of her compliment to the appointment he had made with her.

"My call today is rather a formal one," he told her, smiling, and approaching the important subject matter in hand directly but quite easily, he thought. "It is in relation to the will of your Aunt Gertrude, which has been the cause of some embarrassment to us both, and to you particularly, I fear."

"Naturally," she assented, still smiling however.

This was easy sailing. Gresham walked over and took the chair nearest her.

"It is, of course, unnecessary to discuss the provisions made by your Aunt Gertrude," he stated. Even had such a will never been written, I am quite sure that the result would have been the same, and that today, after the long friendship that I have enjoyed with you, I should be asking you, as I am now, to become my wife," and taking her hand in his he very gracefully kissed it.

Constance as gracefully drew it away.

"You have done your duty very nicely, Mr. Gresham," she said. "It must have been as awkward for you to be compelled to make this proposal as it is for me to be compelled to refuse it. It would be wicked for us to marry."

"You are very harsh," he managed to protest. "I am sure that I should not feel wicked in marrying you."

"Perhaps you haven't my sort of conscience," answered Constance, laughing to conceal her intense hatred and contempt of him.

Gresham, adopting also the light manner of small-talk, laughed with her.

"Really it wouldn't be so bad," he urged. "We would make a very fair couple when we were averaged. You are beautiful and accomplished enough to make up for all the deficiencies I may have."

"You do say nice things to me," acknowledged Constance; "but there is one deficiency you have overlooked. We do not love each other, and that is fatal to Aunt Gertrude's rather impertinent plans. It renders even a discussion of the matter impossible. I cannot marry you ever."

Gresham's lips turned dry.

"I believe you really mean that," he stumbled, unable quite to comprehend it.

"Certainly I do," she assured him.

"But you don't understand," he protested. "You can't understand or you would at least take time for more serious consideration. You are relinquishing your entire fortune!"

"Making myself a penniless pauper," she mocked with a light-hearted feeling that some one description mentally evaded - would make a fortune unnecessary.

"It is a million dollars," he insisted.

"A million - that sounds familiar!" and she laughed in remembrance of her tilt with Polly.

Gresham swallowed three separate and very distinct times.

"A half interest in that million is mine," he complained. "You cannot turn over your share to an absurd charity without also throwing mine away. It is not fair."

"Fair?" repeated Constance. For an instant she felt her temper surging, then caught herself and took refuge in burlesque. "The only fair thing about it is that my Aunt Gertrude's will gave her orphaned niece the choice between a Title with Riches and Poverty with Freedom," and raising her eyes and hand toward Heaven she started to sweep from the room with queenly grace, stifling a giggle as she went.

"Wait just a minute," begged Gresham, suppressing his anger. "We should arrange in some way to keep the money. We can, at least, be practical."

Constance, whose faculties were not so concentrated as his, heard a rustle on the stairs and, glancing out through the portières into the hall, saw Polly, without her hat, hurrying to the front door. The bell had not rung, and she divined that Polly, out of the boudoir window, had seen some particular company approaching.

"It seems impossible," she returned, and waited.

"Not quite," Gresham assured her with a smile. "There is one way we could carry out the provisions of your aunt's will and still force no repugnant companionship upon you."

"I think I see," replied Constance "you mean that we part at the altar," and in spite of all her efforts to keep her face straight she finally laughed.

"Well, I didn't intend to put it quite in that melodramatic way," resented Gresham.

"Polly wins," declared Constance. "She bet me a five-pound box of chocolates that you would make that proposal, but I didn't really think you would do it."

"This is too serious a matter for flippancy," and Gresham bit his lip. "The plan I suggest is thoroughly sensible."

"That's why I reject it," stated Constance.

Gresham bent his frowning brows on the floor. Constance, through the portières, saw Polly and Johnny Gamble.

"I think we shall consider the incident as closed," she added hastily, with a wicked desire to have him go out and meet Johnny in the hall.

"You are making a horrible mistake," Gresham told her, losing his restraint and raising his voice. "I think I know the reason for your relinquishing your Aunt Gertrude's million so lightly. You expect to share the million Mr. Gamble is supposed to have made!"

Constance paled and froze. Despite her low opinion of Gresham she had not expected this crudity.

"You may as well dismiss that hope," he roughly continued - "Mr. Gamble has no million to give you!"

Mr. Gamble at that moment pushed through the portières, with Polly Parsons hanging to his coattails. He laid an extremely heavy hand on Gresham's shoulder and turned him round.

"I want to see you outside!" declared Johnny, husky with rage.

Polly, at the risk of life and limb, placed her ample weight between them.

"Don't, Johnny!" she implored. "Don't! Constance doesn't want any doorstep drama, with all the neighbors for audience. Wait till you get him out of sight, and then give him an extra one for me!"

Gresham had retired behind a chair.

"This is no place for a personal encounter," he urged.

Johnny turned to Constance, pitifully afraid that he should be denied his rights.

"Can't I put him out?" he begged.

Constance had been panic-stricken, but upon this she smiled easily.

"Only gently, Johnny," she granted.

"Remember there are ladies present," urged Polly.

"I won't hurt Paul," promised Johnny, responding to her smile with a suddenly relieved grin, and, taking Gresham daintily by the coatsleeve with his thumb and forefinger, he led the unresisting cousin of Lord Yawpingham to the front door. Polly opened it for him, and, grabbing Gresham's silk hat, put it hastily askew and backside before upon his bewildered head.

Johnny did not strike him or shove him, but the graceful and self-possessed Gresham, attempting desperately to recover those qualities and to leave with dignity, stumbled over the doormat and scrambled wildly down the stone steps, struggling to retain his balance.

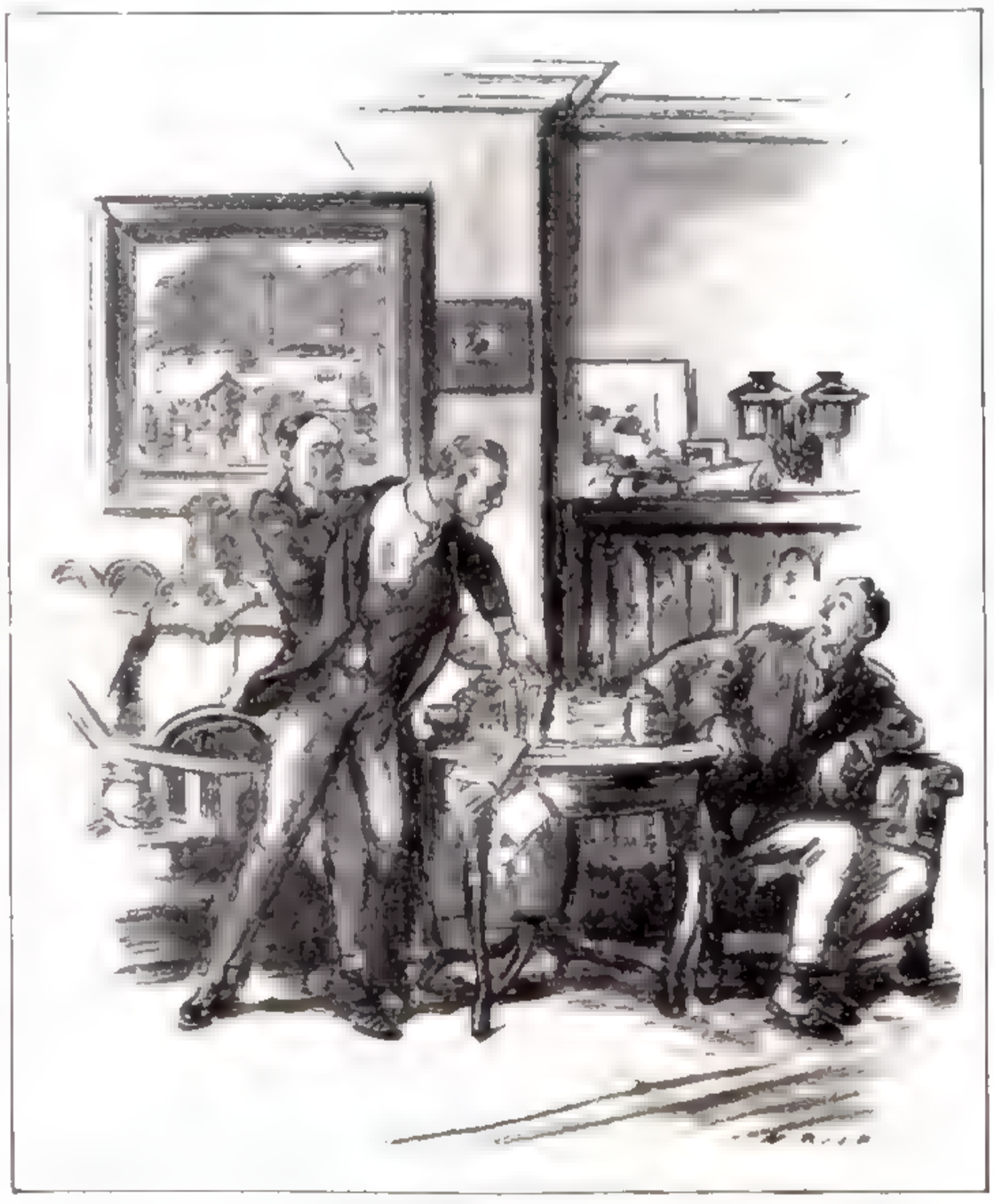
Colonel Bouncer, just starting up the steps with Loring, Sammy Chirp, Winnie, Val Russel and Mrs. Follison, hastily and automatically gave him a helping shove on the shoulder that sent him sprawling to the walk, where he completed his interesting exhibition by turning a back somersault.

"Gammering gosh, Colonel!" protested Val, as he hurried to pick up Gresham, laughing, however, as did the others, on account of the neighbors. "Why did you do that?"

"I thought Johnny Gamble pushed him," humbly apologized the Colonel.

Bruce Townley and the Courtney girls arrived, and in the gay scramble for wraps Johnny had a moment with Constance.

"Well, I lose," he said regretfully. "There isn't much chance to make that million between now and four o'clock tomorrow afternoon."



"I'm Going to Smash His Head In!"

"What's the difference?" inquired Constance, smiling contentedly into his eyes.

Only the presence of so many people prevented her fichu from being mussed.

"There's a lot of difference," he asserted with a suddenly renewed impulse, the world being greatly changed since she had refused Gresham. "I set out to get it, and I won't give it up until four o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"If you want it so very badly I hope that you get it then," she gently assured him.

Her shoulder happened to touch his arm and he pressed against it as hard as he could. She resisted him.

"Ready, Constance?" called Polly.

"In just a minute," Johnny took it upon himself to reply. "How does the scoreboard look by this time?"

Constance hesitated, then she blushed and drew from a drawer of the library table the scoreboard on which she had kept note of the successive phases of Johnny's forty-day struggle for a million dollars. The neatly ruled pasteboard had been roughly torn into seven pieces - but it had been carefully pasted together again!

IV

THERE being no cozy corners aboard Mr. Courtney's snow-white Albatross in which a couple with many important things to say could be free from prying observation, Johnny and Constance behaved like normal human beings who were profoundly happy. They mingled with the gayety all the way out through the harbor to the open sea, and then they drifted unconsciously farther and farther to the edge of the hilarity, until they found themselves sitting in the very prow of the foredeck with Mr. Courtney and his friend from the West. If they could not exchange important confidences they could at least sit very quietly touching elbows.

Mr. Courtney's friend from the West was a strong old man with keen blue eyes, who sat all through the afternoon in the same place, talking in low tones with Courtney on such dry and interminable subjects as railroads, mines, freight rates, stocks, bonds and board meetings.

Constance wondered how an otherwise nice old man could reach that age without having accumulated any lighter and more comprehensible objects of interest, and she really doubted the possibility of any man's understanding all the dry-as-dust business statistics with which he was so handy. Suddenly, however, Johnny Gamble awoke from his blissful lethargy and bent eagerly forward.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Boise," he interjected into the peaceful conversational flow of the older men. "Did I understand you to say that the S. W. & P. had secured a controlling interest in the B. F. & N. W.?"

Constance looked at Johnny in dismay. If he, too, intended to talk in nothing but the verbal sign language, she had a wild idea of joining the frivolous crowd on the afterdeck, where at least there was laughter.

Mr. Boise looked at Johnny from under shaggy eyebrows.

"It's not generally known," he stated, struggling between a desire to be pleasant to a fellow guest and a regret that he had fancied Johnny absorbed too much in Constance to be interested in *sotto-voce* affairs.

"That's what that territory needs," Johnny briskly commented. "As long as the S. W. & P. and the B. F. & N. W. were scrapping, the Sancho Hills Basin had as good service with burros."

Both Boise and Courtney laughed.

"Be careful, Johnny," warned Courtney. "Mr. Boise is president of the S. W. & P., and is now also virtually president of the B. F. & N. W."

Constance sighed, but stuck gamely to her post. After all Johnny was having a good time, and he actually seemed to understand what they were talking about. There was no question that Johnny was a smart man!

"I'm glad he is president of both," said Johnny; "for with consolidation things will start humming out there."

"Thank you," laughed Boise, no longer regarding Johnny as an impertinent interloper. "That's what we hope to do."

"The first thing you'll start will be a cut right across the Sancho Hills Basin, which will shorten your haul to Puget Sound by five hundred miles and open up a lot of rich new land."

Boise studied him with contracted brows. "That's a good guess," he admitted. "You seem to know a lot about that country."

"I own some land out there," grinned Johnny. "Your best route will be from Marble Bluffs to Sage City, and from there straight across to Salt Pool, then up along the Buffalo Cañon to Silver Ledge and on to the main line."

"That's one of the three routes I've been worrying over," agreed Boise, admiring Johnny's frankness. "I promised to wire my chief engineer tomorrow which one to put through."

Constance noticed a slight squaring of Johnny's lower lip, and she felt leaping within her a sudden intense interest in S. W. & P. and B. F. & N. W.

"What are the others?" asked Johnny.

Mr. Boise promptly drew a canvas-backed map from his pocket. Mr. Courtney reached for a folding deckchair. Constance helped Mr. Boise spread out the map. Johnny weighted down the corners with a cigar-case, a watch, a pocket-knife and a silver dollar.

"The favorite route at present," pointed out Boise, "is from Marble Bluffs round by Lariat Center, across to Buffalo Cañon and up to Silver Ledge. The other one is right through Eagle Pass."

"That one won't do at all," declared Johnny earnestly.

"It's the shortest," insisted Boise.

"You'd have to tunnel through solid granite," objected Johnny; "and the only traffic you would pick up would be from two or three dead mining towns. In the Sage City and Salt Pool route you would open up a big, rich farming territory."

"That route is the one I have practically discarded," said Boise. "Right through here," and he put a broad forefinger on the map, "is a large stretch of worthless arid land."

"Yes, I know," admitted Johnny, hitching closer; "but right here" -and he pointed to another place -"is Blue Lake, and with very simple engineering work, which has been begun, it could be brought down to turn that whole district into land rich enough to load your cars with wheat, corn and cattle. Just now that water wastes itself through Buffalo Cañon and doesn't do a pound of work until it hits the big river."

Mr. Boise studied the map reflectively. Mr. Courtney studied it interestedly. Johnny studied it eagerly. Constance, with her hands folded in her lap, looked on with puzzled wonder.

"Why, there's the S. W. & P.!" she exclaimed, as she discovered the letters along a graceful black line.

"And here," supplemented the smiling Courtney, "is the B. F. & N. W.!"

"I see," returned Constance delightedly. "They're both railroads! They run up into Washington and Oregon, but the S. W. & P. has to go away round this big pink spot. If it cuts right across there it can go to Washington much quicker. Why, I should think by all means that the route by way of Sage City and Salt Pool would be the best!"

Mr. Boise surveyed her with joyous eyes and chuckled until his breast heaved. "It might be," he admitted with a friendly glance at Johnny.

"One big advantage," urged Johnny, "is that it would be an all-level route, with solid ground and but very little grading all the way," and he plunged with breathless energy into the task of convincing Mr. Boise that the Sage City and Salt Pool route was the only feasible one.

They discussed that topic for two solid hours, but before the first thirty minutes had elapsed Johnny had unconsciously reached over into Constance's lap and had taken one of her hands. There seemed to be nothing in particular that she could do about it, so she let him keep it, and he used it occasionally to gesture with. What difference did it make if Courtney and Boise did smile about it at first?

When the railroad party had been dispersed by Polly's adopted sister Winnie, who had constituted herself rigid master of the revels, Constance and Johnny found themselves tête-à-tête up in the prow for just a tiny moment.

"Do you suppose he'll decide on the Sage City and Salt Pool route?" she anxiously inquired.

"I hope so," declared Johnny. "If he does I think I see a chance to make a little money."

"Maybe we'd better talk some more with him," she suggested, looking about for Boise.

"We'll let him alone for a little bit," laughed Johnny. "We've started him to thinking about it, and I have that appointment with him at eight-thirty tomorrow morning. Boise does a day's work before lunch."

Later, in the bustle of preparing for dinner, Boise sat down by Constance.

"Are you still in favor of the Sage City and Salt Pool route for our new cut-off?" he asked with a smile as he inspected her delicately flushed cheeks and her bright eyes and her shining, wavy hair.

"Really, I don't know very much about it," she modestly confessed; "but I should think that an all-level route would be much the best."

V

AT THE pier that night at twelve-thirty the party, on account of the lateness of the hour, very hurriedly dispersed. Johnny and Loring secured a taxi and, with Polly and Constance, headed for Polly's house where Constance had decided to spend the night.

As they crossed Seventh Avenue Johnny excitedly tapped on the glass in front of him and, poking his head out through the other forward window, gave a sharp direction. The driver, a knobby-jawed and hairy-browed individual, turned and tore down toward the big new terminal station as fast as he could go.

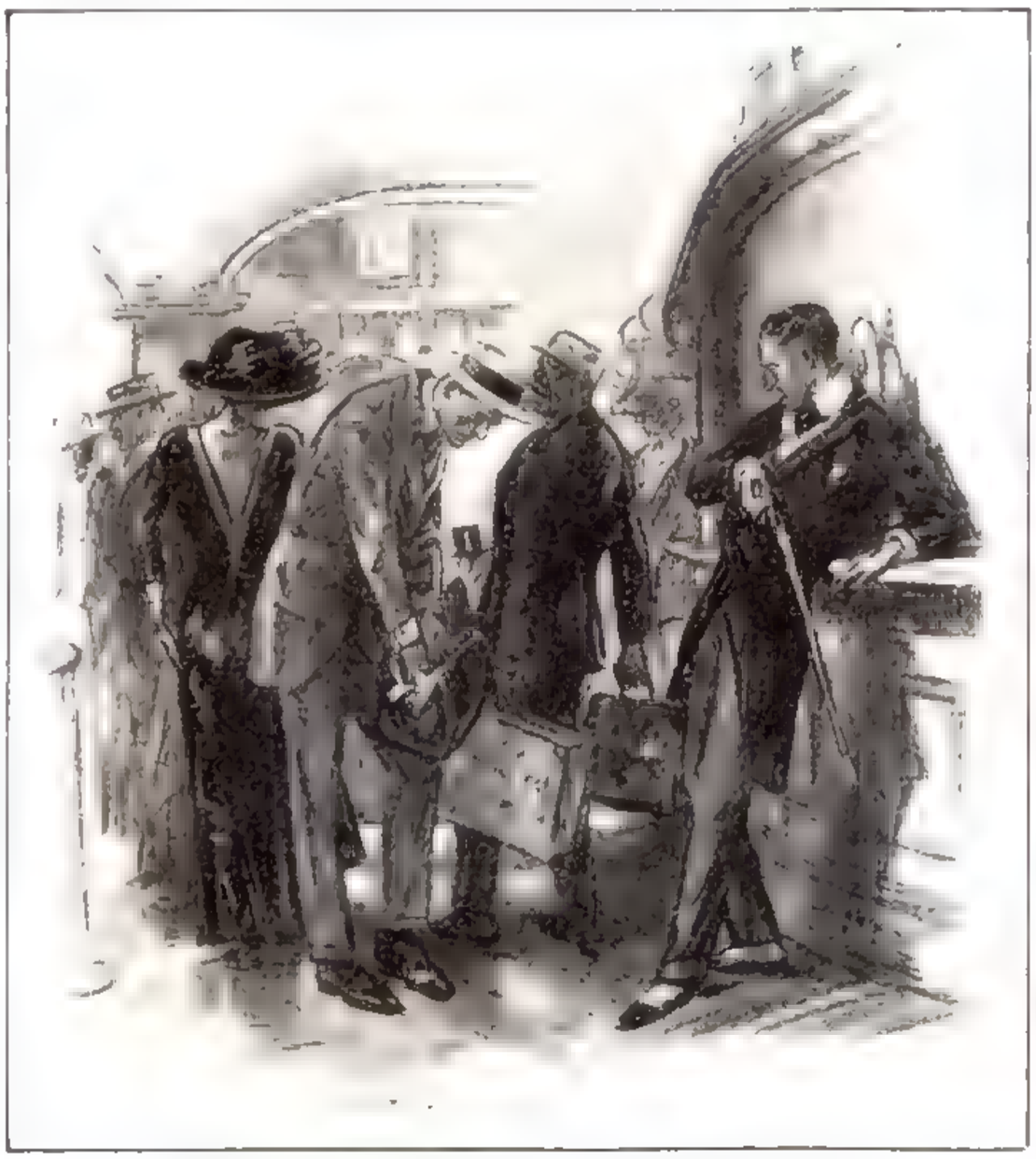
"Gresham," explained Johnny briefly, peering keenly ahead.

"What about him?" asked Loring.

"He's jumping the town. I don't trust my detectives."

"Have you secured some proof?" eagerly inquired Loring.

"No, only evidence," laughed Johnny at his lawyer, and for the balance of that brief ride neither the breathless girls nor the concentrated men said anything. They only held tensely forward and helped hurry.



Johnny Felt a Tight Square Bundle of Papers Near the Bottom

There were three taxis preceding them in the congested line that turned in at the terminal station, and as the vehicles began to slow down Johnny stood on the step.

"If I get in a mix-up you keep this taxi right round where it'll be handy," he directed, and ran ahead just as Gresham, as fastidious as ever, emerged at the entrance to the ticket lobby.

Gresham allowed a porter to take all of his hand luggage, with the exception of one small black bag that he carefully carried himself.

"I guess these are those," observed Johnny in a pleasantly conversational tone of voice as he lifted the bag from Gresham's hand.

Gresham made a desperate grab for the bag, but Johnny gave him a shove with one strong forearm, opened the bag and, diving into it, felt a tight square bundle of papers near the bottom. Giving them one hasty glance he rushed back, closely followed by Gresham, to the taxi where his friends sat quivering with excitement.

"Hide these," he ordered. "Get out of here, quick!" he told the chauffeur. "Mr. Loring will tell you where to drive."

"They're hid all right," Polly assured him. "What are they?"

"Amalgamated Steel bonds representing Gresham's half of my million," rasped Johnny, throwing Gresham's weight off his arm. "Ask me the rest of it the next time we meet. Just now I have to see to getting this thief pinched."

"As your attorney I'll have to caution you, Johnny, that your action is entirely illegal," Loring confidentially stated.

"They're my bonds, bought with my money," asserted Johnny.

"I know, but it has to be proved," argued Loring. "Your only way to get possession of them is through the courts. Your present action has no better legal status than highway robbery."

"I got the bonds, didn't I?" demanded Johnny. "Now you move. Here comes a copper, and if he gets those bonds for evidence I won't see them again for months."

A policeman appeared in the exact center of the perspective, followed by a faithful emissary of the Ember Detective Agency.

"The bonds are no good to you just now unless Gresham assigns them," insisted Loring almost tearfully, and both Constance and Polly gave up in despair.

"That's right," agreed Johnny, glancing over his shoulder at the policeman and the indignant detective. Suddenly he pushed Gresham headlong into the midst of the party and jumped in after him. "Hold him, Loring!" he directed, and dismissed the stupefied Gresham from his mind.

With remarkable deftness he had extracted a single bill from his pocket and thrust it into the hand of the experienced chauffeur.

"Break the limit!" he tensely ordered.

"Where?" asked the chauffeur, whirling out of the line with a jerk.

"Any place," and the chauffeur, being a night worker and understanding his business, accepted that direction with grinning relish and left the depot policeman trying to remember the number of his machine.

As they went up the incline from the ticket-lobby door Johnny arranged the bewildered girls on the two little front seats, and wedged the cowed Gresham carefully in between himself and Loring on the back seat.

The chauffeur, knowing the only regular time-killing drive in the city, hit out for Central Park. Gresham was incapable of thought or action. As they crossed Forty-second Street Johnny touched his driver on the shoulder, and that handy criminal came to an immediate halt at the curb. Johnny opened the door. Gresham moved. Loring clutched him by the knee. The chauffeur looked back.

"Leave it to me," he suggested in most friendly tones. "You don't need to change taxis."

"I'd feel more like a real sport if I hired two," Johnny argued, studying his man intently.

"I've got two numbers and I'll switch 'em," offered the assistant brigand.

"I think the police must know you by name," commented Johnny; "but I'll take a chance," and giving Polly's address he climbed back.

"Shall we hide the bonds?" whispered Polly as she prepared to alight at the Parsons' home.

"Certainly not," replied Johnny. "I have to get them signed," and he pressed the hand of Constance with proper warmth as he helped her out.

Gresham made an attempt at that point to prove himself a man, but Loring restrained him from that absurd idea with one hand while he raised his hat with the other.

"Where next?" asked the driver huskily.

"The finest place for a kidnaping is Forty-second and Broadway," answered Johnny with his mind made up.

"I'll take you all the way," almost begged the chauffeur. "You're the only sport that ever handed me enough for a night ride, and I'd like to hand you good service."

"I don't know who else pays you," laughed Johnny, and his chauffeur, with a mighty respect for his fare, drove to Forty-second and Broadway, where Johnny paid him.

VI

THEY walked to Johnny's apartments, and immediately upon their arrival Johnny produced the bonds, spreading them out on his table.

"About the first thing is to sign these," he suggested to Gresham. *(Continued on Page 48)*

THE DEFICIT

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

Wherein the Prodigal Son Invests in Fatted Calves

VI

"Foreman at a Hundred and Fifty a Month"

WHEN William Godfrey Lovett had walked three blocks up the track from the hotel he found himself on the outskirts of Montague. He had no fixed idea of where he was going, though he had a very clear idea of why he had walked out of Montague. He had a battle on with himself and he wanted to be alone to fight it out, for the chances of victory were slim should the battle take place within sight of a saloon. The craving for a drink had him by the throat, and for the first time in his life he was experiencing the agony of the drunkard denied.

He had two dollars left, and as he limped along the thought came to him that a dime expended in a "bracer" would be justifiable extravagance, in that it would soothe his nerves and help him to think. He stood for a moment wavering, irresolute, and suddenly the second clause in his father's will flamed in letters of fire before his eyes.

"Knowing full well that some day my said son, William Godfrey Lovett, will occupy quarters in the natural and inevitable haven of his kind, I give, devise and bequeath to the Home for Inebriates ——"

The prodigal set his roll of bedding by the side of the tracks, sat down on it, and buried his hot face in his trembling, lacerated hands.

His father was right! In his heart of hearts William knew that one drink meant another and still another, and that within half an hour he would be penniless. And with the loss of his money in these unfamiliar surroundings there would be no obliging barkeeper to ring for a cab and have him sent home after more money. Such courtesy as that was not for men with their blankets on their backs. Rather would they be cast forth from the saloon to lie in the public streets.

William shuddered at this picture portrayed in his feverish brain. He must not spend his money, for he would need it for food. The voice of the tempter whispered to him that he would have no difficulty earning another two dollars. Ah, but it would not be *the* two dollars, the first he had ever earned; and with another shudder he recalled the agony they had cost him. He was obsessed with a passionate desire to get value received for one of those dollars; the other he would never spend. He wanted to keep it always. He recalled the amusement with which he had often seen men wearing a battered ten-cent piece, a quarter or a half dollar on their watch-chains. He had always looked upon such men as vulgarians. Now it occurred to him that in all likelihood those watch-charms represented the first money those vulgarians had ever earned; that they clung to those first coins for the same cheap, sentimental reason that prompted him to cling to his dollar.

It would be a wanton waste of valuable space to chronicle the turns and twists, the dips, angles and spurs of William's lines of reasoning as he sat there by the railroad track, hour after hour, and fought with himself for his manhood. His head ached terribly; great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He felt queer and jumpy. He would have sold his immortal soul for a drink, but something within him would not let him barter his manhood for a drink.

A born fighter, pugnacious from birth, he could not stomach defeat. And yet it is possible that the demon might have won, had not the thought of his father's will and his promise to that girl with the rebellious brown hair kept him clinging to his high resolve like a drowning man to an oar.

Along about twelve o'clock he heard the sound of hoofbeats. He raised his head from his hands and before him stood a small brown range pony bearing a girl on his back. It was May Parkinson.

William stood up and raised his hat.

"Resting?" she queried, and her grave, impersonal violet eyes made mild appraisement of his white, quivering features.

"That's a nice, charitable name for it," he answered with an attempt at jocularity. "But where are you going at this hour of the day? I should think you'd be pretty busy back at the hotel taking in lunch-money."

"The proprietor's daughter relieved me." The mischievous twinkle appeared in her violet eyes. "So I'm going back home now with the mail."

She spurred her pony, gave William Godfrey Lovett a friendly little nod and galloped away in a cloud of white dust. William looked after her, sighed and returned to his engagement with the demon. By four o'clock the demon retired for the nonce, defeated, and William was aroused from his lethargy by a continuous and ever-approaching lowing of cattle.

A mile beyond the town hung a great dust-cloud, and it was from the heart of this cloud that the bellowings and bawlings proceeded. Here at last was something that held an interest for the prodigal. Cattle was the one subject about which he knew something. His vacations since boyhood and six months of his life after leaving college had been spent on one of his father's ranches in Nevada, and he forgot that he was hungry—and thirsty—in watching the approach of the herd.

It was a small drive, a thousand head, perhaps, held well in hand by about twenty cowboys of the tame, commercial variety with an inherent respect for law and order; and when the herd had approached within half a mile it was deftly headed into a great corral, beside which ran a spur track and a long string of empty cattle cars. When the dust finally settled William observed a man riding toward him.

The rider was galloping past in the direction of Montague when the wanderer stood erect and held up his hand. The horseman pulled up.

"What's wanted?" he inquired brusquely.

"A job," said William—"a job that will take me away from these eternal railroad tracks, civilization and booze. A job that guarantees the simplest kind of a simple life. Salary no object. I'm a strong boy, willing to start in at the bottom and work up, and the only guaranty I ask for the first six months is clothes enough to cover my nakedness, three square meals a day and a clean place to sleep. Do you suppose the boss of that outfit would take me on?"

"I'm the boss," said the horseman, and showed a flash of white teeth between parched and dust-rimmed lips. He looked William over, much as he would size up the good points of a steer, and shook his head.

"I need a man, but I'm afraid you'd be in the way. Know anything about cattle?"

"Sure," replied William glibly; "you tell a cow's age by the rings on her horns, and ——"

"How about a muley cow? No horns, no age, I suppose?"

"In that case you eat the animal and then guess at her age. But Herefords have bald faces, and Holsteins are black and white, and a blooded Jersey bull is a good thing to leave alone if you're wearing a red necktie. Oh, I know considerable about cattle."

"What do you know about horses?"

"Everything in the book, including the bookies. Some horses are fast and some are slow, and none of them are quite dependable. I can stick on a bucking pony though."

"I'll think it over," replied the cattleman. "I'm going into town for the mail. In the meantime, if you're undecided just where your next meal is coming from, hike over to the chuck-wagon and tell the cook Hitchings sent you."

"I'll wait here until you come back," replied William "and in the meantime I recommend myself to your favorable consideration. I believe that's the correct thing to say when one makes application for a job, isn't it?"

"We might give you a job as the ranch jester," laughed Hitchings as he rode away. An hour later he rode back, reined up in front of William and surveyed him with new interest. Apparently he did not expect to find the hobo there upon his return.

"Well, son, I've concluded to give you a try-out. What's your name?"

"William G. Lovett."

"We'll call you Bill. All right, Bill. You go on the payroll at twenty-five a month for a starter. Make good and you get forty. If not you get the foot. Grub's ready, so jump lively if you expect to eat."

At the chuck-wagon William found a delegation of rural gentlemen in blue overalls, wide, soft slouch hats and hickory shirts. Spurs were the only hardware visible.

"Boys," announced Hitchings, "permit me to present Bill Lovett. Treat him kindly, for he is weak and fragile."

"Avaunt!" said Bill pleasantly; "no fun at my expense. I may look like a three-year-old haystack in the depth of winter, but I think I can take care of myself without any help from the boys. Gentlemen, glad to meet you all. I've a notion we shall be great friends. By-the-way, Mr. Hitchings, my feet are sore. When do I get a horse?"

"After we load this bunch of steers on the cars I will decide whether or not you are to be trusted with one. Tomorrow morning you will be given a goad. Then you will perch your footsore person on the top rail of the fence inclosing the gangway that leads to the cattle chute and develop your muscle prodding obstinate steers into the cars. If you do that well you shall be given a safe old mare to ride back to the ranch."

A bucolic roar of laughter followed this sally of the boss, and William winced under the banter. He knew he was scheduled to furnish amusement for the party, for once before, in his gay young life, he had ridden a "safe old mare." Somewhat nettled, he rolled himself up in his red comforters, with his feet to the fire, and fell asleep. Before sunup he had breakfasted and hurried off to the cattle pens to help load the stock and make his initial bow as a professional bullwhacker. No job could possibly have suited him better in his present mood. He was feeling cross and irritable, and it was a relief to prod the frightened

On Saturday Afternoons William Rode Over to the Parkinson Ranch

animals as they balked in the gangway, legs apart, uncertain whether or not it was wise to follow an old decoy steer into the car.

It was late in the afternoon before the last car was loaded, and after supper the outfit set forth on its journey back to the ranch. It was a long sixty-mile trip up into the Sam's Neck country to the home ranch of the Fleur-de-Lis Cattle Company, and Hitchings preferred to accomplish as much as possible of the journey at night. William bestrode a little flea-bitten blue roan, with a miserable habit of switching her tail continuously, laying back her ears and baring her long yellow teeth. She was always promising to do something desperate and never quite making good, and in the end William relaxed his vigilance; for which he suffered the humiliation of being thrown when he least expected it. He picked himself up, boiling with rage at the laughter that greeted his mishap, climbed aboard once more, and then spurred the roan into such a fury that she brought to play all the arts of a long and wicked career to upset William. When finally she quit from sheer exhaustion Hitchings rode up to his new man. "Bill," he said, "your wages will be thirty a month instead of twenty-five."

William turned a face of lamblike innocence toward the boss.

"Was that a try-out?" he asked.

"Why, of course. That mare hasn't been ridden for three months. She runs with the remuda and it was easier to let her come along than chase her back to the ranch. She's been loony since birth."

"By George!" cried William exultantly, "we're soul-mates. I'm going to keep her for my regular saddler."

Thus was William Godfrey Lovett initiated into the cattle business. It was an initiation ill befitting the son of the greatest cattle king in California and Nevada, but it suited William. It pandered to the fight in him.

For a week he did odd chores round the ranch, until the kinks in his spine and legs, begotten of that unaccustomed sixty-mile ride, had been all straightened out. At the end of the first month he was tough and wiry and had taken on twenty pounds in weight. The pasty hue born of late hours and dissipation gradually faded from his face and was replaced by a healthy coat of tan. But during that month he had wrestled many a time and oft with the demon, only to find that after each battle he routed the enemy with greater ease, until finally as the months slipped by the accursed appetite for liquor left him and he thought no more of his past. He had his future to look to.

Upon the occasion of his first payday he rode down to Montague, purchased some woolen shirts, boots, overalls and spurs, and a wide sombrero to keep off the sun. Then with his purchases tied to the saddle he rode back to the ranch. It was six months before he left it again. He reveled in the freedom of his work on the thousands of acres of range, and for the first time in five years he felt clean and strong and decent again.

Of course at first he met with more or less badinage, but he overcame this quickly and soon placed himself on a democratic footing with his fellows on the ranch, though it would have been strange if his natural polish and gentlemanly instincts had failed to rankle in the breasts of a few who claimed that Bill Lovett put on airs. The heaviest man in the outfit insulted William grossly because he refused to drink with the crowd and brushed his teeth daily. William whipped him with that nicety and precision that marks the trained boxer. Hitchings heard of the row five minutes afterward and discharged the vanquished warrior at once.

From the first William's intelligence and whimsical acceptance of what was palpably a new existence to him drew Hitchings toward him. The boss liked William and showed it in a hundred little ways. He liked William's nerve, his easy-going, half-impudent, devil-may-care yet respectful attitude toward the other men, but most of all Hitchings liked Bill Lovett for his sobriety and thrift. At the end of the second month he raised William to forty a month and at the end of six months the new man had one hundred and fifty dollars to his credit on the books of the Fleur-de-Lis ranch.

"Bill," said Hitchings to him one day, in the seventh month of his service, "you're the straightest, smartest, liveliest, most dependable man in my employ. From now on you're foreman at a hundred and fifty a month."

William smiled at him—the smile that very young boys wear when they get their first pair of long pants. Joy and gratitude shone in his face.

"By George, Mr. Hitchings, that's awfully good news, and I thank you more than you will ever realize. It's a heap of satisfaction to a fellow when he gets such evidence that he's making good. If you had known me a year ago, known the life I lived and what a worthless, gilded fool I was, you'd realize what this chance means to me."

His Talk Was Not of Himself, But of His Work

"You're all right, Bill; you're doing fine. I don't care to know whose wandering boy you are, where you came from, or anything about your previous condition of servitude. I only know that you'll make a good foreman, and if you don't I'll fire you and get somebody else. I want value received from you, Bill, for that hundred and fifty, and if I don't get it war will result."

"You'll get it," promised William.

"I want it," continued Hitchings seriously. "I'm not a young man any longer and I need a good, capable, reliable young man. I've been looking for you for a long, long time, Bill, and the day I met you you were anything but inviting. That's what pleases me most and prompts me to give you the chance. When a near-hobo makes good he ought to be encouraged. From now on your time is your own. All I care for is results. Deliver the goods in your own way, but deliver on time. What I'm driving at when I tell you that is to give you a chance for a little amusement. You're a young fellow, Bill, and if you stick round the ranch year in and year out without mixing with some of the agreeable people you've been used to before you came here you'll get narrow and set in your ways, and that isn't good for a man. You ought to ride into Montague occasionally for a dance or a barbecue or a horse race, and meet people. There's some real nice people in this country—the Hortons and the Pinckneys and the Parkinson girl and her brother."

"I'll wait a few months longer," replied the new foreman. "I get a little lonesome occasionally, but I'm not quite ready to stir out as yet. By-the-way, who are the Pinckneys and the Hortons and the—Parkinsons?"

"Jim Parkinson's a cattleman with a big range over west of Montague toward the Coast Range. Pinckney owns the principal store and Horton keeps the hotel. All nice people with nice families."

"Hum," said William. "I met Miss Parkinson one day. She was taking in cash at the Hotel Montague."

"She's friendly with Horton's girl. Just doing it for fun, I guess."

"Hum," said William.

At the end of his first year with Hitchings Bill Lovett had a thousand dollars to his credit on the ranch books. One Friday afternoon he came to his employer and asked for a check for his savings.

"Not going to leave, Bill, I hope?" said Hitchings anxiously.

"No; I'll be back on Monday morning. Going over to Montague, and I thought I'd mail that check to a bank in San Francisco where I still have a dollar sixty-eight on deposit. I want to feel how it is to have a bank account again. Also, I haven't had a drink in a year, and I want to see if I can get into Montague and out again with the thousand intact." He smiled quizzically at the boss.

"I can't believe you were ever much of a rounder," Hitchings commented as he wrote out the check.

As Bill Lovett rode away the boss looked after him.

"What a fool that boy's father has been," he murmured.

VII

ON THE county road a mile outside of Montague Bill Lovett overtook a girl mounted on a brown pony. He pulled up alongside the brown and lifted his dust-laden hat.

"Miss May Parkinson, I believe. Good morning! I believe I was to have the privilege of wishing you good morning when next we met, and I call you to witness that I'm looking quite respectable for a cowman."

He watched the violet eyes and his heart leaped exultantly as he noticed the pleasure that suffused them.

"The man with the red comforters! Mr. Lovett, good morning. It is really a pleasure to see you again and I must congratulate you on your improved appearance. You're quite handsome!"

She held out her hand in a frank, friendly fashion.

"Where have you been all this time?" she queried.

"Oh, I'm the foreman over at the Fleur-de-Lis ranch," he confided proudly. "I've grown to be quite a person. I make one hundred and fifty dollars a month and I'm going into town to put a thousand dollars in the bank."

"My, what a perfect miser you've become! Such commendable thrift! Mr. Lovett, that deserves a reward."

"I was hoping you'd view the matter that way," said William soberly—"I half hoped it anyhow. I said to myself: 'Bill, if you're a good boy perhaps May Parkinson will invite you to a real dinner over at her home some day, where you will feel like a white man again, play the piano and sing, and have a smoke out on the veranda, and talk little things that you haven't talked for so long that it makes your tongue ache just to think of them ——' "

He broke off and looked at her, frankly impudent, a little bit imploring. She smiled.

"Come tomorrow forenoon and we'll ride out some place together, and you can dine with us at six. I have a great curiosity to find out what you've been doing and how you've done it."

She was looking straight into his tanned, good-looking face with its new, strong, rugged lines, and there was a hint of deep approval in her glance. Truly this was not the crippled worldling who had quarreled with her over a quarter a few months before. He read the appraisement in her glorious eyes, and suddenly his heart thrilled with a swift, passionate longing for the world he had known and cast away. She was of that world, yet for some mysterious reason—the democracy of the West, perhaps—she seemed to loom more radiant as a daughter of the soil. It was so good to meet her and talk with her—so sweet, so fresh, so radiant, so unspoiled by the metropolitan follies he knew so well and now loathed so heartily. In the heyday of his existence William had been at once the bane and the attraction of the women who moved in that society where his wealth gave him entrée. Scheming mothers were afraid of him for the very deviltry that made him attractive to their daughters. But William had been essentially a man's man, and the smirking, designing simpletons of his set had never had a rope on him at any stage of his career. In fact, to William girls were an unknown quantity, yet it seemed to him that he understood May Parkinson perfectly. In the frank greeting that she accorded him now he could detect no difference from the greeting accorded him that day he limped through Montague with his frightful roll of bedding on his aching back and his white, dissipated face gleaming sickly through four days' growth of beard.

It was a little tribute to his manhood, a taste of the sweet fruits of victory—that bantering, debonair smile that greeted him now. That was all. And yet it meant the world to William. He resolved to plunge in over his depth.

"Will you let me buy you an ice-cream soda or something of that nature when we get to town?"

"Is that your gait—now?"

"That's my gait—now and all the time."

"Then I accept—with a great deal of pleasure."

In the quaint, poky little ice-cream parlor William sat at a marble-topped table with May Parkinson and talked. His talk was not of himself, but of his work, and with that deft delicacy of the tactful woman she drew from him some hint of his hopes and plans for the future. He told her that after he had saved a couple of thousand dollars he intended to brush up on his law and open an office in some thriving country town.

It was a delightful little party, and after his many years of wandering in devious paths it was sweet to Bill Lovett's soul to walk in Paradise. And after he had mailed his check to the bank in San Francisco and called at the post-office for the mail, he rode out of Montague with her until they came to the road that branched off and led to the Parkinson ranch. Here he left her and rode back to Montague, and as he rode he dreamed. Also he built air castles, but the style of architecture didn't suit him and he smashed them with a ruthless hand, for they didn't seem fit, somehow, to house May Parkinson.

Thus began Bill Lovett's courtship. He spent the following day at the Parkinson ranch and stayed for a

delightful dinner. Jim Parkinson was the usual type of prosperous cattleman and welcomed him heartily. Mrs. Parkinson, a faded replica of her daughter, smiled a gracious welcome and reversed her preconceived estimate of her daughter's unknown guest. Philip Parkinson, son of the house, was a young fellow of twenty-four and a college graduate. He was a fraternity brother of William's, and before William had been on the Parkinson veranda ten minutes he forgot that he was Bill Lovett, foreman of the Fleur-de-Lis ranch, and became again Mr. William Godfrey Lovett.

Twice a month on Saturday afternoons during the succeeding six months William rode over to the Parkinson ranch and stayed for that glorious Sunday dinner and a ride over the rolling foothills of the Coast Range with May; and after each visit Hitchings, watching him close.. noticed that William was growing more and more abstracted. Plainly there was something on his mind, and Hitchings was not long in guessing the answer. Hence, upon the return from one of his delightful pilgrimages, William, on entering Hitchings' office, was surprised when Hitchings carefully closed the door and mysteriously motioned his foreman to a seat.

"Hello," said William, "what's up? Going to fire me?"

"No, but I'm suspicious of you, William. I have a hunch you're going to quit."

"Boss," replied William a trifle shamefacedly, "your penetration is remarkable. However, I didn't figure on leaving you immediately. I figured that about the first of the year ——"

"Look here, Bill, if you want to marry that girl of Jim Parkinson's why don't you come to me and say so? You ought to know that the girl is too good for you and that you're handicapped and need help. And I want to tell you, Bill, if you go looking to other folks for help I'm not going to stand for it."

William looked at Hitchings with perplexity and distress in his glance.

"That's just it," he said. "I've wanted a little help, but I didn't know whom to go to if it wasn't to Bill Lovett. I've got to be something more than the foreman of a cattle ranch before I ask Miss Parkinson to marry me."

"Are you going to ask her?"

"Some day, I hope."

"Expect she'll have you?"

"I have hopes."

William shot a swift, questioning glance at Hitchings, but the boss' eyes were serious and it was evident that his questions were not inspired by idle curiosity.

"William," said Hitchings, "this is a mighty lonesome place, but it wouldn't be so lonesome if you had a fine girl like May Parkinson for your wife. You could have lots of your friends come here and visit you, and life would be lots different. You know, William, I have never married. That was a big mistake. All I have in the world is this ranch and more money than I know what to do with. I tell you I get lonesome. All my life I've worked pretty hard and there hasn't been much fun, and now that I'm hitting up to the fifty mark I want to sit by and take a rest. I've had my eye on you, William. I've watched you every move you've made, and it has seemed to me that you offered bully good partner material. I want to leave the Fleur-de-Lis ranch, but I want to get a young, reliable, honest partner to care for my interests while I'm away. I want to visit my people back East, and then I figure on loafing around Europe in a boiled shirt and a long-tailed coat for a year or two.

"Now, William, I have a proposition to submit. I'll put an appraised valuation of one million dollars on this ranch, lock, stock and barrel, and you know that's a fair price – in fact, it's a little stiff, as the market is today, but in ten years it will be worth double that. I will sell you fifty per cent of the capital stock in the Fleur-de-Lis Cattle Company on your promissory note, due in ten years, at four per cent, with privilege of renewal at the end of that period, on condition that you take over the entire management of the company and pay for your stock out of your salary and your share of the profits. That ought to make you dig, boy. You'll be somebody then, and you can ask May Parkinson to marry you. And you'll be independently wealthy before you're forty years old. I tell you I'm tired of working. I want some play before I die. Will you accept my proposition? We'll place the stock in escrow in any bank you name."

"I accept," replied William huskily. He could not say more lest words fail him. He wrung Hitchings' hand, opened the office door and walked rapidly toward the stables. Ten minutes later Hitchings, looking through the office window, saw him ride up.

"Oh, William! Come here a minute. There's one more condition. Our agreement is null and void unless the girl question is settled by next Sunday."

William grinned all over his happy, sunburnt face.

"I'll be back the day after tomorrow," he called. "He who hesitates is lost. I'm on my way."

"Hooray!" yelled Hitchings. "Bully boy!" He reached into a corner, abstracted a rifle, thrust it through the window and blazed away at a cloud—twelve shots, as fast as he could work the lever. Thus did Hitchings celebrate.

"God bless the boy," he murmured, and there were tears of joy in his honest eyes—"God bless him! He'll make good."

VIII

THE five years that followed were happy ones for Mr. and Mrs. William Godfrey Lovett. Hitchings left the ranch when the young people returned from their honeymoon, and the new partner settled down to work at once. Every month he sent Hitchings a detailed report of matters at the ranch, and under his able management the affairs of the company prospered. Gradually he got rid of the long-horned, short-legged Texas cattle by interbreeding with Herefords, and gave special attention to the breeding of standard-bred draft horses and mules. In the valley at Sam's Neck he seeded a thousand acres in alfalfa, and made a barrel of money on hogs, and at the end of the five years a list of the prodigal's assets would have been substantially as follows:

One wife	Value incalculable
One three-year-old son	Value incalculable
Health, self-respect, manhood	Value incalculable
Equity in Stock of Fleur-de-Lis Cattle Co.	$250,000

At least that is about the way William Godfrey Lovett figured it.

During those five long years William thought many times of his father. He often wondered how the old man was taking his absence, but since he had registered a vow not to communicate with his father in any manner until he had made good he clung doggedly to his task. Through the newspapers and an occasional letter from Groat for William had taken that astute gentleman into his confidence when it became evident to him that in no other way could he keep in secret touch with his father—William learned that "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett was still very much on the job and not at all interested in his son's welfare.

Nevertheless, William knew that the day he elected to walk into his father's office and bury the hatchet John B. Lovett would help him bury it so deep that nothing on earth could ever possibly resurrect it. So he bided his time. When the baby came it almost broke William's heart to think that he was not in a position financially to break into the old man's office and let him hold in his arms the finest grandson in the world.

But the day that William knew that he was worth a quarter of a million dollars, as men figure their assets, he could delay no longer. He simply had to visit his father. He was obsessed by a notion that if he delayed another day his father might die suddenly and he would never forgive himself.

"May," he said suddenly one evening, "we're going to San Francisco tomorrow. I haven't seen my father for five years and I want him to see the treasures I've accumulated since I left home."

His wife walked up to him, placed her arms round his neck and kissed him. It was the reward for his industry.

"That's quite the finest thing I've heard you say since the day you asked me to marry you." And as she carried William, Junior, off to his bath she wondered if old John B. Lovett would like her, and what he looked like.

IX

IN THE San Francisco office from which John B. Lovett managed his vast affairs Jarlath Timmins was balancing his cash. Suddenly the door opened and a big, countrified young man, leading a small boy by the hand and accompanied by a very pretty, handsomely gowned wife, came up to the little grilled window that protected Timmins from the world.

Timmins looked up.

"Good morning, William," he said easily. "Can't do a thing for you without a written order from your father. He's in his office. First door to your left and knock twice."

Timmins went on balancing his cash, for all the world as if the same old William stood before him hounding him for money. Inwardly he was terribly frightened at William's return, and in sheer desperation he chose to carry jauntily the knowledge that inevitably his perfidy must come to light. A scene with William was inevitable also; hence Timmins, in preparation for his last stand, chose to ignore the fact that five years had passed and the miracle of William's reform was an accomplished fact.

William's mouth twitched. For one fleeting moment he was undecided whether to climb in through the window after Timmins and strangle him, or drag Timmins out through the window, and present him to Mrs. William as the finest, most dependable, honest, affectionate old villain it would be possible to discover in a day's travel. His sense of humor, however, was always uppermost, and he could not resist the temptation to explode a bomb under Timmins. So he scowled at Timmins in the old, peevish manner and said:

"Five years ago, Timmins, I told you that some day I'd be in command here, and that when I was I'd tie a can to your tail. . . . Never mind now. . . . Not a word. Keep right on balancing your cash. I'll look into your case later."

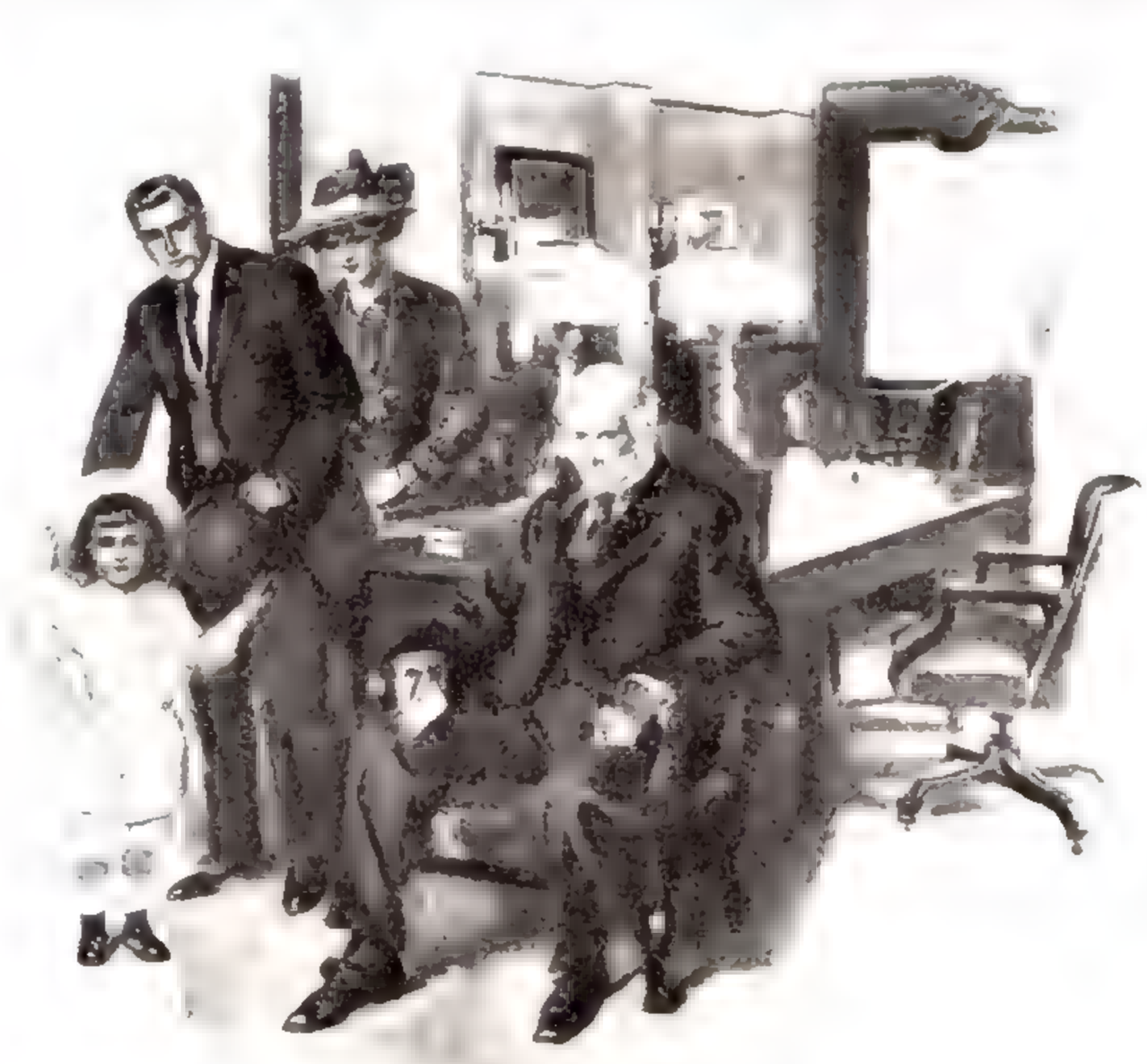
Timmins gasped, and the little crabbed figures on his daily cash balance sheet danced grotesquely before his eyes. He knew the menace in the Lovett voice, the unfaltering fatalism of a Lovett decision, and his old heart skipped two beats in the realization that retribution had overtaken him.

William Godfrey Lovett and family passed through the same old door to the left, walked down a little hall and knocked twice on a door marked "Private."

"Come in!" called John B. Lovett.

The prodigal son and his family entered. Old "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett was seated in a big leathern chair before a small grate fire. He had been looking at something that he held in his hand, but as the visitors entered he slipped it hastily into his pocket.

(Continued on Page 52)



The Prodigal Son and His Family Entered

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California's Choice

ALONG with initiative and referendum, California has adopted the recall for elective officers, including judges. This is what Mr. Taft described as "so destructive of free government." Another critic inquired: "Was anything more utterly absurd, dangerous, wicked and lawless ever proposed in our history?"

No doubt California saw the question from a different angle. The theory of the opposition is that judges will cherish a prejudice in favor of the power upon which they are dependent for tenure of office; and it may be admitted that, generally speaking, a certain tenderness toward the breadwagon does inspire the human breast, even when figuratively clad in ermine.

For many years also generally speaking—the power upon which California judges were dependent for tenure of office was the Southern Pacific machine. A judge who signally offended that power must have been quite lucky to secure a renomination.

California knows very well that making judicial tenure more or less dependent upon the Southern Pacific did not destroy free government. By paying toll, the average citizen still went his way unmolested—grew his oranges, watered his posies and whistled his Yankee Doodle right under the Southern Pacific's nose. If anybody doubts that free institutions survived let him consult returns of the last two elections in the state. In view of that experience, California evidently is not afraid that making judicial tenure more or less dependent upon the favor of a majority of voters in a district, or in the state, will destroy free government.

The Clerk's Risk

DISTRICT ATTORNEY WISE, of New York, recently remarked that, of the employees of a wrecked bank who testified for the Government in criminal proceedings against the president of the concern, not one is now employed in a New York bank.

Mr. Wise seems to have inferred that a bank clerk whose testimony, under court subpœna, helps send his superior to the penitentiary is not regarded with favor by other bankers. No one should infer, however, that other banks really wish a dishonest bank president to escape punishment. On the contrary, of late, big-city banks have taken much pains and expense to enforce sound banking. Very likely they are not exempt, however, from the general rule that conscientious independence on the part of a subordinate doesn't specially appeal to employers.

Keeping the institution's conscience is the prerogative of the boss, with which mere clerks are not supposed to meddle. Undoubtedly many employers whose own dealings are well within the law would forgive perjurous loyalty to an employer more readily than they would forgive enforced divulgence of incriminating office secrets to a public prosecutor.

The duty that the clerk owes to his employer is supposed to be superior to the duty he owes to society—which naturally brings up another reason for the condition mentioned by Mr. Wise. When a bank fails, the older and more advanced clerks find themselves at a tremendous disadvantage. Banking is their trade; but other banks, as a rule, want only young men who will begin at the bottom and work up. They have admirable civil-service rules, under which the more responsible, better-paid positions are filled by promotion.

The advanced clerk in a wrecked bank confronts a system that has no place for him. The president who wrecked the bank has robbed him of the benefits of his experience and thrust him, comparatively speaking, back where he was at the beginning. The president, in short, owed no duty whatever to the clerks—or, if he did owe a duty, he certainly didn't pay it.

What Would Have Happened Here?

THEY might have had a panic in Berlin this fall. There had been speculation and overtrading. Credit was under a severe strain. Some eighty million dollars of Treasury notes were maturing. The war-clouded political horizon caused France to draw in her money, and the amount of Parisian funds lying at call in Berlin was estimated at two hundred million dollars. In some parts of the empire signs of uneasiness among bank depositors appeared. The failure of the Bank of Egypt did not help matters.

The gravity of the situation appears from the fact that in a single week the Imperial Bank lost thirty-nine million dollars of its cash reserve. This is a rather larger loss of cash reserve than the New York associated banks suffered in October, 1907, when they resorted to clearing-house loan certificates and restricted cash payments—leading to a wholesale dislocation of the country's banking system. There was no restriction of cash payments at Berlin, however. On the contrary, in six business days the Imperial Bank increased its loans and discounts by one hundred and forty-five million dollars, and in order to do so increased its note issue by one hundred and fifty-four million dollars.

Thus, notwithstanding the severe strain and the large loss of cash, October settlements were met without a hitch and Berlin paid back to Paris a hundred and fifty million dollars of call loans. Ten days later the discount rate at Berlin had fallen to four per cent.

All of which shows how a great central bank can deal with a crisis. What would have happened here under like conditions? Perhaps another suspension of cash payments—another breakdown of the banking system; another six or eight months of business doldrums—because we haven't the apparatus to meet a crisis. We know we are rather more liable to fiscal conflagrations than any other great nation; but we rely upon nothing but a volunteer bucket brigade to put them out.

Cheaper Cotton

COTTON at this writing is lower than it was a year ago by over four and a half cents a pound. The decline amounts to thirty-seven per cent—which, of course, makes a vast difference to the cotton grower.

For a good while there has been a dispute between cotton growers and buyers as to the size of this year's crop. Growers have maintained that there was, in fact, no such abundance of outturn as would warrant the steady fall in price. The Government's first report on ginning from the new crop was published recently. It showed the amount ginned to have been over three and a half million bales against only a little over two and a quarter million bales in the same period last year, and about two and a half million bales each in 1909 and 1908. And in the first month of the new crop year the marketing of cotton was larger than in 1910 by twenty-five per cent.

Arguments on the size of the crop have small effect on the market when the article is coming forward so liberally; and, instead of the fifteen cents that an organization of growers urged farmers to hold for, the cotton actually sold under ten cents.

A Birmingham banker, addressing the Cotton Growers' Convention at Montgomery in September, said: "It is certainly false economy to rush your product pellmell to market, to be placed upon the bargain counter and bought at whatever price the buyer chooses to dictate. Something is wrong when the boll-weevil and the worms are called a blessing because they reduce the size of the crop. Something has gone awry when a crop of eleven million bales will sell for more money than a crop of fourteen million bales!"

Secession in Ireland

PRIOR to the closing days of 1860, no more unequivocal threats of secession and rebellion were heard in the South than are now heard in Ulster the stronghold of the Orange and Protestant population of Ireland. More than a hundred thousand people, according to London press reports, attended a recent anti-home-rule demonstration at Belfast and cheered the principal speaker when he described government of Ireland by the Irish as a "tyranny to which they never could and never would submit," adding: "Let no man be foolish enough to suppose our action is mere bravado."

Another meeting adopted resolutions that, as home rule will "inevitably lead to absolute ruin in Ireland, the destruction of our material prosperity and our civil and religious liberties, we hereby call upon our leaders to take any steps they may consider necessary to resist the establishment of home rule, solemnly pledging ourselves that under no conditions will we acknowledge any such government or obey its decrees; and we further assure our leaders we will stand by them loyally in any action they may take, and give unwavering support in any danger they may face."

Men most conspicuous in the movement speak publicly of forming a separate government the moment a home-rule bill passes Parliament, and of "marching from Belfast to Cork and taking the consequences. Not one of us ever returns!"

Though a decided minority, the Orange population is really strong in numbers and wealth. It did not object to a separate Irish Parliament a hundred years ago because Catholics, forming the great bulk of the population, were then politically disqualified. Its present temper looks ominous; but there is a suspicion that threats of secession will not be carried beyond the point of inspiring opposition in England to the home-rule bill.

Machine and Voters

"SENATOR LODGE and his machine," we read, "were in full control of the Massachusetts Republican Convention."

In 1908, it may be recalled, Massachusetts gave Mr Taft a plurality of a hundred and ten thousand—nearly two votes to Bryan's one. The famous "downward" revision of the tariff followed and in 1910 Massachusetts elected a Democratic governor by a plurality of thirty thousand. The important issue was the tariff; and the election returns, contrasted with those of two years before, indicate considerable Insurgency.

Insurgent ideas, however, it is needless to say, received scant consideration in this last Republican convention, which was controlled by Senator Lodge and his machine. Its tariff utterances were of a strictly conservative nature. On the other hand, the Democratic convention, held at nearly the same time, adopted a more radical tariff plank and even indorsed initiative and referendum. The balloting will show whether some seventy thousand citizens of the Bay State—constituting the balance of political power—who voted for Taft in 1908 but did not vote for Draper in 1910, have changed their minds since that election.

Whatever the balloting may show in this respect—whatever the actual strength of progressive political ideas may be in Massachusetts—Senator Lodge and his machine may name the delegates to the next Republican national convention and instruct them to vote against any Insurgent candidate who there presents himself; for Massachusetts is not one of the five states in which the people whose votes are depended upon to elect a candidate are permitted to choose the candidate.

Only a Few Cents

IN THE Stone Age a family named Smith consisted of grandfather, grandmother, father, mother and seven offspring. A neighbor named Jones, in a moment of sportive inebriety, dropped a large rock into the Smith domicile and broke one of the children's legs. When the Smiths protested he demonstrated by means of sticks that, as the family originally possessed twenty-two legs and he had broken only one, his damage amounted merely to four and a half per cent, which was a small matter to make trouble between neighbors.

This arithmetical method has been extensively used ever since. A recent tariff argument affords a typical illustration of it, as follows: Customs duties amount to three dollars and a half a head. The Democrats, judging by the bills that passed the House at the extra session, will reduce these duties at most by one-fourth. One-fourth of three dollars and a half is eighty-seven and one-half cents. Therefore, if a Democratic President and Congress are elected it will make a difference of only eighty-seven and a half cents to each voter.

The wool in an ordinary suit of clothes costs only three or four dollars; so what difference does it really make to the consumer whether the tariff is a little higher or a little lower? The freight on a pair of shoes from Boston to St. Louis is only a few cents; so why should anybody object to a twenty per cent advance in freight rates? The Steel Trust issued five hundred million dollars of common stock that was water, on which it pays five per cent dividends; but if you divide the dividends by the output you will see that to the man who buys a hundred pounds of barbed wire it really amounts to nothing at all.

Hardly any problem comes up but somebody is at hand to work a simple example in long division and thus prove that the thing is really too trivial to talk about. A grave is only five feet deep; but it makes quite a difference whether you are at the top or the bottom.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Book of Samuel

SANDY BOTTOM, down on the Rappahannock, in Virginia, was Sam Jackson's habitat, and he never did get to see Baltimore until his father sent him up by boat, when he was eighteen, to buy some goods for the stores. Sam's father ran one of the stores and Sam ran the other. Sam had heard of railroads, but had never seen one, and there were a lot of other things he had never seen, either, including a lady with web feet.

Being a Virginian, Sam had kin in Baltimore. Virginians have kin everywhere, but particularly in all Southern cities. They can trace kin through convolutions that would stump any but the expert tracers of the Old Dominion. Likewise, as is the custom, Sam went to visit his kin when he got to Baltimore. This pleasant custom not only renews family ties, but saves hotel bills. There was a lady staying with Sam's kin, visiting also. Her third cousin had married the stepson of his mother's grandniece, or something like that. Anyhow, she was a pretty lady, and she lived in Oregon, a place Sam thought was somewhere on the other side of the world. Sam asked who she was, and his male kin told him: "Oh, she's a web-foot"—which is what they used to call Oregonians, you know. Maybe they do yet. It still rains occasionally in some parts of Oregon, I am informed.

Sam hung round revolving that proposition in his mind. Finally when the pretty lady was in the library Sam entered and said with his courtliest bow: "Madam, I mean no offense, but will you kindly let me see your feet?"

The pretty lady rocked with laughter. "Why, Sam Jackson," she said, "do you think I've really got web feet? You're a big enough fool to go to Oregon yourself."

Sam thought that over. When he got home a few days later he told his father he guessed he would go to Oregon. "All right," said Sam's father. "How much will it cost?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars, I reckon," computed Sam, and they counted out two hundred and fifty dollars from the store safe. Sam pocketed it and in two days he was on the boat again, bound for Oregon via Baltimore. Sam bought himself a trunk and some clothes in Baltimore, getting them at cost because his father kept store, and decided he must have a carpet bag. So he bought one. After he had packed his trunk he found there wasn't anything to put in the carpet bag, and the flapping of its sides annoyed him. So, not knowing anything else to buy, he bought half a bushel of peanuts and put those in the bag, and the sides didn't flap any more.

On the train Sam met a man and they talked. "Let's have some peanuts," said the man to Sam, as the news and candy butcher came along. "Try some of mine," invited Sam, opening his carpet bag and showing the half-bushel of goobers therein. They ate peanuts. The man started to throw his shells on the floor, but Sam made him put the shells in the bag. He figured he must have something to keep those sides from flapping. When he got to San Francisco, which he did after a time, he had a sack full of shells. If he had been smart he would have started a breakfast-food factory, but he wasn't smart. At least that is what they all said.

Samuel's Honest Father

THE pretty lady and her husband lived in Pendleton, which is in Eastern Oregon, and there is where they told Sam to go and begin to grow up with the country. So Sam went there after some vicissitudes. He had no job and not much money. One day he heard the position of stage agent was vacant, and he went to the man who owned the stage line—it was eleven hundred miles long and quite an institution—and said: "I hear you are going to appoint a new stage agent and I want that job."

The stage man looked at Sam, who was tall, thin, cadaverous, lantern-jawed and shambling. "By jinks!" said the stage man; "any chap who favors Abe Lincoln in his homeliest days, like you do, can have anything I've got," and he made Sam stage agent at forty dollars a month and room and board.

Sam went to work. When he drew his first pay, which seemed all the money in the world to him, he wrote to his father:

"Dear Paw: I've got a good job. I get forty dollars a month and room and board as stage agent and I'm doing fine. Your loving son, Sam."

Three weeks later Sam got this reply: "Dear Sam: I have your letter saying you are getting forty dollars a month as stage agent. You must not keep that place, Sam. You are not worth it. Your loving father."

On the first day a stage came in the driver told him part of his work was to wash all the stages, and Sam went down to the barn and washed the stage while the driver loafed. This man passed the word along to the other drivers, and Sam washed stages, in addition to being agent, until the old man happened by, caught him at it, and booted Sam up to the office and told him to stay there. What the old man said to those drivers was something scandalous.

There was a paper in Pendleton called the East Oregonian. Sam had always been interested in types, because he bought a printing press with the twenty dollars his father gave him to go to the Centennial; and he was much impressed with the big hand press and the real type in the East Oregonian office. When he wasn't working he hung round the office. The editor was a Southern gentleman who filled the paper with long editorials on "The Lost Cause" and "The Virtues of Jefferson Davis." Sam soon saw there was no nourishment in that, and one day he said to the editor: "Say, what you want to put in this paper isn't this stuff about 'The Lost Cause,' but locals."

"Where'll I get them?" asked the editor.

"I'll get them," Sam replied; and he did, after hours at the stage office. Presently the editor offered to sell Sam a quarter-interest in the paper, and Sam bought it, giving his note. There were two or three sales and resales, but it wasn't long before Sam owned the paper, and the career of Charles Samuel Jackson, the present big man of Oregon journalism, began.

Sam is a humorous cuss, with a gift for paragraphing and a sense of business as keen as can be. He hitched on to a brilliant fellow for editor and began the upbuilding of the East Oregonian, which presently became a daily and eventually became known as the best paper of its kind in any town of the size of Pendleton on the whole map of the United States. He was a Democrat, but he let his editor do the politics of it and hold the offices. Sam busied himself with the business end, supervising the editorial side of it and writing those biting paragraphs with such effect that once, when his editor was in the State Senate, they had an investigation to try to impeach the editor because they thought he was writing them, when it was Sam all the time.

He started the crusade that led to the adoption of the Australian ballot in Oregon, began the fight for the open river and did a lot of other things—incidentally, got acquainted with Henry George and Tom L. Johnson, and became a single taxer.

He was moving along smoothly when some men in Portland came to him and asked him to come down there and look over the plant and prospects of an afternoon paper called the Oregon Journal, that had been started some time before and had been a total loss as far as making money or getting circulation and influence was concerned.

That was nine or ten years ago. Sam went down, made a proposition that was accepted, and took over the Journal. He borrowed most of the money he put in and had some very lean years. Finally he turned the corner, and now the Journal is one of the great big papers of the Pacific Coast and Sam has a flock of automobiles, is going to build a new building, and lives away up on the finest end of Easy Street.

Jackson is a big, raw-boned but good-looking man with some traces left yet of his native Virginia accent. He has the editorial faculty highly developed and is a great business man as well. His sense of what the people should have and what the rights of the people are is instinctive. His paper is popular in the best sense of the word, has fought many hard fights and has won a large share of them. It is entirely independent and a great power in Portland, in Oregon and on the Pacific Coast.

Sam owns it and runs it his way. It is a one-man paper, that man being Charles Samuel Jackson. You'd think to hear Sam talk that he is as ingenuous as a débutante. He's forever telling stories on himself. It takes him forever to tell some of them, too, but that is neither here nor at the Arlington Club. But forget that débutante business. Samuel is only fooling, as witness many persons who have tried to sell him gold bricks. He is kind-hearted, affable, most companionable and agreeable, but he can be as cold as a wedge when coldness is required.

They had a big cowboy show up at Pendleton in September. Sam took up two special trains filled with Portland friends to see the doings—two special trains, not cars. One of the events was a stage race. The stage that was driven to victory was the stage Sam washed back there in Pendleton thirty years ago.

Sam Has a Flock of Automobiles

Where the Fruit Grows

MICHAEL CASEY, a politician in San Francisco who has been in office and on the city payroll for many years, was addressing a meeting of his fellow citizens. It was a labor meeting.

"You men must know," spouted Casey, "that you are the great body politic in this city. You are the roots and trunk of our great municipal tree, while we who represent you in office are merely the branches on that magnificent tree."

"True for you, Mike," piped a man in the back of the hall; "but did ye ever notice all the fruit grows on the branches?"

Nothing to Write About

A NEW reporter on a Western paper was assigned to go to a church meeting and get a story of it. He went. When he came back the city editor asked:

"How did it pan out?"

"Oh," said the reporter as he stuck his feet on the desk and lighted a cigarette, "there was nothing doing. I haven't got anything to write. The meeting broke up in a fist fight between the minister and a deacon—and not a bit of church business was done."

Hughes' Comeback

SHORTLY after Governor Hughes, of New York, was elected the second time, after a bitter campaign, a lawyer from New York came to see him and was told to go to the executive mansion in Albany.

It was the first time the lawyer had ever been in the official residence of New York governors, and, after Hughes came into the room, the visitor said:

"You have a handsome place here."

"Yes," Hughes replied; "but I had a hard time getting the landlord to renew the lease."

THE DUBLIN HORSESHOW

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

DEEP greensward and galloping hunters; acres of stalls and hundreds of sardonic, knowing grooms; hundreds more of men in riding breeches; thousands of Irishmen - peasants, farmers and gentlemen - gathered about the finest horses in the world; shrewd-faced buyers from every angle of the seven seas; plainly-clad farmers' wives and gorgeously gowned countesses; a constant flow of horse talk, witty and fluent, in the brogue or in the musical Dublin accent; a sense of space, color, adroit business and keen, if quiet, enjoyment - such is the Dublin horseshow. It is the most vivid season of Irish life, for on one platform all the Irish stand united, despite the many differences of class, religion and politics—the apotheosis of the Irish horse!

When the Dublin jarveys, or drivers of side-cars, tipped the newly introduced taxicabs into the Liffey it was not so much to save their bread and butter, for they could have learned to drive a motor, but rather to show loyalty to the horse. When the aristocrats of Ireland subordinate to this August horseshow the other social events of the year—the viceregal levees and drawing rooms, and the Punchestown race-meetings - it is out of love for the hunters they ride winter after winter over the slippery banks and uncertain fences of Ireland. Members of Irish county families, once rich but poorer now in this day of the peasant proprietor, make all sorts of sacrifices to take this yearly outing; for, since in no place in the world does a family run down so quickly as in Ireland, appearance at the horseshow is one proof that the family still survives socially, still keeps up with its long historical county position.

Where Men are Made or Marred

AND the Irish of all classes—stable-boy and belted marquis, serving-maid and titled dame, on pleasure and business intent - have, by the sincerity of their worship, so convinced the fashionable and business worlds of other countries that for a week Dublin is as cosmopolitan a place as London or Paris, Vienna or New York. For a week she is a capital as gay as she used to be in the eighteenth century. For one week the Irish experience to the full a rich sense of hospitality, power and prosperity. They enjoy the fact that foreigners, royalties and nobilities come to Dublin; that the red fez of an Eastern potentate and the scarlet and gold of a prince-admiral's dress are emblazoned against the viceregal box; that the gowns of the ladies are not *réchauffé* from Goodwood and Ascot but are fresh for the occasion. And, not least of all, they enjoy the prosperous working-out of the deep commercial purpose that underlies the show. For the shrewd-faced dealers in horseflesh, who have come from all quarters of the world and who can tell to a pound how many stone a hunter is able to carry, or can estimate by a nonchalant glance at her foal the value of a broodmare, pour thousands of dollars every day of the show into the needy nation. There is scarcely a county in Ireland whose welfare does not depend more or less on the business that is done during this week; hundreds of men of all classes are made or marred in purse for the year according to their fortune in effecting sales.

Perhaps it adds a picturesque flavor to the general unity of the national event that the force behind it all is a scholarly one—the Royal Dublin Society. This institution has had for nearly two hundred years the object of encouraging agriculture, science, art and other industries.

Judges and Stewards, Men of Impeccable Personal Honor

So far back as the days of Swift it was proposed that an annual horseshow should be held, where prizes should be given for the breeding of good Irish horses, and where the lord-lieutenant and other great ones of Dublin should offer public entertainment to draw in people and enrich the city and the whole country by selling into England, and in time into foreign countries. It took over a hundred years for the suggestion to bear fruit; now the society holds four annual shows for horses, cattle and sheep, administering a grant of twenty-five thousand dollars for improving breeds, and giving some fifteen thousand dollars' worth of prizes. For forty-four years, however, interest has been concentrated on the horseshow of the last week of August. Sheep and art industries are exhibited at the same time, but the spectators more or less forget them - as perhaps they forget the winter lectures and concerts. You cannot rival a Bach symphony.

This scholarly society has shown a keen practical sense in the way it has organized the grounds, buildings and business of the show. The chief business is the adjudication of the horses of the various classes—"judging" is too simple a word seemingly for the ceremony—and the competition of the harness horses; and, above all, the jumping competitions of the hunters. That the week may be full of variety in pleasure and business there are added the Leopardstown races, the races and polo in Phœnix Park, and the bloodstock sales.

The grounds, which are at Ballsbridge, near the site of the old Donnybrook Fair, consist of forty acres, of which nearly eight are covered with fully equipped permanent buildings. The visitors perforce enter first the large central main hall, which contains the offices of the society, some of the manufacturing exhibits and ample luncheon rooms. From this building open an east and a west hall, also full of exhibits; the scholarly society makes some money out of the rental of floor space, not to mention charges for stabling, and for bran and corn for the horses, and, indirectly, meals for the grooms, who must be fed on the grounds. The management cunningly places the exhibits in these first halls, and most visitors eagerly stream past them, their eyes fixed on the south hall, which is full of magnificent hunters, shining in their stalls. Behind the south hall are three large rings for judging the horses, while behind the east and west halls are two smaller rings. The rings and the great jumping inclosure, the most significant areas of the show, are separated from each other by another great hall full of stalls, where lodge the four-year-olds. For some reason, four-year-olds are the most popular of the animals. Along the whole west side of the grounds are the veterinary paddocks and the sheep halls, the coach houses, harness rooms and motor sheds. Just outside the grounds and across the street are the sale paddocks for blooded stock. The whole ground system becomes immediately as clear to a visitor as if he had designed it himself on the spot.

Not less triumphant are the other phases of the organization. The judges and stewards - gentlemen, to use the word technically—selected by the Royal Dublin Society Council are not only experts in horseflesh but men of impeccable personal honor. It is impossible that they could be "approached." It has been rumored that occasionally a veterinary surgeon is not so unimpeachable, but the veterinary legislation is very strict. Every detail of the classifying and handling of the twelve hundred horses is carefully considered. There are almost fifty classes - stallions, mares, geldings, colts and fillies - about half of which are hunters. The classifications are arranged not only according to age and kind, but also according to various capabilities, such as degrees of weight-carrying.

The form of entry that admits an animal to the horseshow on payment of a ten-dollar deposit fee, which may be returned, and an entry fee of from five to twenty dollars, depending on the class of the horse, and on whether or not the owner is a member of the society, is much more elaborate than the certificate that admits a Christian child to the offices of the church or a couple to the holy institution of matrimony. For the animal's class, name, color, general description, age and pedigree must be stated; also his studbook reference, if he has one, and the name and address of his breeder and of his exhibitor. If he is to compete for the jumping prizes he must have another form of entry.

An Assembly of Horsetraders

EVERY man connected with the horses has dozens of rules for his guidance. It is one thing to plan discipline and another thing to see it carried out; but, except in case of an accident to beast or man, the rules are strictly obeyed, from the proviso that each horse must have a neatly dressed groom to the injunction that no horse shall be led forth by the collar-shank. It seems as if there were some rule to provide for every possible contingency. The show, in short, is the last word in good management; the horses are exhibited, lodged and exercised in such a way that there is not the slightest confusion, and nothing exists to impede the comfort and sense of space of the thousands of spectators.

On the first day of horseshow week - Tuesday—more men than women appear, and very few of the women are fashionably clad, for it is ostensibly the great business day. Really, buying and selling go on until the last horse is removed; but Tuesday is adjudication day, when the horses of the various classes enter the rings and are put through their paces before the judges and stewards and an alert crowd of onlookers. Long before the judges are ready to enter the rings the stalls are full of men of all sorts, looking, appraising, but not, as a rule, offering to buy until the horses have shown what they can do in the rings. There are Englishmen who have come for hunters and breeders, Frenchmen who want riding

The Jumping Inclosure

horses, and Germans who, always seeking the best in the world, find here many of their most magnificent cavalry horses. Surrounding the broodmares and stallions are buyers who have come from Buenos Aires and South Africa and America for stud purposes. Invariably some interested owner or spectator is ready to praise an animal a good mare, deficient in timbre, perhaps, but one who can breed good flyers with plenty of substance, as demonstrated by the foal at foot, which has the wide, thick quarters of his sire, deep barrel, good rein and plenty of bone for one of his size! Acquaintances, who have not seen each other since the last horseshow, meet about the various stables

An Examination of Prize Horses

If they are owners or exhibitors they examine each other's horses with critical eyes, while their grooms wink jovially or scowl at one another, according to their dispositions. The conversation of these grooms—witty, profane and sophisticated—is not the least interesting part of the horseshow.

Prize Winners

THE talk of every one seems natural and easy, but not a man is unaware of the clock. They are all waiting for half past nine, which generally means a liberal ten, when the judges and stewards enter the yards, each group going to a different ring to commence a strenuous day, which sometimes begins all over again on Wednesday morning. Like every one else connected with the business of the show, they are bound by severe rules. For example, the judges are not supposed to find out the names of the exhibitors of the horses they must pass upon, and the stewards are forbidden to express in the hearing of the judges opinions as to the merits or demerits of any exhibit that is taking place.

The riders, who may be grooms or masters, or perhaps some special jockeys, trot out of the stables and up to the entrance of some particular ring. Each rider carries usually in his mouth—a ticket of admission, which he hands in at the gate and goes in, slowing down his horse. Every animal wears on his forehead and breast the number which, by reference to the catalogue, shows his class, name, pedigree and owner or exhibitor. Immediately each ring becomes a scene of quiet but enthusiastic animation. The railing about each great greensward is surrounded by crowds of men and women, some of them friends of the exhibitors, some of them owners or buyers; others mere spectators. The judges and stewards stand in the pavilion in the center of the field. On a pole near by are pinned the rosettes that symbolize the prizes, usually scarlet for the first, blue for the second, yellow for the third, green for the fourth and pink for the fifth—if there is a fifth. The prizes range from a hundred and twenty-five dollars to fifteen dollars, and with the first one goes a silver medal. Most of the challenge cups, which cost from five hundred dollars down, and the gold medals go to the hunters that win in the jumping competitions of the three following days; but even the horses under adjudication which receive no prize are likely to sell well.

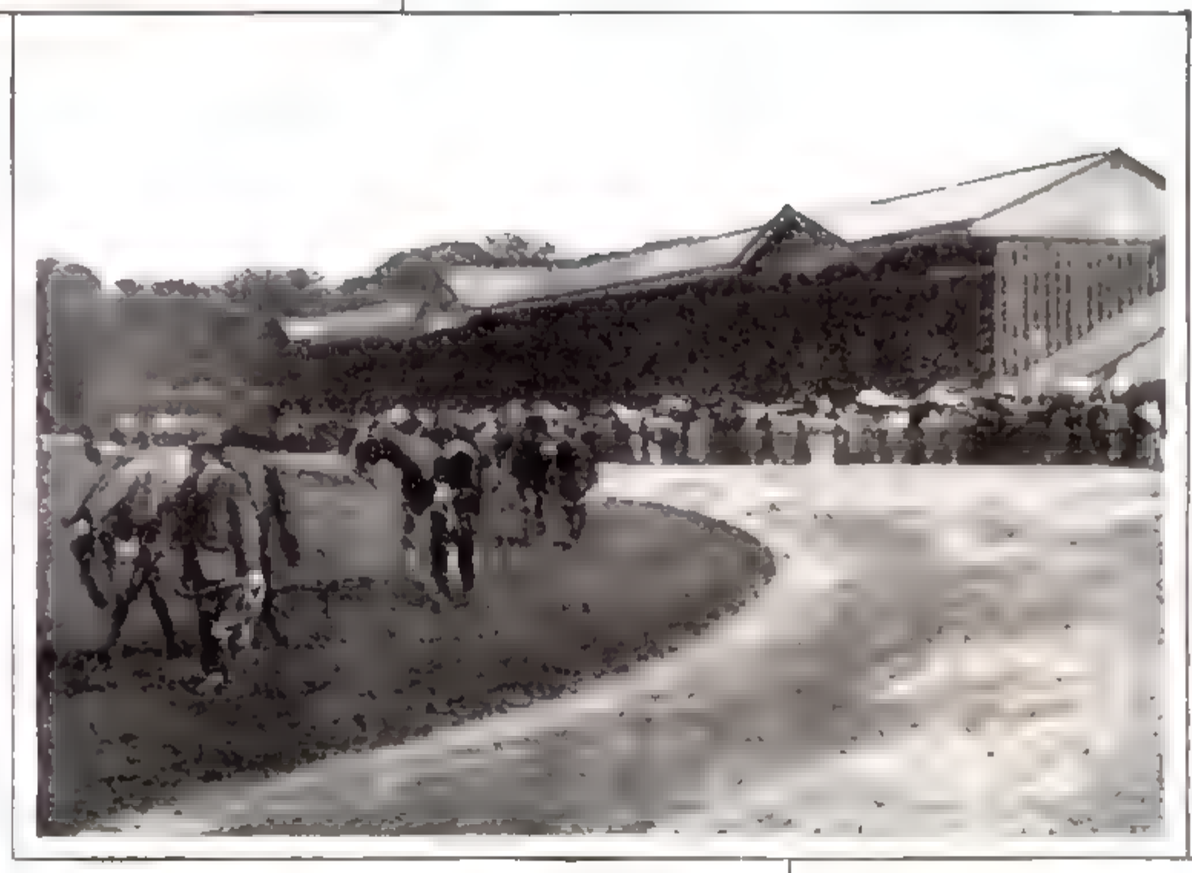
Some classes of the horses are so few in number that each class to be judged can enter the ring at one time. Others are so large that they can be admitted only in sections. The horses, at given signals, first walk, then trot and then gallop. Their riders are of all conditions. A gentleman paces by, trained, like all his sort, to show absolute lack of self-consciousness; he rides as if he were quite alone, his impassive eyes gazing through the spectators at the roadway beyond. Following him is a pop-eyed, anxious groom, looking exactly like a railway porter. After him comes a sporty young yeoman-farmer in yellow waistcoat, blue tie, gray coat, mole-colored breeches and soft green hat. Behind him is a preoccupied peasant-farmer, riding with his shoulders too high, his face showing how much it means to him to win a prize. All the mounts are in breeches and riding boots; most of them wear green or brown coats; the grooms invariably wear caps, the farmers and gentlemen bowler hats. Some men ride as if they were made for their beasts; one man leans forward in a prayerful attitude; another composes himself with the line of his horse. Many little tricks of character appear: a mare coughs, and her rider boxes her ears exactly as if she were a naughty child; one man, as his horse gallops, rhythmically opens and shuts his mouth, showing wide white teeth. All the time the spectators make telling comments on the strength and manners of the horses, some of which are quite audible to the riders. Even a lay onlooker would want to ride after watching the gait and power of the splendid creatures.

If the class is a large one, the process of adjudication becomes complicated and hard on both judges and mounts. As each section in the ring gallops by, the judges move up and down to look more particularly at certain horses. Some of the judges are quiet and some are fussy; now and then they consult and speak to a steward; and, as a result, a horse is ordered to leave the ring as ineligible for a prize. Some of the rejected ones go out jauntily, as if on the wings of victory; another paces round the ring again and slips out when some other failure departs. Some show their disappointment in grave faces and staring eyes. Finally half a dozen remain; the judges talk together.

"Did he tell you to come back, Jerry?" asks an owner as a fine bay trots out of the inclosure.

"He did, Masther Tom," answers Jerry with a broad grin; and a friend of Master Tom chooses the propitious moment for the asking of a favor.

When the best dozen horses have been selected, sometimes, if the class is large, after several hours of weeding-out, the judges confer with each other; usually they mount the horses themselves. The beautiful creatures try their paces once more—the walk, the trot, the gallop; and that rider has much self-control, indeed, who fails to show his sense of the impending decision, who can restrain himself from looking eagerly at the judges. Even the horses feel the strain. Finally they are lined up in a long single, or perhaps a double, row; the riders dismount, and the judges walk up and down. When they come to a definite conclusion the stewards see that the prize cards are affixed to the horses, and distribute the gay rosettes to the winning mounts, who gallop off the field.



A Parade of the Winners

From this time on bargaining flourishes. The buying and selling of a horse has, in most ways, the same conventions in all countries; but in Ireland there is a dash and spirit about each encounter that disguises to a certain extent the familiar lines of retreat and approach. All classes sell and buy. The owner of a great stud may send up a score or two of horses, some of which are exhibited, some of which are disposed of in the sale paddocks without ever appearing in the rings. He may buy a stallion from some other big owner, or he may buy a hunter from some country gentleman who has all his stake in that one animal. A farmer, with the hope of some day becoming a breeder of renown, may spend every penny he has been able to raise on a good broodmare, or perhaps he may buy a likely yearling on the strength of its ancestry; and on the luck he has with the animal may depend the education of his children and his family's whole scale of living.

How Buyers and Sellers Come to Terms

THE ways of chaffering are many, but it is always more amusing when Irish meets Irish. A gentleman wants the hunter of a friend. He is poor, and like many other clever young Irish landholders who have suffered from the reduction of the rents he depends on what he makes in horses to help him pay, from the estate to the debts of which he is heir, the charges of various aunts and sisters. He has in mind a *nouveau riche* Englishman whom he is tutoring in hunting and who would pay as high as three hundred and fifty pounds for a good hunter. He has already selected the splendid black hunter of his friend. Lighting a cigarette, he strolls up to the box of the horse; the groom is just about to ride her out for exercise and the owner is proffering a lump of sugar.

"Hello, Jimmy!" says the owner—"up on business!"

"Ah, no," replies Jimmy. "My wife wanted to come up for the show. I might get a hunter, though, if I found one that just suited me. Not a bad beast that of yours, Bob."

"Thanks for your enthusiasm," says Bob dryly.

The groom mounts; disgusted at this faint praise of his charge, after they reach the exercising ring he puts the black through her best paces.

"Nice creature, indeed," says Jimmy, delighted with the stride. "Pity she's got such an ugly mouth."

"Ugly mouth! It's like velvet. I'm an oldish man, Jimmy; but I'd be willing to jump anything in Ireland on her, with nothing but a slack rein in her mouth."

"There are others less foolhardy," remarks Jimmy. "What are you asking for her?"

"Three hundred pounds; and two hundred for the bay filly."

Awaiting the Decision of the Judges

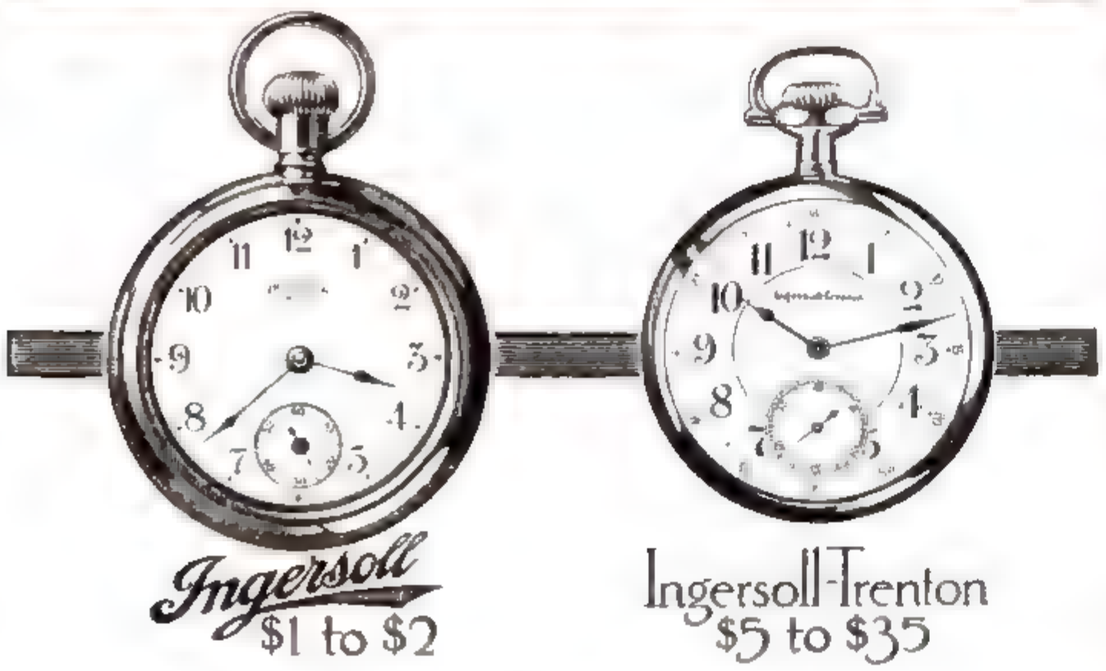
"You mean two hundred for the black, don't you?"

"Three hundred guineas."

"Maybe you'll get it," says Jimmy airily. "Rawlins has a fine fellow for two hundred and fifty—a bit heavy in the hindquarters, but I'd as soon have that as an ugly mouth."

He saunters off. Bob knows he has no intention of buying Rawlins' horse; he supposes Jimmy will offer him something like two hundred and sixty-five pounds. He knows of another possible purchaser, and he goes off to meet him as if by accident, mentioning that he has had an offer for his black, The Nut; but it's a bit under three

Ingersoll and Ingersoll-Trenton



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hundred and he's undecided. No bid forthcoming, he engineers his movements so as to meet, as if casually, Jimmy, who meanwhile has been making an engagement with a veterinary surgeon to examine The Nut for soundness at two that afternoon, as he means to take her away on the six o'clock train. Jimmy has also wired his Englishman that he has bought him the best hunter in Ireland for three hundred and fifty guineas.

"Oh, this you?" says Bob. "Bought Rawlins' horse?"

"Not yet."

"It's just as well, when you're buying a horse, to have one that can get [illegible] over a fence!"

"All the same, Bob, if I were to put a match up on The Nut and she were to close her mouth that nasty twist ——"

"Ah, Jimmy, you know well enough that when you'll be showing her to sell, you'll have a stretch of field where she'll have no chance to show a trick if she were a circus clown of a beast."

"Two hundred and seventy-five!" says Jimmy suddenly.

"Two hundred and eighty-five guineas!" insists Bob.

"Two hundred and eighty pounds," compromises Jimmy.

"Done. And now, Jimmy, give me your advice. I'm offered a hundred and sixty for the bay filly. I was sticking out for two hundred."

"Take a hundred and sixty," says Jimmy with conviction, "and thank Heaven to get rid of an underbred, larrupin' jade that oughtn't to be desecrating a decent man's stables!"

"I was thinking that same," says Bob calmly. "Though I've seen worse and better too. I wonder I got more than an offer of a hundred and fifty. I suppose it was because of the bit of white heather my daughter sent me for luck," he adds seriously.

Jimmy's groom comes up to get The Nut. Bob's groom approaches Jimmy and, touching his cap, says:

"I took care of that horse, sorr."

"Pity you didn't look after her mouth a bit, then," teases Jimmy.

He puts his hand in his pocket, flicking a glance at Bob. If Bob hands over a half-sovereign to Jimmy's groom Jimmy will do the same by Bob's. Bob lives up to the code, feels in his pocket and the gold pieces change hands at about the same moment.

Murphy's Methods

Among the Irish who are not educated and less conventional the approaches are less cloaked. Murphy has a young hunter on which he has put much more care than he has on his two-year-old son. Corrigan, a groom with a little credit and a sharp eye to business, knows exactly where he could sell it in County Waterford. Corrigan comes up to the stall where Murphy is sitting on a box with a rolling eye for possible purchasers. He sees Corrigan's intentions.

"Ah, glory be, Murphy!" cries Corrigan. "And is that the harse you've been bragging about? Ah, well, a man maybe has the right to be tender to his own, even agin his better judgment."

Murphy emits a short sardonic laugh.

"Who heeds the talk of them that are poor judges of harseflesh?" he asks. "If you'd heard the offers I've had for him ——"

"If I'd heard fairy music!" sneers Corrigan. "Pitch the harse to the divil!"

"Talk away, my lad," says Murphy with apparent calm.

"For wan thing," begins Corrigan in a confidential tone, "he's a cougher ——"

"Ah, indade! I wish you had as good breathing yourself as he has," says Murphy, scoring one, for Corrigan has a touch of asthma.

"And his hocks," pursues Corrigan, unruffled; "sure, the crathur might as well be standing on beer-bottles."

"There's many a harse with a thick hock gets a tumble," says Murphy. "And think of the blood of this harse! D'ye know his half-sister, Starling? She took a prize at the Olympic. D'ye know his cousin, Sheila-of-the-Silver-Eye? Lord Southerford paid eight hundred guineas for her and cried wid joy at the chance. D'ye know ——"

"Ah, what talk have ye?" says Corrigan, spitting derisively. "Larry Dugan's half-brother writes plays that they print, but that doesn't keep Larry from not being all there himself. What might you be asking for him?"

"A hundred guineas," says Murphy with a mixture of defiance and confidence.

"Just try it!"

"YOU'LL find a dozen good ways to use it; and more. And it comes in exactly right, every time.

"I wouldn't try to keep house without

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

"I generally have it plain with only hot water added. Sometimes I add a little milk or cream and serve it as a bisque; or with croûtons or noodles and a little parsley. I often serve it in cups topped with whipped cream when I give a little dinner or ladies' luncheon. The effect is so dainty. And this takes all care of the soup off my mind.

"It makes a delicious brown sauce with rice. I use it for croquettes and tomato-soup jelly and cocktails and tartare, and — I couldn't begin to tell you all. And it is always fresh and rich and perfect.

"Just try it yourself and see!"

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"Take my advice," says Corrigan, moving off with an air of washing his hands of Murphy; "if anny wan offers you thirty take it on your knees. If I hear of a man wanting a harse I'll send him round, for you know I'm friendly to you, Murphy."

"You can tell him I'm not afther giving him away!" shouts Murphy. "I'm thinking of rising the price to a hundred and ten."

By this time both know they are embarked on the struggle. Again and again they meet and dispute, sometimes assisted by friends, sometimes losing their tempers and commenting on every scratch of each other's anatomy and almost coming to blows, again passing with a sarcastic politeness that their listeners follow with deep interest. The contest is complicated sometimes by the entrance of another bidder. Each of the two fighters marks the other for his game and disputes every inch of the way. At last the bargain is made at eighty guineas and is sealed, according to the old-fashioned custom of the Irish peasant, by moistening the palm in a primitive way and shaking hands.

"But I'm giving her to you," says Murphy, cloaking his satisfaction in gloom. "Ah, them that keep out of the Dublin harseshow have cut their eyeteeth! It costs you all of ten pounds to get a beast up and back if you don't sell her—and she generaly going back with a cold. This fellow won't, Corrigan; but you had the sense to pick a jewel. I'm wondering if anny wan makes anny money except the Royal Dubcan Society."

"Well, them that buys don't!" says Corrigan with equal gloom but—since his back is turned—with a glorious grin over his bargain.

Jumping for the Ladies

The buying carried on at the sales paddock is a quieter, quicker process. On Wednesday and Thursday especially some famous auctioneers sell several—perhaps two or three thousand—animals. These may be either racers or hunters. The stand is full of prospective buyers, each holding a catalogue on which are printed the horses' pedigrees. The auctioneer and his assistant, quick-eyed men, call in a horse, which is led through the entrance gate by his owner or groom, as the case may be. The bids may range anywhere from ten or fifteen guineas to a thousand guineas; but, in the latter case, the horse has usually been the winner of a prize cup in some great race. After an offer has reached fifty guineas the bids must proceed in leaps of not less than five guineas. If the owner does not like the highest bid he buys in his own animal. As the bids are called out the horse is led up and down the small paddock to show thoroughly his good points, while the auctioneer cries, in the nervous tone characteristic of the cult:

"Eighty guineas—eighty guineas—eighty guineas! Am I offered more? Eighty guineas!" Then slowly: "Gentlemen, are you all done? Quick!" He strikes a little bell with a gavel, and the sold horse is led out of the exit gate, while the next animal enters the other. The buyers are very quiet, but they whisper comments to each other.

"A fine horse, that," says one of a rather slim yearling.

"Ah, do you think so? If it was any finer there'd be nothing left of it at all."

If the business that begins Tuesday goes on all week, Wednesday and Thursday, superficially at least, are the spectacular days politely called ladies' days—when the hunters perform in the jumping inclosure. Friday is a jumping day, too, but by that time the tickets of admission have become very cheap, the attendance has thinned and the hour belongs strictly to the people, who seem to care as much for the jumping as the members of society. On Wednesday and Thursday, however, the grandstand is crowded with smartly dressed men and women, whose hunting experiences have trained accurately eye and judgment in the matter of weight-carriers, and who have a very distinct quality of their own. Most of them bear the stamp of race—a thing intangible, but perceptible enough; for the dullest of them seem to show it. At its worst, it is an impassive mask; at its best, it is a combination of perfect self-control, recognition of the consideration due to others and ability to sum up any given situation. From their nurseries they have been trained according to old and tried traditions, and the training has set its seal on them as definitely as the seal of breeding shows in their hunters. All

Spacious Offices
in Small Areas

Like the well-furnished home, the modern office should so utilize its available space that it never creates the impression of being overcrowded.

Congestion always suggests disorder.

Interruptions to important business deals, aggravating delays and clerical mistakes are frequently caused by poorly planned offices, using unstandardized and different makes of filing cabinets that neither match up nor harmonize on the outside, nor afford a uniform efficient service on the inside.

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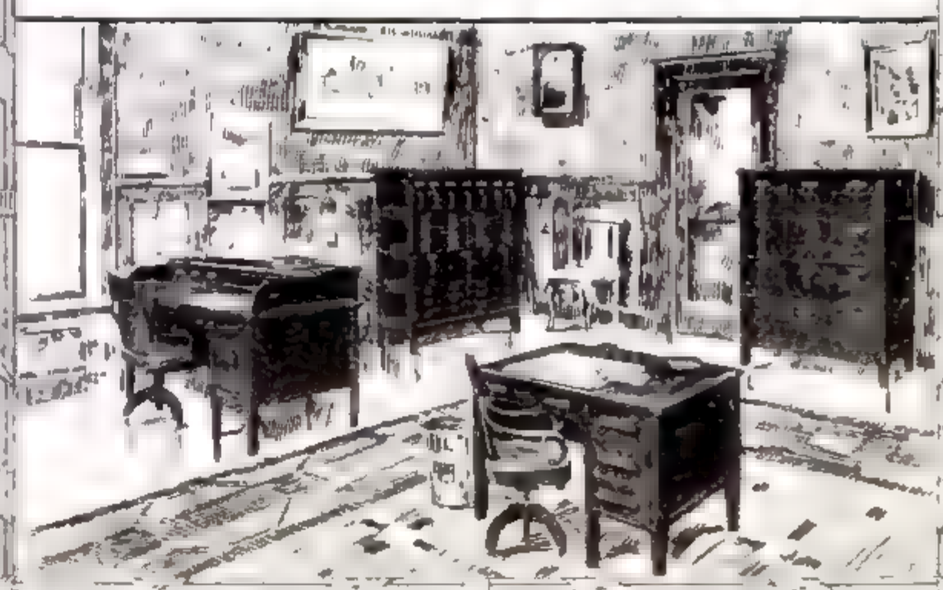

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of them have the look of people used to out-of-doors and exercise, and they are lifted into a kind of likeness because of their common love of the horse; but, being mostly Irish, they have their own individualities in spite of the fine social training that has rubbed down all unbecoming angles. They show more real neighborliness than an English crowd, as they move up and down the aisles of the grandstand to greet each other, meeting perhaps for the first time since the year before. There is genuine pleasure in each other's society, but as they talk they keep their eyes on what is taking place in the jumping inclosure.

This jumping ground is a huge rectangular inclosed field; at one end of the rectangle is the assembly pocket, where the horses stay until they are summoned to the starting point. Some few hundred feet from this starting point is the first obstacle, a bank of the hedge sort, with a ditch behind it, which the horses clear; a few hundred feet farther on, almost opposite the viceregal box in the center of the grandstand, is a ditch, with a sloping bank perhaps five feet high and four feet broad, up which the horses scramble like cats, change feet and scramble down the other side. The only horses in the world that know how to take such banks are Irish. Toward the lower end of the rectangle is a stone wall, built up solid for four feet, with about a foot of loose stones on the solid part. After jumping the wall, the horses gallop in a graceful détour round the lower end of the field and, starting on the return, scramble up a double sloping bank, higher and wider than the first. A few hundred feet farther on, opposite the grandstand again, is the water-jump, consisting of a hedge about four feet high and a couple of feet wide, with a ditch full of water behind it some ten feet across. The last obstacle is a hurdle, four feet high.

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In the center of the field is the judges' pavilion, and close by are the poles on which appear the colored balls and the numbers that distinguish the horses. All round the inclosure is a broad road where those spectators who cannot afford seats in the grandstand take their position. In front of the long grandstand is that portion of the road where costumes, with ladies inside, stroll up and down at intervals during the performances. This strolling is most frequent toward the tea-hour and at the time when the harness horses make their exhibition, for this is never so interesting as the jumping, no matter how outstepping, stylish and well-behaved the animals may be.

In the jumping competitions, as in every other phase of the horseshow, the discipline is severe and the rules numerous. The order in which the horses appear on the program is drawn for by the committee. They are run in pairs, and as they run their numbers are drawn up on the poles, one horse being assigned a red color and the other a white, the riders wearing sashes to show which is which. At the end of the course, if both horses have been successful a red and a white ball are sent to the top of the pole; if one should have failed a black ball is substituted for his color. The same black ball rises alone to show the failure of both. Failure consists in refusing to jump or in making too many mistakes, such as fumbling at the banks or blundering through the top of the stone wall. Sometimes, if competition is keen, the most successful horses will have to make as many as four rounds before the judges can decide on the winning four or five. The riders are required to take the fences at a fair hunting—not a racing pace.

There is far less noise at the jumping competitions than there would be at a baseball game in America—nobody yells at the umpire in Ireland but quite as much interest. The onlookers enjoy everything connected with the show, from the red-coated boys who sell programs, and the smartly dressed ladies, to the entrance of the viceregal party, which is accomplished by means of a long row of mounted lancers, the gayest of soldiers in scarlet and gold, carrying brilliant pennants on their lances. These precede and follow the viceregal coach, standing behind it in a long, level row at the moment when their excellencies and the visiting royalties or nobilities dismount.

The chief interest, however, centers naturally in the hunters and their riders, who come to their work showing every possible shade of character and manners. All For Ireland has a curious way of curling his feet

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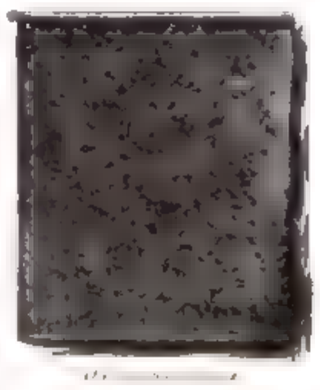

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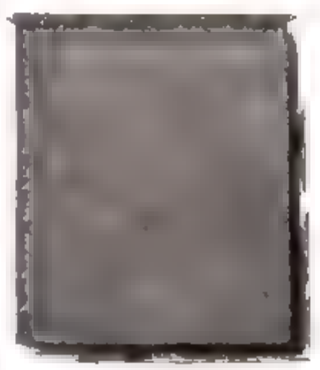

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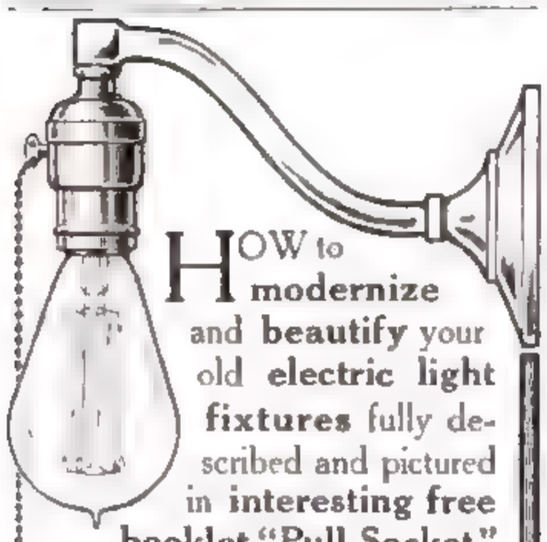

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forward instead of backward as he takes the stone fence. Irish Molly throws her feet to one side as she jumps. The continuous running of subdued comments on the animals shows that every man and woman—and, for that matter, every child—is a judge of horseflesh.

"Well done, Mickey Free! you took that water-jump like a bird!" "That mare was too short-gaited at the fence." "Silly ass that rider! The horse jumps so easily that he didn't take enough trouble to lift him at the fence; and, of course, off came the stones." "That man's going too fast; he'll come a cropper. There!—but he's hung on to the bridle and come up standing. He deserves those cheers." "Going to sleep on the double bank, isn't he? He'll get the black ball for that." "Look at She Squire waltzing through the stone wall!" "Capital mover, that hunter; a trifle coarse on the withers, however." "Tommy took everything at Clonmel last winter; splendid top, fine, straight, short back and long quarters." "Good bone in that fellow; he looks up to any weight." "That jumper has well-sprung ribs and strong loins—nice, true-balanced horse." "Monaghan doesn't go with enough force in his gallop and he lacks length of rein." "A clean, flippant jumper that, and the chap on her is a subtle rider, he's suave all through, for he makes you like a horse when you don't want to." "Ah, that man looked back to see if his ball went up—the first fellow to show he noticed he was ridin' for a prize."

Sometimes a hunter displays what in horse terms is called bad manners. Perhaps he is restive at having to wait too long at the start and loses his temper—or perhaps the number of spectators troubles him. He balks at each leap and possibly throws his mount. The most fervent applause is given to the rider who conquers his animal, and even if he fails he is still cheered; for, as a rule, he never gives in until the judges send him off the field with his nervous charge, whose failure has cost a good many dollars and a humiliation which may be very far-reaching.

A certain amount of color and dash is lent to the proceedings by the fact that some of the riders in the competitions are officers—frequently visiting officers. Now and then one is thrown; but, as a rule, there are no serious accidents. Nobody leaves on Wednesday or Thursday until the last winner gallops away—prize rosette in the rider's mouth. A large crowd is present on Thursday morning when the challenge cups are presented; and even on Friday, the day of the people, a few fashionables linger to see the final jumping. By Saturday every one is gone, and few have gone ruefully. It is as if Nature and Fate were determined to give Ireland one successful week, when no rain should fall, no differences arise, and plenty of pleasure and business should accrue to the most "disthressful counthry."

An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

(Continued from Page 9)

I say: 'But I have had more guests.' And then do you know, madam, that I have to prove that I have had extra company, or my supply of wine is cut off? It is outrageous; an insult to a man's liberty!"

And really it is pretty hard on him to be so meddled by his women in this particular, when you consider how he cherishes the right to drink as much as he pleases. What impressed me, and would come to the mind of any woman, was that he never considered how many hundred years English women have suffered sorrow and degradation because he abused this liberty. The New Zealand Xanthippes are getting it back on him in a mild and salutary fashion. And I could not help wondering how he evades their surveillance there, for of course he does.

I saw a great many suffragists in London, and at a glance you could not have distinguished them from other English women any more than one recognizes a partly deranged person until something said suggests her obsession. Then you feel a certain abnormal tightening of her moral strings. I cannot describe it, but I always felt it, even in Peggy. I have my doubts about their being altogether comfortable persons to live with. But for that matter I should not have liked being the wife of

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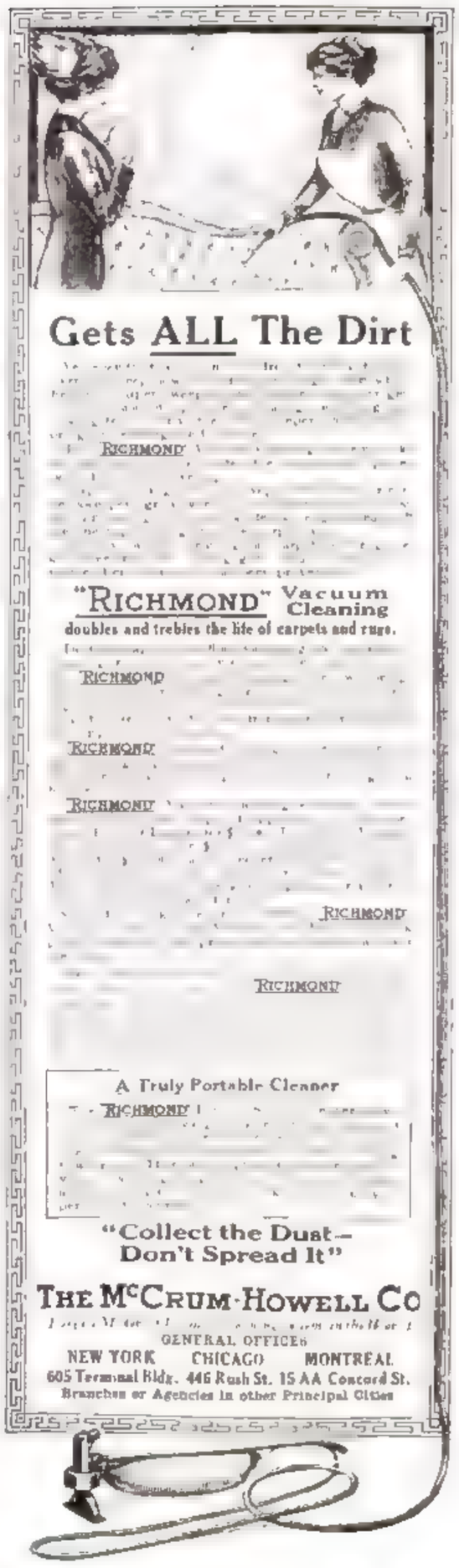
Martin Luther. Still, he set at liberty the heart of mankind. And I reckon the women that come after these new women will not be quite so new to our consciousness. The world will have changed some and they will have changed some, so we shall get comfortable in the new environment. After this period of agitation has passed and they get what they want, most of them will drop out of sight and go on about their women's business better satisfied. Only a few men remain in public life even if they can vote. It will be the same way with women. Time indeed must pass before they will exercise the franchise even after they get it. The women of England have been [illegible] suffrage, but they are just now beginning to take advantage of it and even yet most of them have not acquired the habit of going to the polls and voting.

For one I doubt whether the enfranchisement of women will tend to purify political life or do much toward improving the safety of their own lives. The world has been ruled too much by the minds of men and too little by the hearts of women. Therefore, it has escaped many of the evils it might otherwise have suffered.

The Music of Great Movements

There is one thing the women's movement lacks in England and in America, and I am wondering whether others besides an old tired drumming woman like myself have also missed it. This is the music, the measured swinging along rhythm that has always characterized every great movement. In America we had The Battle Hymn of the Republic, Dixie, and Marching Through Georgia. The French revolutionists had their Marseillaise. When Christianity had its single eye and its great heart we got tremendously potent hymns out of it, and even to this day the Salvation Army always enters an engagement with the devil to an inspiring ragged rat-tat-tat tune that seems to be helpful to sinners and that no doubt nerves the leaders of it with fresh courage. But the suffragists have processions without music of their own. This is due in part to the fact that their delicacy and sensibility would reject any but a feminine Wagnerian measure, and partly to the fact that the idea for which they stand and come is so new that it is difficult to translate into a singing rhythm that is at once dignified and feminine. If they were going out to be mothers they would have made a lullaby that would have sung the world to dreaming before this time, but a citizen-woman will be compelled to create a sort of evolution in the old cradle songs before she gets what she needs. Still I have observed this: a cat is never at home in a place until she sits down and washes her face with her forelegs, and a woman is never domesticated in her condition till she takes to humming tunes there. And we cannot be sure that these new women are permanent features of Anglo-Saxon civilization until they have oriented themselves in their faith with a few suffragist hymns. It may be that they have not come far enough yet to get the keynote. It takes a good deal of enthusiasm peculiarly sweet and [illegible] to make proper music. And though the new woman is sufficiently passionate she has not come into her sweetness phase yet. She is kicking too much against the pricks, which is not a musical occupation. If she made a song now it would be too fiercely anti-masculine and would probably cause the men to hoot and cat-call instead of encore. This is one thing that cannot be changed, not even by the votes of women: it is in the everlasting order of things that women must sing to men not at them, for them not against them. When the suffragists get far enough along in their new-woman consciousness to concede this they will put all the old boy-babies to sleep and have a chance to go where they please and do what they want to do before these huge infants awaken to a realization of what has transpired. A woman never wins from a man by being less feminine, but by being more feminine. And though what I have said here about music for the suffrage movement may seem fanciful, there can be no question that the women engaged in it need more dovelikeness for their new serpent-wisdom. It may be all right to slap the Prime Minister's face just at first to attract his attention, but in the long run it is better for women not to resort to violence. They are not made for it, but rather to ease and sweeten life, especially with their votes.



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What is set down here about suffragists seems to *me* dull stuff: but there you have it. These women cannot be talked about in the old romantic language with which literature has always clothed the gentler sex. Nothing is left except to take them seriously, as you would a bitter pill in economics, or to caricature them. One might draw a funny picture of thick middle-aged women standing on the London streets with the newsboys, selling the suffragist daily paper, Votes for Women. Or I might have written a sniggering description of those women warts on the face of the movement who are interested chiefly in exploiting themselves for the sake of attracting attention and of winning a little notoriety on account of the publicity of their hysterics. But every issue, whether it is made by men or women, has its absurd features. Ever since I was present one time at a state convention assembled to nominate a candidate for governor, it has been my firm conviction that women have more dignity and better sense about conducting themselves even in a political situation than men often display.

It was with more pleasure than I expected to experience at leaving England that Peggy and I left at last for the Continent. After she had drawn me away from the contemplation of the peaceful, voluminous, old-style, Tower-of-London women whom I enjoyed so much when we first came, and had dragged me about to meet eminent suffragists, I felt strained and embarrassed. I suffered from a kind of rheumatism of the mind. I could not move fast enough this way and that with my creaking faculties to keep up with the thread of the conversation. Whenever we returned from a meeting at Queen's Hall or from a teaparty at a club where the movement was the subject for discussion, I always felt as if my bonnet was on one-sided or as if my jabot had slipped round under my ear. And it was best for Peggy that we left at this time. This is one trouble about being a new woman—she thinks all the time in that strained attitude. She never lets go and enjoys the ancient calm of being just a woman with a pretty face and two little engaging curls at the back of her neck, as Peggy could have done if she had been properly balanced. The young Englishman, Mr. Oatleigh, furnished her some natural feminine diversion, of course. He was quite devoted, and it was a pleasant sight to see them sitting in the old square together beneath the hawthorn trees, with the white butterflies weaving winged garlands round their heads. And it used to provoke me because I knew that, however serious his intentions were, the only reason Peggy had for encouraging him was to study him, as she might have stuck a pin through a particularly long-legged grasshopper and held him down while she pulled his wings off. She was trying to find out what an Englishman thinks and how he thinks of women. She professed to be disgusted with what she discovered.

Under the Microscope

"He is primitive in his mind about women," she said to me one day. "His appreciation of them is—oh, it's so simple! He is always saying what fine specimens physically English girls are!"

Another time she complained with some heat. "He is courteous, but I don't believe an Englishman thinks it comports with his dignity to go so far as to be polite!"

And again, when I think he must have approached the confines of romantic confidence with the grave gait of a Briton stalking his woman, Peggy came in quite flushed either with indignation or with the nimbleness with which an American woman can always elude the lumbering chase of one of these exaggeratedly dignified beings.

"He thinks all our women are dreadfully spoiled, and I do believe he just longs for the chance to subdue one of them back into a proper state of submission."

Maybe this is why so many Anglo-American marriages turn out badly. The climate, which makes her nervous, coupled with our system of education, which makes her independent, and the humoring of the men—father, brothers and lovers—which renders her intractable, all this would insure an American woman's being a "handful" for any Englishman who undertook to subdue her in the marital relation.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Corra Harris. The third will appear in an early number.

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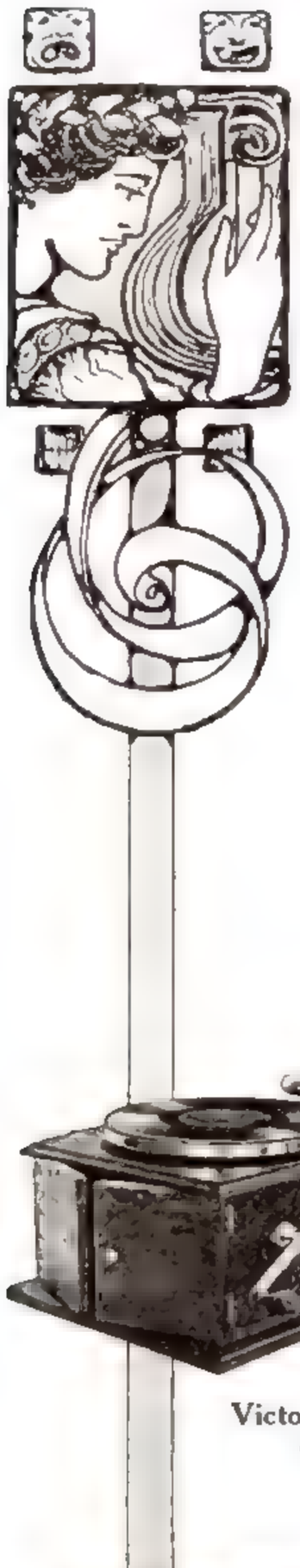

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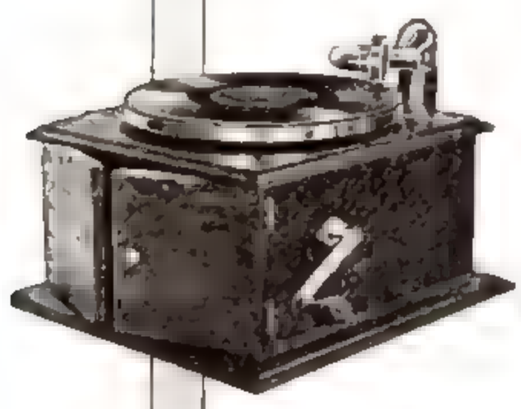

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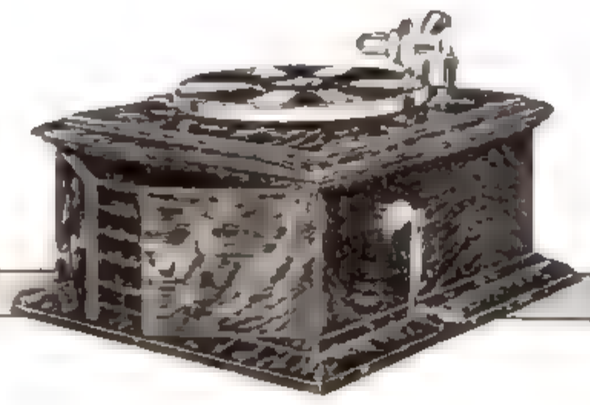

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APPENWEIER'S ACCOUNT

Continued from Page 12

on us. Furthermore, I could bring you here tomorrow morning at eight o'clock from our sample racks these same identical models, with the prices on 'em marked plain like the figures on a ten-dollar bill, understand me; and if they ain't from twenty to thirty per cent lower as you paid for these here garments I'd eat 'em'"

For at least ten minutes Max Lapin sat with knitted brows and pondered Elkin's words.

"Eight o'clock is too early," he announced at last. "Make it half past nine."

"Six, ever, ain't too early for an up-to-date buyer to look at some genuine bargains," Elkin insisted. "And, besides, I must got to get back to the shop at nine."

"But——" Lapin began.

"But nothing, Mr. Lapin," Elkin said, rising to his feet. "Make it eight o'clock and the next time I would come round at half past nine."

"What d'ye mean the next time?" Lapin exclaimed.

"I mean this wouldn't be the last time we do business together, because the job as assistant cutter which I got it is just temporary, Mr. Lapin," he said as he started for the door—"just temporary—that's all."

He paused with his hand on the door-knob.

"See you at eight o'clock tomorrow morning," he said cheerfully; and five minutes later he was having hard work to keep from dancing his way down Thirty-third Street to the subway.

IV

FROM half past seven in the morning until six at night were the working hours of all Polatkin & Scheikowitz' employees, save only Sam Markulies, the shipping clerk, whose duty it was to unlock the shop at quarter past seven sharp. This hour had been fixed by Philip Scheikowitz himself, who, on an average of once a month, would stroll into the shipping department at closing-time and announce his intention of going to a wedding that evening. Sometimes the proposed excursion was a pinochle party or a visit to the theater, but the dénouement was always the same: The next morning Scheikowitz would arrive at the factory door precisely at quarter past seven to find Markulies from five to ten minutes late; whereupon Markulies would receive his discharge, to take effect the following Saturday night—and for the ensuing month his punctuality was assured.

During the quarter of an hour which preceded the arrival of the other employees Markulies usually dusted the office and showroom; and on the morning following Elkin's holiday this solitary duty was cheered by the presence of Harry Flaxberg. Harry had sought the advice of counsel the previous day and had been warned against tardiness as an excuse for his discharge; so he was lounging on the sidewalk long before Markulies' arrival that morning.

"Aa, Mr. Flaxberg," Markulies cried, "what brings you round so early?"

"I couldn't sleep last night," Flaxberg said; "so I thought I might just so well be here as anywhere."

"Ain't that the funniest thing'" Markulies cried. "Me I couldn't sleep neither. I got something on my mind."

He unlocked the door as he spoke, and as he passed up the stairs he declared again that he had something on his mind.

"*Yow!*" Flaxberg said. "I should got your worries, Markulies. The simple little things which a shipping clerk must got to do would *oser* give anybody the nervous prostration."

"Is that so?" Markulies retorted. "Well, I ain't just the shipping clerk here, Mr. Flaxberg. You must remember I am in charge with the keys also, Mr. Flaxberg; and I got responsibilities if some one *ganvers* a couple sample garments once in a while, y'understand—right away they would accuse me that I done it."

"Don't worry yourself, Markulies," Flaxberg said. "I ain't going to *ganver* no garments on you—not this morning anyhow."

"You I ain't worrying about at all," Markulies rejoined; "but that young bloodsucker, Lubliner, Mr. Flaxberg—that's something else again. Actually that young feller is to me something which you could really call a thorn in my pants, Mr. Flaxberg. Just because he is assistant cutter here and I am only the shipping [illegible] treats me like I would be the dirt under his feet. Only last night, Mr. Flaxberg, I am locking up the place when that feller comes up the stairs and says to me I should give him the key, as he forgets a package which he left behind him. Mind you, it is already half past six, Mr. Flaxberg; and ever since I am living up in the Bronx, Mr. Flaxberg, I am getting kicked out of six places where I am boarding on account no respectable family would stand it, Mr. Flaxberg, that a feller comes, night after night, nine o'clock to his dinner."

"You was telling me about Lubliner," Flaxberg reminded him.

"Sure, I know," Markulies continued. 'So I says to him the place is closed and that's all there is to it. With that, Mr. Flaxberg, the feller takes back his hand so—and he gives me a *schlag* in the stummick, which, honest, if he wouldn't be from Mr. Polatkin a relation, Mr. Flaxberg, I would right then and there killed him."

For two minutes he patted gently that portion of his anatomy where Elkin's blow had landed.

"He's a dangerous feller, Mr. Flaxberg," he went on, "because, just so soon as he opens the door after I am giving him the key, Mr. Flaxberg, he shuts it in my face and springs the bolt on me, Mr. Flaxberg, and there I am standing *bis* pretty near eight o'clock, understand me, till that feller comes out again. By the time I am at my room on Brook Avenue, Mr. Flaxberg, the way Mrs. Kaller speaks to me you would think I was a dawg yet. How should I know she is getting tickets for the theayter that evening, Mr. Flaxberg? And anyhow, Mr. Flaxberg, if people could afford to spend their money going on theayter understand me, they don't need to keep boarders at all—especially when I am getting night after night boiled *Brustdeckel* only. I says to her, 'Mrs. Kaller,' I says to her, 'why don't you give me once in a while a change?' I says——"

"Did Lubliner have anything with him when he came out?" Flaxberg interrupted.

"Well, sure; he'd got the package he forgets, and how a feller could forget a package that size, Mr. Flaxberg—honestly, you wouldn't believe at all! That's what it is to be a relation to the boss, Mr. Flaxberg. If I would got such a memory, understand me, I would of been fired long since already. Yes, Mr. Flaxberg, I says to Mrs. Kaller, 'For three and a half dollars a week a feller should get night after night *Brustdeckel*—it's a shame—honest!' I says, and—*stargen!* There's Mr. Scheikowitz!'"

As he spoke he seized a feather duster and began to wield it vigorously, so that by the time Philip Scheikowitz reached the showroom door a dense cloud of dust testified to Markulies' industry.

"That'll do, Sam!" Philip cried. "What do you want to do here—choke us all to death?"

Gradually the dust subsided and disclosed to Philip's astonished gaze Harry Flaxberg seated on a sample table and apparently lost in the perusal of the Daily Cloak and Suit Record.

"Good morning, Mr. Scheikowitz," he said heartily, but Philip only grunted in reply. Moreover, he walked hurriedly past Flaxberg and closed the office door behind him with a resounding bang, for he, too, had sought the advice of counsel the previous evening; and on that advice he had left his bed before daylight, only to find himself forestalled by the wily Flaxberg. Nor was his chagrin at all decreased by Polatkin, who had promised to meet his partner at quarter past seven. Instead, he arrived an hour later and immediately proceeded to upbraid Scheikowitz for Flaxberg's punctuality.

"What do you mean that feller gets here before you?" he cried. "Didn't you hear it the lawyer distinctively told you you should get here before Flaxberg, and when Flaxberg arrives you should tell him he is fired on account he is late? Honestly, Scheikowitz, I don't know what comes over you lately the way you are acting. Here we are paying the lawyer ten dollars he should give us an advice, understand me, and we might just so well throw our money in the streets!"

"But Flaxberg wasn't late, Polatkin," Scheikowitz protested. "He was early."

"Don't argue with me, Scheikowitz," Polatkin said. "Let's go outside and talk to him."

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Philip shrugged despairingly as they walked to the office door.

"Flaxberg," he began as he discerned the city salesman again using a sample table for a footstool, "don't let us disturb you if you ain't through reading the paper yet."

"Yes, Flaxberg," Polatkin added, "you could get down here so early like you would be sleeping in the place all night yet, and what is it? Take from the table the feet, Flaxberg, and be a man. We got something to say to you."

"Go ahead, Mr. Polatkin," Flaxberg said as he leisurely brought his feet to the floor. "I'm listening."

"In the first place, Flaxberg," Polatkin said, "did it ever occur to you that, even if your uncle would got fired up to Appenweier & Murray's, Redman designs for us a line of garments here which them people might be interested in anyhow?"

"*You*, they would be interested in our line!" Flaxberg cried. "Lapin wouldn't buy only Sammet Brothers' line if we got Worth and Paquin both working for us as designers. You couldn't convince him otherwise, Mr. Polatkin."

"That's all right," Polatkin went on; "but it wouldn't do no harm for you to anyhow see the feller and show him a couple garments which we got it here. Take for instance them 1080's, which we are selling Fine Brothers, *oder* that 2060 that overskirt effect with the gilt net yoke and peacock-feather-design braid, Flaxberg. Them two styles made a big hit, Flaxberg. They are all hanging on that end rack there, Flaxberg, and you could look at 'em for yourself."

Polatkin walked across the showroom to the rack in question.

"Especially the 2060's," he said as he pulled aside the heavy denim curtain which protected the contents of the rack, "which you could really say is"

Here he paused abruptly—for, with the exception of a dozen wooden hangers, the rack was empty.

"What's this, Scheikowitz?" he cried with a sweep of his hand in the direction of the rack. "Where is all them 1080's and 2060's?"

Hastily the two partners examined every rack in the showroom, and not only did they fail to discover the missing samples but they ascertained that, in addition, seven other choice styles had disappeared.

"See maybe is Redman using 'em in the cutting room," Scheikowitz suggested; and forthwith they made a canvass of the cutting room and factory, in which they were joined by Markuhes.

"What is the matter, Mr. Scheikowitz?" he asked.

"We are missing a dozen sample garments," Scheikowitz replied.

"Missing!" Markuhes loudly exclaimed. "What d'ye mean missing, Mr. Scheikowitz? Last night, when I was covering up the racks, everything was in place."

Suddenly a wave of recollection swept over him and he gave tongue like a foxhound.

"Oo-oo-ee!" he wailed and sunk into the nearest chair.

"Markuhes," Polatkin cried out, "for Heaven's sake, what is it?"

"He must of *ganzed* 'em!" Markuhes wailed. "Right in front of my eyes he done it."

"Who done it?" Scheikowitz cried.

"Lubliner," Markuhes moaned.

"Lubliner!" Polatkin cried. "Do you mean Elkin Lubliner?"

"That's what I said," Markuhes went on. "Comes half past six last night, and that *ganef* makes me a *schlag* in the stummick, Mr. Polatkin; and the first thing you know he goes to work and steals from me my keys, Mr. Polatkin, and cleans out the whole place yet."

"Lubliner was here last night after we are going home?" Polatkin asked.

"Sure, he was," Markuhes replied. "at half past six yet."

"Then that only goes to show what a liar you are," Polatkin declared. "Because myself I am letting Elkin go home at one o'clock on account the feller is so sick, understand me, he could hardly walk out of the place at all. Furthermore he says he is going right straight to bed when he leaves here; so, if you want to explain how it is the garments disappear when you are in the place here alone, Markuhes, go ahead with your lies. Might Mr. Scheikowitz stole 'em maybe—or I did! What?"

Markuhes began to rock and sway in an agony of woe.

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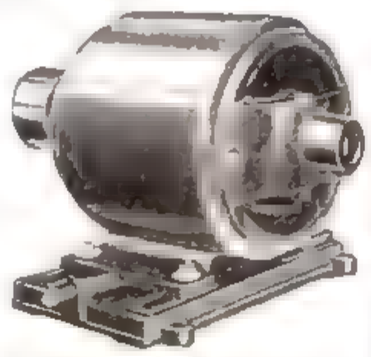

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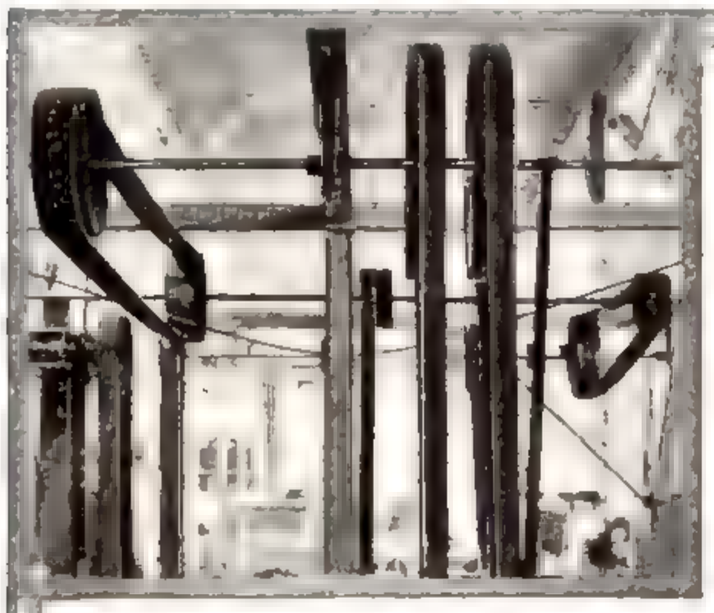

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"I should never stir from this here chair, Mr. Polatkin," Markulies protested, "and my mother also, which I am sending her to Kalvaria regular like clockwork—ten dollars a month, she should never walk so far from here *bis* that door, if that *ganef* didn't come in here last night and make away with the garments!"

Koosh!" Polatkin bellowed, and made a threatening gesture toward Markulies just as Scheikowitz stepped forward.

"That'll do, Polatkin," he said. "If the feller lies we could easy prove it. Can't it? In the first place, where is Elkin?"

"He must of been sick this morning on account he ain't here yet," Polatkin said.

"*Schon gut,*" Scheikowitz rejoined. "If he ain't here he ain't here, *verstehst du, aber* he is boarding with Mrs. Feinermann, which her husband is Kupferberg Brothers' foreman—ain't it?"

Polatkin nodded and Scheikowitz turned to Markulies.

"Markulies," he said, "do me the favor and stop that! You are making me dizzy the way you are acting. Furthermore, Markulies, you should put on right away your hat and run over to Kupferberg Brothers' and say to Mr. B. Kupferberg you are coming from Polatkin & Scheikowitz, and ask him is he agreeable he should let Marx Feinermann come over and see us—and if he wants to know what for tell him we want to get from him a recommendation for a feller which is working for us."

He turned to his partner as Markulies started for the stairway.

"And a helluva recommendation we would get from him, too, I bet yer!" he added. "Wasserbauer tells me Elkin was in his place yesterday, and, though he don't watch every bit of food a customer puts into his mouth, understand me, he says that he eats six dill pickles one right after the other; and then, Polatkin, the young feller gets right up and walks right out of the place without giving any order even. Wasserbauer says he knows it was Elkin because one day I am sending him over to look for you there. Wasserbauer asks him the simple question what he wants you for, and right away Elkin acts fresh to him like anything."

"He done right to act fresh," Polatkin said as they walked back to the showroom. "What is it Wasserbauer's business what you want me for?"

"But how comes a young feller like him to be eating at Wasserbauer's?" Scheikowitz continued. "Where does he get the money from he should eat there?"

"The fact is," said Flaxberg, who up to this point had remained a silent listener to the entire controversy—"The fact is, Mr. Scheikowitz, yesterday I am taking pity on the feller on account he is looking sick; and I took him into Wasserbauer's and invited him he should eat a little something."

He paused and licked his lips mawkishly.

"And though I don't want to say nothing against the feller, understand me," he continued, "he begins right away to talk about horseracing."

"Horseracing!" Polatkin cried.

Flaxberg nodded and made a gesture implying more plainly than the words themselves: "Can you beat it?"

"Horseracing!" Scheikowitz repeated. "Well, what do you think of that for a lowlife bum!"

"And when I called him down for gambling, Mr. Polatkin, he walks right out, so independent he is. Furthermore, though it's none of my business, Mr. Polatkin," Flaxberg went on, "Markulies tells me this morning early the same story like he tells you—before he knew the goods was missing even."

"Sure, I believe you," Polatkin retorted. "He was getting a little wise that time I ketched up before and That's the kind of *Boiser* he is."

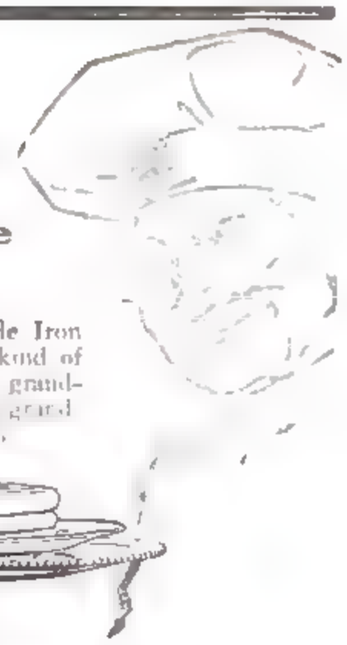
As he spoke Markulies entered, and there followed on his heels the short, stout figure of Marx Feinermann.

"What did I told you?" Markulies cried. "The feller ain't homesick at all. He eats his supper last night, and this morning he is got two eggs for his breakfast even."

"S'nough, Markulies!" Polatkin interrupted. "You got too much to say for yourself. Sit down, Feinermann, and tell us what is the reason Elkin ain't here this morning."

"You tell me and I would tell you," Feinermann replied. "All I know is the feller leaves my house the usual time this morning; only before he goes he acts fresh to my wife like anything, Mr. Polatkin.

Good, Old-Fashioned Waffles Have Come to Stay

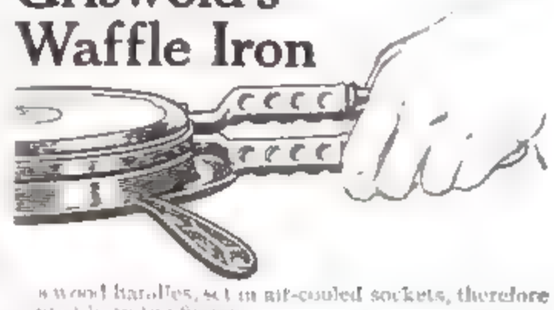


Griswold's Waffle Iron has revived the kind of waffles that our grandmothers used to make.

Scorched waffles, doughy waffles are unknown to users of the Griswold.

The reason the Griswold bakes right is because it has thick, heavy pans that distribute the heat evenly.

Griswold's Waffle Iron



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No lifting of pan is necessary in turning waffles ... joint. Base of ... prevents grease ...

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Take a mental inventory of your prospects. Are you satisfied with the [illegible]

Are you content to plod for [illegible] in a path that runs in a [illegible]

Don't you long for a great big opportunity—one that will *try your steel?*

One that offers full scope for your powers and splendid rewards for your efforts?

Here's some good news for several hundred men whose *character* and *caliber* are *right*

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The introduction of the new "Printype" Oliver Typewriter has resulted in an enormous expansion of our business.

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Agencies Control Sales

The Local Agent has exclusive control of all sales of new Oliver Typewriters in his territory. He can build up as substantial and profitable a business as any merchant in the same community without *the heavy investment of capital* which the merchant must necessarily make.

We are exceedingly careful in the selection of Local Agents for The Oliver Typewriter. The qualities we require are ability, energy, *character*. We train our men in salesmanship. We place a premium on *initiative*. Whether the Local Agent gives all or part of his time to the work is left to his own decision.

Each man is judged by *results*.

Are You the Right Man?

[illegible]

Address Agency Department

The Oliver Typewriter Company

319 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

He kicks the coffee ain't good, even when my wife is giving him two eggs to his breakfast anyhow. What some people expects for three-fifty a week you wouldn't believe [illegible]"

"What do you mean [illegible] sick?" Polatkin demanded. "He pays your wife five dollars a week [illegible] months ago already. He told me so himself."

"I ain't responsible for what that boy tells you," Feinermann said stolidly. "All I know is he pays me three-fifty a week and you would think he is used to eating chicken every day from *zu Hause* yet, the way he is all the time kicking about his food."

Markuhes snorted indignantly.

"He should got the *Machsholse* Mrs. Kaller hands it to me," he said. "*gekochte Brustdeckel* day in, day out; and then I am accused that I steal samples yet! I am sick and tired of it!"

"*Stiegen!*" Polatkin cried. "Listen here to me, Feinermann. Do you mean to told me the boy ain't paying your wife five dollars a week board?"

As Feinermann opened his mouth to reply the showroom door opened and Elkin himself entered.

"Loafer!" Scheikowitz roared. "Where was you?"

Elkin made no reply, but walked to the center of the showroom.

"Mr. Polatkin," he said, "could I speak to you a few words something?"

Polatkin jumped to his feet.

"Before you speak to me a few words something," he said, "I want to ask you what the devil you are telling me lies that you pay Mrs. Feinermann five dollars a week board?"

"What are you bothering about that for now?" Scheikowitz interrupted. "And, anyhow, you could see by the way the feller is red like blood that he lies to you."

"Furthermore," Feinermann added, "my wife complains to me last night that young loafer takes her uptown yesterday on a wild goose errand, understand me, and together they get pretty near kicked out of a drygoods store."

"She told you that, did she?" Elkin cried.

"That's what I said!" Feinermann retorted.

"Then, it that's the case, Feinermann," Elkin replied, "all I can say is I am paying your wife five dollars a week board *schon* six months already, and if she is holding out on you a dollar and a half a week that's her business, not mine."

"Don't make things worser as they are, Lubliner," Flaxberg advised. "You are in bad, anyhow, and lying don't help none. What did you done with the samples you took away from here?"

"What is it your business what I done with 'em?" Elkin retorted.

"Don't get fresh, Elkin!" Polatkin said. "What is all this about, anyhow? First, you are leaving here yesterday on account you are sick, next, you are going around with Mrs. Feinermann and get kicked out of a drygoods store, then you come back here and steal our samples."

"Steal your samples!" Elkin cried.

"You admitted it yourself just now," Flaxberg interrupted. "You are a thief as well as a liar!"

Had Flaxberg's interest in sport extended to pugilism, he would have appreciated the manner in which Elkin's chest and arm muscles began to swell under his coat, even if the ominous gleam in Elkin's dark eyes had provided no other warning. As it was, however, Elkin put into practice the knowledge gained by a nightly attendance at the gymnasium on East Broadway. He stepped back two paces, and left followed right so rapidly to the point of Flaxberg's jaw that the impact sounded like one blow.

Simultaneously Flaxberg fell back over the sample tables and landed with a crash against the office partition just as the telephone rang loudly. Perhaps it was as well for Flaxberg that he was unprepared for the onslaught, since, had he been in a rigid posture, he would have assuredly taken the count. Beyond a cut lip, however, and a lump on the back of his head, he was practically unhurt; and he jumped to his feet immediately. Nor was he impeded by a too eager audience, for Markuhes and Feinermann had abruptly fled to the farthermost corner of the cutting room, while Marcus and Philip had ducked behind a sample rack; so that he had a clear field for the rush he made at Elkin. He yelled with rage as he dashed wildly

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The Peerless Motor Car Company
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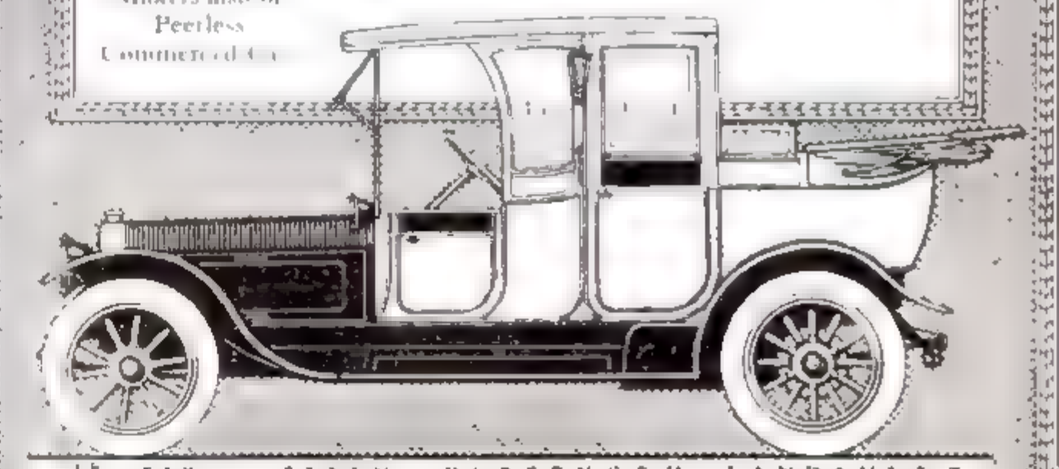
Makers also of Peerless Commercial Cars



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Buy direct from our factory the completely finished sections of Mission furniture in Quarter Sawn White Oak [illegible] You [illegible] you less than [illegible] prices as when

$24.50 Buys This Table and TWO Chairs

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This demonstrating razor is offered to you for the purpose of making you acquainted with the superiority of the Durham-Duplex Razors and Blades. One Durham-Duplex Blade is given with each Demonstrator.

We have made the Durham-Duplex Blade the Standard of the World, and as such we will maintain it.

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Standard Set—razor, guard, stropping attachment, six double-edged blades—all in handsome leather case, $5.00. Traveler's Kit in pigskin roll, $5.00.

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across the floor, but the yell terminated with an inarticulate grunt when Elkin stopped the rush with a drive straight from the shoulder. It found a target on Flaxberg's nose, and he crumpled up on the showroom floor.

For two minutes Elkin stood still and then he turned to the sample racks.

"Mr. Polatkin," he said, "the telephone is ringing."

Polatkin came from behind the rack and automatically proceeded to the office, while Scheikowitz peeped out of the denim curtains.

"You got to excuse me, Mr. Scheikowitz," Elkin murmured, "I couldn't help myself at all."

"You've killed him!" Scheikowitz gasped.

"*Yow!* I've killed him!" Elkin exclaimed. "It would take a whole lot more as that to kill a bum like him."

He bent over Flaxberg and shook him by the shoulder.

"Hey!" he shouted in his ear. "You are ruining your clothes!"

Flaxberg raised his drooping head and, assisted by Elkin, regained his feet and staggered to the water-cooler, where Elkin bathed his streaming nostrils with the icy fluid.

At length Scheikowitz stirred himself to action just as Polatkin relinquished the 'phone.

"Markulies," Scheikowitz shouted, "go out and get a policeman!"

"Don't do nothing of the kind, Markulies!" Polatkin declared. "I got something to say here too."

He turned severely to Elkin.

"Leave that loafer alone and listen to me," he said. "What right do you got to promise deliveries on them 2060's in a week?"

"I thought ——" Elkin began.

"You ain't got no business to think," Polatkin interrupted. "The next time you are selling a concern like Appenweier & Murray don't promise nothing in the way of deliveries, because, with people like them it's always the same. If you tell 'em a week they ring you up and insist on it they would got to got the goods in five days."

He put his hand on Elkin's shoulder; and the set expression of his face melted until his short dark mustache disappeared between his nose and his under lip in a widespread grin.

"Come inside the office," he said—"you too, Scheikowitz. Elkin's got a long story he wants to tell us."

HALF an hour later, Sam Markulies knocked timidly at the office door.

"Mr. Polatkin," he said, "Marx Feinermann says to me to ask you if he should wait any longer, on account they're very busy over to Kupferberg Brothers'."

"Tell him he should come in here," Polatkin said; and Markulies withdrew after gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the spectacle of Elkin Lubliner seated at Polatkin's desk, with one of Polatkin's mildest cigars in his mouth, while the two partners sat in adjacent chairs and smiled on Elkin admiringly.

"You want to speak to me, Mr. Polatkin?" Feinermann asked as he came in a moment afterward.

"Sure," Polatkin replied as he handed the astonished Feinermann a cigar. "Sit down, Feinermann, and listen to me. In the first place, Feinermann, what for a neighborhood is Pitt Street to live in? Why don't you move uptown, Feinermann?"

"A foreman is lucky if he could live in Pitt Street even," Feinermann said. "You must think I got money, Mr. Polatkin."

"How much more a month would it cost you to live uptown?" Polatkin continued. "At the most ten dollars—ain't it?"

Feinermann nodded sadly.

"To a man which he is only a foreman, Mr. Polatkin, ten dollars is ten dollars," he commented.

"Sure, I know," Polatkin said; "but instead of five dollars a week board Elkin would pay you seven dollars a week supposing you would move up to Lenox Avenue. Ain't that right, Elkin?"

"Sure, that's right," Elkin said. "Only, if I am paying him seven dollars a week board, he must got to give Mrs. Feinermann a dollar and a half extra housekeeping money. Is that agreeable, Feinermann?"

Again Feinermann nodded.

"Then that's all we want from you, Feinermann," Polatkin added, "except I want to tell you this much: I am asking Elkin he should come uptown and live with me; and he says no—he would prefer to stick where he is."

Feinermann shrugged complacently.

"I ain't got no objections," he said as he withdrew.

"And now, Elkin," Polatkin cried, "we got to fix it up with the other feller."

Hardly had he spoken when there stood framed in the open doorway the disheveled figure of Flaxberg.

"Nu, Flaxberg," Polatkin said. "What d'ye want from us now?"

"I am coming to tell you this, Mr. Polatkin," Flaxberg said thickly through his cut and swollen lips. "I am coming to tell you that I'm sick and so you must give me permission to go home."

"Nobody wants you to stay here, Flaxberg," Polatkin answered.

"Sure, I know," Flaxberg rejoined; "but if I would go home without your consent you would claim I made a breach of my contract."

"Don't let that worry you in the least, Flaxberg," Polatkin retorted, "because, so far as that goes, we fire you right here and now, on account you didn't make no attempt to sell Appenweier & Murray, when a boy like Elkin, which up to now he wasn't even a salesman at all, could sell 'em one thousand dollars goods."

Flaxberg's puffed features contorted themselves in an expression of astonishment.

"Lubliner sells Appenweier & Murray a bill of goods!" he exclaimed.

By way of answer Polatkin held out the order slip for Flaxberg's inspection.

"That's all right," Flaxberg declared. "I would make it hot for you anyhow. You put this young feller up to it that he pretty near kills me."

"*Yow!* We put him up to it!" Polatkin retorted. "You put him up to it yourself, Flaxberg. You are lucky he didn't break your neck for you; because, if you think you could sue anybody in the courts yet, we got for witness Feinermann, Markulies and ourselves that you called him a liar and a thief."

"*Nu*, Polatkin," Scheikowitz said, "give him say a hundred dollars and call it square."

"You wouldn't give me five hundred dollars," Flaxberg shouted as he started for the door, "because I would sue you in the courts for five thousand dollars yet."

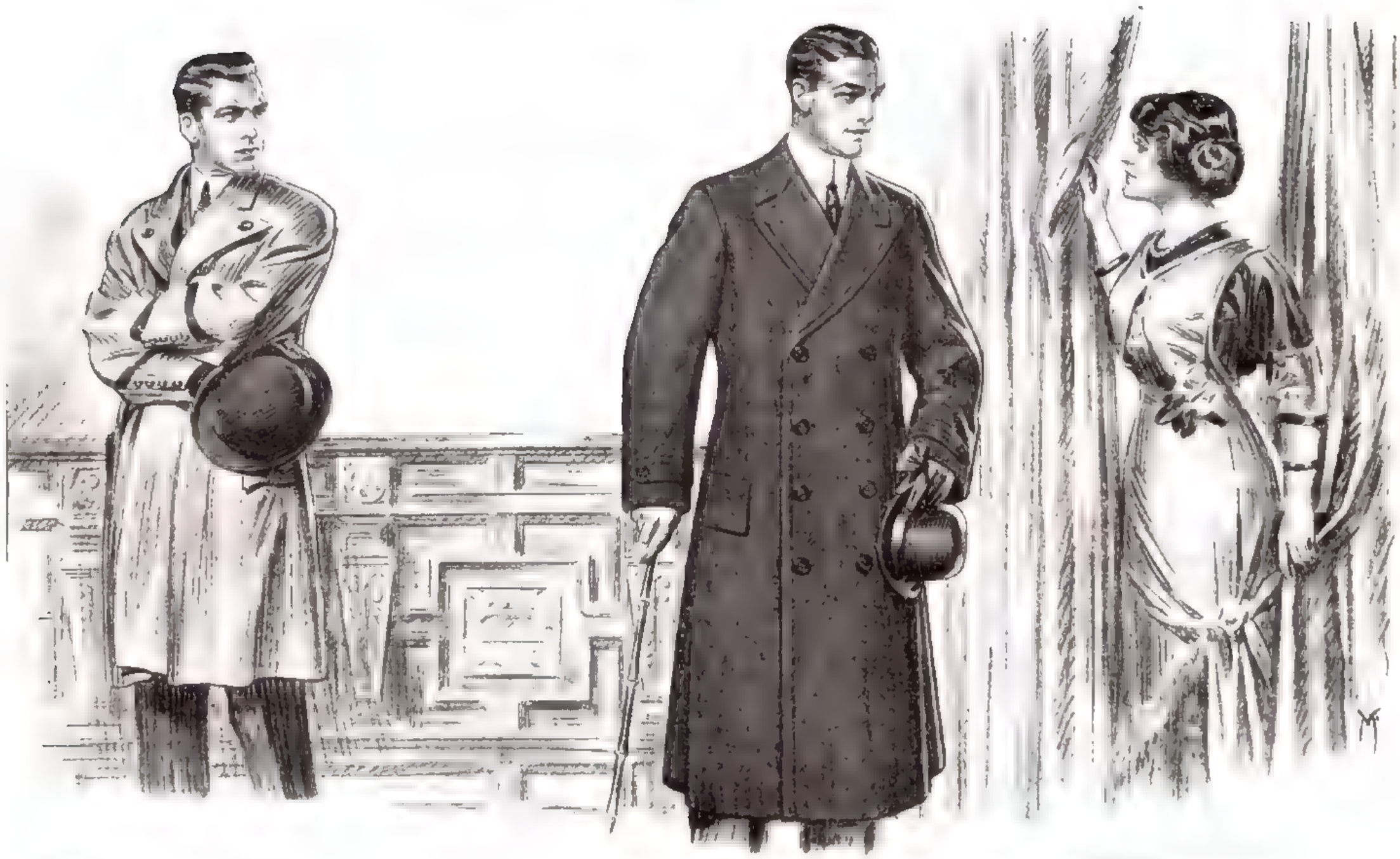
Flaxberg banged the door violently behind him, whereat Polatkin shrugged his shoulders.

"Bluffs he is making it!" he declared; and forthwith he began to unfold plans for Elkin's new campaign as city salesman. He had not proceeded very far, however, when there came another knock at the door. It was Sam Markulies.

"Mr. Flaxberg says to me I should ask you if he should wait for the hundred dollars a check, or might you would mail it to him maybe!" he said.

Scheikowitz looked inquiringly at his partner.

"Put on it, 'In full of all claims against Polatkin & Scheikowitz or Elkin Lubliner to date,'" he said. "And when you get through with that, Scheikowitz, write an 'ad' for an assistant cutter. We've got to get busy on that Appenweier & Murray order right away."



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This Garment is Guaranteed to Fit Satisfy and Please You in Every Respect or We Ask You not to accept it —Not to Pay One Penny

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HOWARD E. COFFIN.

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Three years ago the magneto was sold as extra equipment on most cars.

Today it is regularly furnished with all first class automobiles. It is now considered as essential as the carburetor.

Next year, or as soon thereafter as the change can be made, all automobiles will have self-starters. It will be just as difficult two years hence to sell a second-hand car not equipped with Self-starter and Demountable rims as it now is to dispose of a car not equipped with a good magneto.

What other makers cannot furnish before next year you get now in the *new* HUDSON "33."

Don't overlook this feature in buying a motor car. You may want to sell it in two or three years. The feature that all will want then you can get now if you choose the *new* HUDSON "33."

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The *new* HUDSON "33" is a brand-new car—the creation of the foremost engineer in the industry. Howard E. Coffin is its builder. He worked from the ground up. His were all original designs. He was not compelled to utilize old stock. We had nothing that had to be used up.

The bodies were designed for the "33." Every unit is as it was originally planned. Therefore the HUDSON "33" is all new. It is not an old model at a new price—not an old design with a new name.

And best of all, Howard E. Coffin designed it. That in itself establishes its worth. The ablest engineers and the leading specialists in the business gave their aid to him in its building, for they are his assistants.

The automobile world is always on the alert to know what new short-cut to simplicity Howard E. Coffin makes. He is the great constructive builder the man who, more than any other, has brought about the present high standard of motor cars.

For years he has led. He establishes the trend of engineering practice as certainly as Paris makes the styles and as Edison drives the new mile posts of electrical advancement.

That's the type of car you get in the HUDSON "33" with its almost 1000 fewer parts than are used on the average car—with its dust-proof features, the entirely enclosed motor and its practically noiseless operation to say nothing of the car's great beauty the high degree of refinement, soft cushions, easy riding qualities and all the new features not known on any car at its price one year ago. By examining the *new* HUDSON "33" you get an idea of what types of cars will prevail next year and the year after.

The Ideal Is Possible Now

There is no need to wait to buy the ideal car Under any other name than the HUDSON "33" you cannot get these features earlier than two years.

Many good cars are offered now. Many are the result of the most painstaking, skilled workmanship—but they are not so modern. The usual difficulties experienced in automobiles of three and four years ago have in a measure been corrected by good workmanship—but the cumbersome design still prevails.

In the HUDSON "33" is combined the skill, experience and ingenuity of Howard E. Coffin and his corps of the ablest engineers to be had.

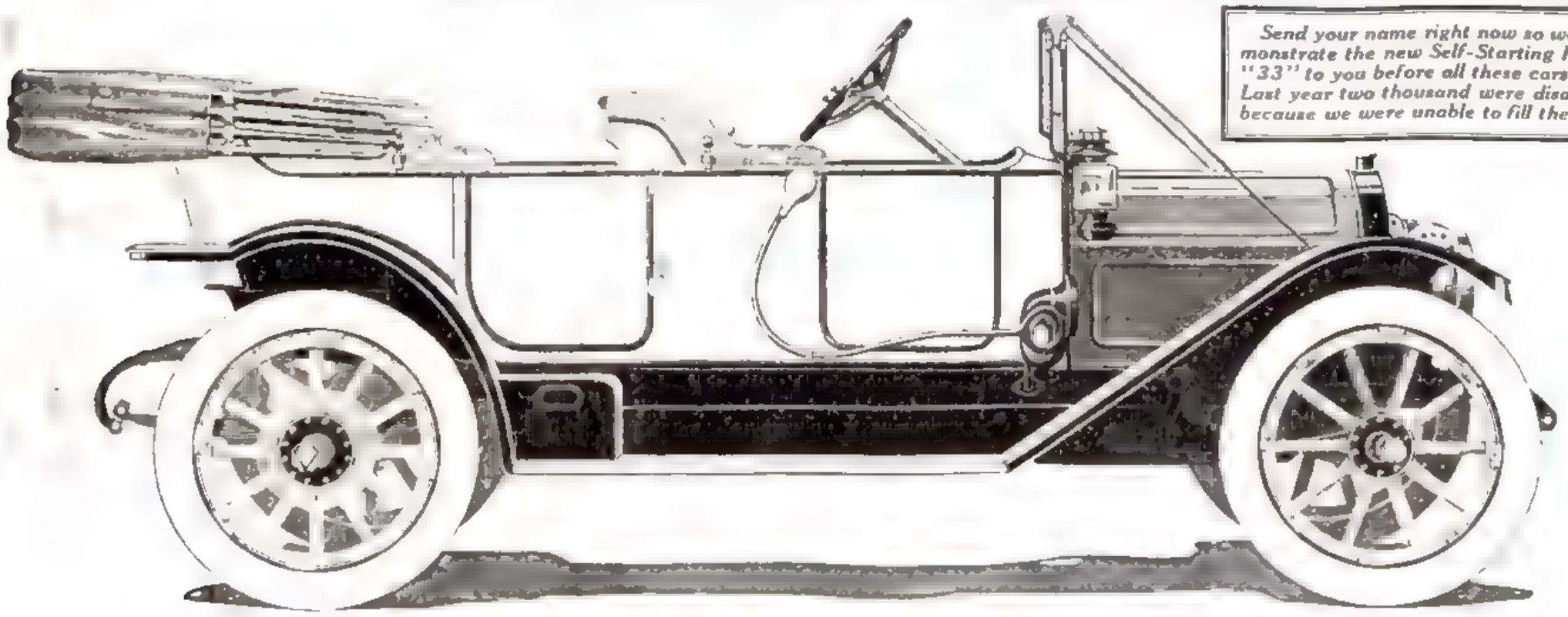
Read Automobile Advertisements In City Newspapers

The classified advertisements in the Sunday newspapers will give you a true insight into the value at which second-hand cars are held. There are thousands of HUDSONS in use. Yet they are not offered for sale at the low prices at which many other cars are advertised.

The HUDSON "33" is distinctly advanced. It is as modern three years after its delivery to the user as are the then current models of other cars. It has always been thus.

Isn't it worth while to insure yourself against taking a big price sacrifice by buying a HUDSON "33"? Do you think any other automobile is quite so certain to have a market value when you are ready to sell it in order to get the then latest HUDSON?

This Big, Handsome, Noiseless, Self-Starting, Fully Equipped Automobile is Howard E. Coffin's Latest Car—the Simplest and Most Advanced Automobile Built, Regardless of Price



Send your name right now so we can demonstrate the new Self-Starting HUDSON "33" to you before all these cars are sold. Last year two thousand were disappointed because we were unable to fill their orders.

The price for either of four models—Touring, five-passenger—Torpedo, four-passenger—Roadster, two-passenger, or *Mile-a-Minute* Speedster—is $1600. Not a cent more is needed to equip it before it is ready for use, for top, Disco Self-Starter, Demountable rims, BIG tires, ventilated fore-doors, windshield, large gas tank, magneto—dual system—and all things usually listed as extras are included. Write for illustrations showing how the *new* HUDSON "33" is simpler than any other car.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

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and sample panel finished with Vitralite

Send for Free Panel

Finished with "61" and the panel on which you can see for yourself that it may be washed with hot soapy water the very day after it is painted.

"The Enamel Floor"

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

Established 62 Years

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Wonderful little cubes of delicious bouillon. Quick—convenient and always ready.

A cube to a cupful—
A cupful in a minute

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OUR FIRST CRUISE

Continued from Page 15

the Imp had been swung on deck. Ten minutes later Greene had pried an extinct sunfish out of the water intake, and then while the gracious Doc began swinging us up the river twelve miles an hour we sat in the glorious sunlight and reassembled our disintegrating engine.

How easy it all was! Never had the Imp traveled so fast and never had she given a little trouble. We cantered round the upper deck, played a little whist and had a good dinner, and at six o'clock the derrick swung us into the water alongside the boat at La Salle and the captain wished us good luck.

"Keep in the current, go under the bridges to the left of the draw-spans and don't abuse any islands!" he shouted.

We laughed and bade him goodby. It was a cinch now. It was only ten miles to the Rock. With any reasonable kind of luck we would be there in time for supper. With any kind of unreasonable luck we could take the Imp's headline and tow her up there by bedtime. Even the old boat seemed to understand the hopelessness of further resistance. She settled right down and purred up the river as prettily as you please.

The smoky dusk was already falling. Before we had gone four miles lights began to twinkle on the hills. Every "ping" of the engine brought us two feet nearer the Rock. We had won at last. Of course we had compromised a good deal in order to win—we hadn't really run the boat all the way—but what did we care? Didn't Henry Clay devote a long and successful career to compromising? We weren't proud. Anything that would suit Clay was good enough for us. The river grew narrower and swifter. The bluffs came stealing down almost to the water's edge. A sporty fisherman sitting on a rock yelled at us as we passed not thirty feet away from him. We yelled back in friendly greeting and went on.

The river got still narrower. Suddenly there was a faint grating sound under the Imp's keel.

"Rocks!" cried Greene. Doc and myself, each one grabbing for the battery switch. But the boat slid over and we went on—at half-speed now. For a majestic stream bearing the name of a big state, the Illinois was certainly in pitiful business sprouting rocks in midchannel.

We ran aground again and pried the Imp past a sandbar with hideous exertion. Then we ran aground again. For good this time. By the faint light we could see nothing but rippling cataracts ahead of us. A butter boat might have navigated them, but we couldn't have run the Imp through there on wheels.

Greene let go of the wheel and sat down with his head in his hands. I stepped ashore—I could almost have stepped to either shore. There was a twinkle of lights on the hill near us and I started for them.

"What you going to do?" asked Greene.

"Get some water for this fool river if they'll sell me any," said I shortly.

I reached the cottages that were producing the illumination. Three or four men were smoking placidly on the doorsteps.

"Starved Rock anywhere near here?" I asked.

"'Bout four miles," said one of them. "Take the road just above here and turn to your left."

"But can't we go by the river?" I asked. "We've got a boat down here and can't find a channel deep enough to float a duck."

"There ain't any," said the man. "You'll have to go back to the Illinois."

"Isn't this the Illinois?" I asked after a minute.

"Lord, no!" said the man. "It's the Vermilion. You ain't the first idiot that's turned out of a good big wide river into this creek trying to find Starved Rock," he said when I showed signs of reviving.

When I reached the boat and told my news it was entirely dark. Doc remained silent a minute or two. Then he tore the wrapper off of a box of hard oil and began writing on it. When he had finished he got a hammer out of the toolbox and nailed the paper to the bow of the Imp. The sign read:

FOR SALE CHEAP

Then he fished out his suitcase and went ashore. "I'm going to walk home," he said briefly.

What do you pay for when you buy a cigar?

NOT only for the tobacco in it. Not only for the labor of rolling the cigar. You pay for the factory expenses, the boxes, the packing, the selling and other costs. If it is an imported cigar you pay an enormous percentage of its value for U. S. Tariff.

Now, as a business man, Mr. Smoker, you know that if these extra expenses are greater than necessary, the cigar must be sold for more than its actual value. If they are brought down to a minimum, more value can be put into the cigar.

That is why I am able to make the Rigoletto the best cigar in the world and sell it for 10c.

I moved my cigar factory from Havana to Tampa so that you would not have to pay duty on the Rigoletto. I moved from Tampa to Cleveland to cut down other excessive production costs so I could put the very best tobacco into the Rigoletto and sell it at a moderate price. My employees in Cleveland do not smoke at their work; they do not waste cigars or take them home. I have ideal conditions here. It costs me only one half as much to make and put [illegible] here.

I blend the finest tobacco grown in Cuba and make it in [illegible] cigars as can be rolled—the Rigoletto. I pay the highest [illegible] to get it. I could not pay more if I wished. Yet I have [illegible] necessary expenses that I can sell this cigar at [illegible].

And you can depend upon it, gentlemen, I will maintain this quality. I shall not cheapen the Rigoletto after it becomes more widely known. I am making a satisfactory profit on it now. It is made of the costliest tobacco that grows. The Rigoletto will always be as good as it is to-day.

The Rigoletto Cigar is sold by good cigar dealers throughout the United States. If your dealer does not have it, send me his name and take advantage of this remarkable quick-acquaintance offer.

Send me one dollar with the name of your dealer and I shall forward ten Rigoletto Cigars and a handsome leather cigar case with your name stamped in gold on the flap. Rigoletto is always 10c straight. The cigar case would retail for $[illegible], that you will receive double value for your money.

Send five dollars with the name of your dealer and you will receive express prepaid, a box of 50 Rigoletto Cigars in a beautiful mahogany finished humidor with lock and key and brass name plate. Your initials will be engraved on the plate. This humidor is sold and sanctioned [illegible]. It [illegible] keeps the cigars in perfect condition.

These offers are good only in the United States.

I can never sell you more than one box of cigars under these conditions. Your dealer will be glad to supply you with Rigoletto Cigars and you must buy from him in the future, as we shall never [illegible] mail order business.

E. A. Kline

When ordering, specify whether you like dark, medium or light cigars, and what shape you want. The Rigoletto is made in four standard shapes—*Perfecto Extra, Panetela, Elegante*, and *Club House*.

To Dealers

There will be a big market for Rigoletto Cigars in your community. The first to supply it will be in the best position. Get in touch with your jobber at once or write to us.

E. A. Kline & Co.

E. A. KLINE & CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Enclosed is $[illegible] for which you will please send me [illegible] cigars and cigar case (humidor) as described fully prepaid. Shape [illegible]

My dealer's name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

My name is [illegible]

Address [illegible]

Beautiful HAYNES Cars

FOR nearly twenty years the Haynes has had all the sturdiness, engine-excellence and superior construction that the best automobile experience and skill could command. And now for 1912 we have added grace of lines and beauty of finish and equipment not surpassed by *any* automobile at any price.

Haynes Model 21 Colonial Coupé has scored a triumph since its introduction a month ago. It will be one of the most popular cars on American boulevards this winter. Haynes Newport and Berlin limousines reflect *character* in every detail.

All Haynes enclosed bodies are *positively* interchangeable with Haynes touring bodies. Model 21 Colonial Coupe for this winter and the same chassis with a roomy 5-passenger touring body for next summer makes an ideal combination at a price only slightly higher than the Coupe alone.

The Haynes for 1912 offers a complete line of body types, on our two standard chasses: Model 21, 40-h.p., 4½x5½ motor, 120 in. wheel base; Model Y, 50-60-h.p., 5x5½ motor, 127½ inch wheel base. Prices $2100 to $3900, fully equipped.

Write for 1912 Haynes catalogue, and name of our dealer nearest you. Address

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE CO., Dept. A, Kokomo, Indiana

1715 Broadway, NEW YORK 1702 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

"Fits your pocket like a silver dollar"

By combining wonderful foreign skill and painstaking workmanship with American ingenuity, we have, in our factories, produced a very *thin* watch, *guaranteed* to be as *accurate* as the old-fashioned thick watch, and even more *durable* on account of its compactness.

The [illegible] Gruen Precision Verithin Watch [illegible] We save a way by the [illegible] (by the reverse [illegible] of our watch) to *build up* the "Verithin"—not to cut it down from a thick watch.

Write for the style portfolio showing styles of cases and works with complete price list. Where we have no agency we will see that you are supplied.

Gruen Watch Mfg. Co.
31 East 5th Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Manufacturers of the famous Gruen Watch [illegible] since 1876. Factories in Cincinnati, O. and Montreal, Can.

Gruen Verithin Model

GRUEN PRECISION VERITHIN WATCH

Fixed Prices

"Gruen-Verithin" for men: adjusted grade: $22, 25, 30, 35, 40, 50, 60.

In grades marked **Precision** on Watch $45, 75, 85, 100, 125, 150, 250.

Gruen Watches for women: $16, 17.50, 25, 30, 40, 50, 75; with precious gems up to $1200.

"Wait," said Greene in a loud, determined voice.

"Not on your life!" said Doc. "You may herd this land-cruiser back into the Illinois if you want to, but I know when I have enough. I am going to walk to the nearest railroad, and I may walk the rest of the way home. I don't think any of us has any more than just enough sense to navigate a parlor car, and I'm not sure that I want to risk it myself."

"Wait," said Greene once more. "I said I was going to take this boat to Starved Rock and I'm going to do it. I've tried the river for three days and it's been a fizzle. But that don't make any difference. The Imp's going to Starved Rock and I'm going to sit on the bow and drive the horses."

Which was precisely what he did about [illegible] P. M.—with the aid of an experienced pilot in the shape of the farmer who owned the horses and who knew the treacherous channel through the woods. How Greene's indomitable and mulelike will lashed us back into bondage and made us find a farmhouse; how Greene blandished the farmer into lending us a hayrack, a lot of rope, some planks, a pulley from a hay-loader and two teams of horses—all for a price—and how we toiled and sweated and shouted, and finally, with the aid of half the inhabitants of the little coal-mining camp near by, loaded the boat on to the hayrack and set forth—all these are painful memories. Anyway, when it was done Greene climbed up on the bow of the good ship Imp, grabbed the lines and said "Giddap." And I sat back and steered solemnly the whole four miles, while Doc lubricated the engine, the wagon wheels and Greene's shoes that he had forgotten to put on, with beautiful impartiality.

We got to the hotel just at midnight. The Imp was the first boat that had ever come right up to the front door and the entire registry of guests came down to inspect us. They asked a lot of questions and some of them made ribald remarks. But we didn't care. We were at Starved Rock and so was the Imp. We had navigated her from Peoria in the face of superhuman difficulties, and when it came right down to brass tacks we defied any motor-boat expert in the state to follow our course.

And so far as I know, no one has ever taken up the defi.

Funny Patents

THE patent laws of the United States are much more rigid than those of foreign countries, the first and fundamental rule in the great office at Washington being that exclusive rights in no invention shall be granted unless the latter seems to be of practical usefulness. It is on this basis of discrimination that perpetual-motion machines are shut out.

Nevertheless, it happens once in a while that an absurd and impossible idea gets through the mill, escaping the prompt rejection it deserves.

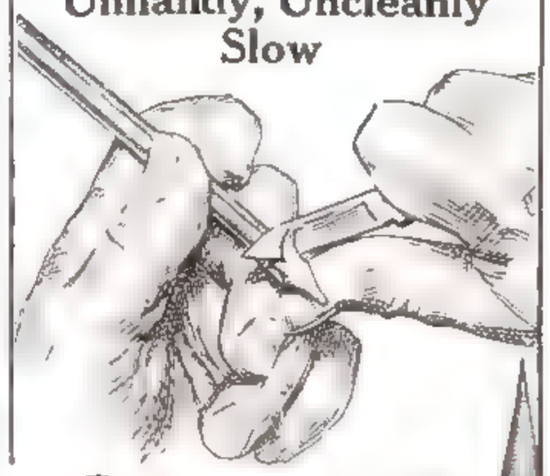
One of the most remarkable of these official lapses was the patenting, in 1891, of that familiar agricultural by-product known as a corncob. The said cob, according to the inventor's idea, was to be covered with corundum paste and used for polishing dental plates; but essentially it was nothing but a corncob, and the granting of a patent on it for any sort of employment was, of course, the wildest nonsense.

Quite as extraordinary, however, was a patent granted some years earlier for a process of chopping beef and potatoes into small pieces and cooking them together. What was that but common, every-day hash?—so the average housewife might ask. And the answer would be that it could be nothing else. Is it to be supposed that the patentee in this instance was indulging in a merry jest at the expense of the Government? If so, it certainly worked.

Another patent is on a recipe for a "tempering solution," whereby iron can be made hard and tough and capable of taking an edge almost as keen as steel. The ingredients are: "Jimson weed, one ounce; apples, one ounce; turnips, two ounces; water, one gallon." What can be said for the examiner who allowed such preposterous nonsense to go through?

Hardly less strange was a patent granted in 1878 for a process for punching pinholes in eggs—the holes to be punched with an ordinary pin. Investigation shows that the idea was to deal in this fashion with commercially stored eggs, in order to prevent them from exploding when boiled.

This Way is Unhandy, Uncleanly Slow



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are repointed in about the time you'd take ***getting ready*** to whittle a cedar pencil. That means time economy. But that isn't all! Because the casing material on Blaisdell paper pencils is less costly, the quality of lead is made ***better***—there is no finer pencil than the Blaisdell. Blaisdell paper pencils sell 1c to 5c each—with or without rubbers. We also make a full line of erasers for every purpose. Any business man or buyer of stationery supplies writing on business letterhead and naming his stationer, will receive sample pencils free.

For [illegible] we will send anyone 3 high grade [illegible] pencils—for 25c 3 lead pencils and [illegible] for 50c 6 lead pencils and 6 [illegible] Erasers, write for special offer.

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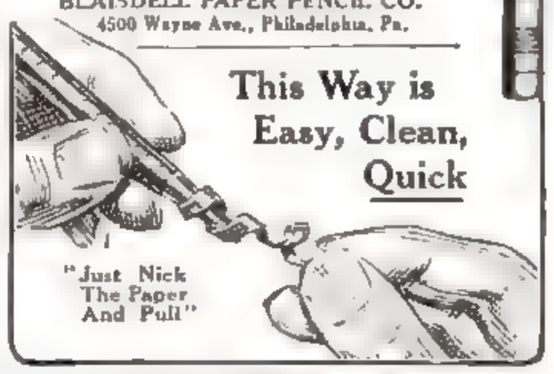

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A Holiday Suggestion

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Three-Fold Bill-Fold

and card-case combined. Unusually thin and exceedingly light. Made of genuine seal leather, dull finish, very soft and flexible. The highest class material, [illegible] Absolutely guaranteed. Money refunded if not satisfactory. If your dealer cannot supply you we will send it prepaid on receipt of price, $2.00, [illegible] $1.00 each. [illegible] Men's Pocket [illegible]

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HERE is a true photograph of the STEIN-BLOCH Belted Ulster, a *great* coat for the autoist. It has warmth, comfort, style.

An example of the STEIN-BLOCH art of coat-making as applied to outer-coats for all men and all occasions. Ask your nearest dealer to show you this STEIN-BLOCH coat on *you*. . . . Send for "Smartness," a book of photographed Winter Styles, together with nearest dealer's name.

This is the label that means 57 years of knowing how. Demand it always.

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STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES

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For Thrifty Men & Young Men

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A MAN visiting New York City on business wore a $16.50 Clothcraft suit. Just before leaving New York he was caught in the rain—the coat sprinkled, the trousers wet through.

Wet as the suit was, he folded and crushed it into a crowded traveling-bag. When it was unpacked, thirty-six hours later, the suit was of course a mass of wrinkles; but after hanging two days it had so far resumed its shapeliness that you could never tell it had been wet. It was without a wrinkle, and perfectly fit for wear.

Clothcraft Clothes are guaranteed to be absolutely pure wool—

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Moreover, they are guaranteed to have first-class trimmings and workmanship, to give lasting satisfaction, and to have permanent shapeliness so cut and needled into them as to prevent shrinking or sagging.

So much quality at $10 to $25 is the result of Clothcraft Scientific Tailoring, which improves the quality while cutting down the cost. It is the outgrowth of sixty-one years devoted solely to making *good* clothes at medium prices.

You can be sure of all these [illegible] in your clothes if you [illegible] early, while [illegible]

Go to the Nearest Clothcraft Store

Be sure to see the Clothcraft Blue Serge Special No. 4130, at $18.50. Then try on other Clothcraft coats and overcoats, and see how well they fit. Notice the close-fitting collar, the shapely shoulders, and the full, smooth coat-front.

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THE JOSEPH & FEISS CO.

Founded 1850—Oldest American Manufacturers of Men's Clothes
620 ST. CLAIR AVENUE, N. W. Cleveland

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

Continued from Page 23

That abused young man, who had been in the constant expectation of hearing himself yell for the police, but had been as constantly disappointed, had walked along like a gentleman; now, at last, he found his voice.

"This is an outrage!" he claimed.

"I know it," agreed Johnny. "It's even high-handed. Here's a fountain pen."

"I refuse," maintained Gresham. "Why should I assign my own personal property to you?"

"Because your personal property is mine," Johnny informed him. "I don't owe you any explanation, Gresham, but I'll make one. You helped Birchard forge his power-of-attorney from the Wobbles brothers, and you were with him in taxi twenty-three-four-o-six when he collected my million from the First National. You were seen again that night with Birchard on the Boston Post Road, and from then on Birchard dropped off the earth; but you didn't. You got Jacobs to buy you these bonds, and Jacobs is a piker. He confessed and begged for mercy. You're through."

Gresham held doggedly to the thought that never, under any circumstances, must he admit a criminal action: for such a thing was so far beneath him.

"I deny everything that you have said," he declared.

Johnny had a sudden frantic picture of this man touching the hand of Constance, and he leaned across the table until his face was quite close to Gresham's. The muscles in his jaws grew uncomfortably nervous.

"Did you ever hear of the third degree?" he inquired. "Well, I'm going to put you through it."

"The third degree?" faltered Gresham. "I don't quite understand what you mean."

"You don't?" replied Johnny. "It begins this way"—and the watchful Loring suddenly hung on Johnny's arm with his full weight.

"Don't!" implored Loring.

"I'm going to smash his head in!" husked Johnny, quivering with an anger to which he had not given way for years.

"Wait a minute!" pleaded Loring, pulling on him with all his strength. "Wait, I say! I want to help you, but you're in wrong. Listen to me"—and he drew his reluctant client away from the table. "I've no objections to your thrashing Gresham and I'd like to be your proxy, but you'd better put it off. If you compel Gresham by force to sign these bonds he can repudiate that action under protection of the court and it will work against you."

Johnny controlled himself with an effort.

"They're my bonds," he persisted with his thoughts, however, more on Constance than on business. "He'll sign them or I'll smash him."

Gresham, speaking above his panic of physical cowardice with a tremulous effort, interpolated himself into the argument.

"I'll sign," he promised with stiff lips, and tried to write his name on the cover of a magazine. The scrawl was so undecipherable that he arose from the table and walked up and down the room in acute distress, holding his right hand at the wrist and limbering it. "If I sign," he presently bargained as he came to the table, "I must be promised freedom from the distaste of a personal encounter."

Loring hastily complied, and Johnny, after having been prodded into a recognition of the true situation, agreed with a disgusted snarl.

Gresham, with nerves much restored and a smile beginning to appear upon his now oily features, carefully assigned each bond, and then, secure in Johnny's promise, which he accepted at the par value all men gave it, stood up and shook his finger warningly.

"A signature obtained under coercion is not worth the ink it took to scrawl it," he triumphantly declared, having taken his cue from Loring. "Any court in America will set aside this action."

"I know it," Johnny unexpectedly coincided. "I'm going to give you a chance at it," and grabbing his 'phone he called up Central Police and asked for an officer to be sent to his rooms.

"Now, Loring, you disappear," directed Johnny briskly as he gathered up the bonds. "I may have to dismiss you as my lawyer, but as my friend you can hand these bonds to somebody who will lose them."

"As your lawyer I'd have to call you a blooming idiot," declared Loring; "but as your friend I don't think Gresham will raise any question about the bonds. They're yours, Johnny; but, nevertheless, I'll forget where they are by the time the police come."

Gresham had been struggling with an intolerable lump in his throat.

"Gamble!" he abjectly pleaded, "I've signed the bonds. I admit that they're yours. You're not going to have me arrested?"

Johnny turned on him with the sort of implacable enmity that expresses itself in almost breathless quietness.

"I'm going to send you to the penitentiary for a thousand years," he promised.

VII

SEVEN-THIRTY the next morning found Johnny Gamble listening, in awed curiosity, to an insistent telephone bell. Gradually it dawned upon him that he must have left a call, and plodding into the bathroom he mechanically turned on the cold water, reflecting dully that this was a cruel world. Suddenly it came to him with a rush that this thirty-first of May was to be the busiest of his life! He had to have a million dollars before four o'clock!

At seven-forty-five he was out of his bathtub. At eight he was gulping hot coffee. At eight-fifteen he was stepping out of the elevator with an apple-core in his hand.

At the curb in front of his door he found a long gray torpedo touring car throbbing with impatience, and at the wheel sat a plump young lady in a vivid green bonnet and driving coat. In the tonneau sat a more slender young lady all in gray, except for the brown of her eyes and the pink of her cheeks and the red of her lips.

Johnny's Baltimore straw hat came off with a jerk.

"Out after the breakfast rolls?" he demanded as he shook hands with them quite gladly.

"No, indeed; hunting a job," responded Polly. "This machine and the services of its chauffeur and messenger girl are for rent to you only, for the day, at the price of a nice party when you get that million. We have to be in on the excitement."

"Hotel Midas," Johnny crisply directed, and jumped into the tonneau, whereupon the chauffeur touched one finger to her bonnet, and the machine leaped forward.

"You're lazy," chided Constance. "We've been waiting twenty minutes. We were afraid you might be gone, but they told us that you had not yet come down."

"If I'd known you were coming I'd have been at the curb before daybreak," grinned Johnny. "You're in some rush this morning."

"There must be some rushing if you have that million dollars by four o'clock," laughed Constance. "Polly and I want you to have it."

"You're right that I'll have to go some," he admitted.

"Excuse the chauffeur for interrupting your conversation," protested Polly, turning round and deftly missing a venturesome banana-cart; "but you grabbed off half a million of it on a holiday."

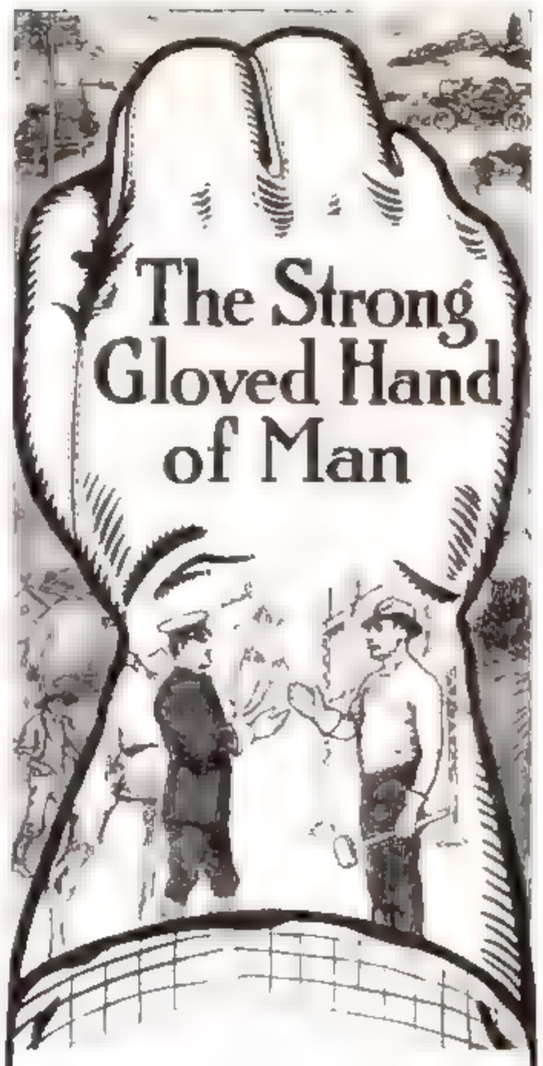
"It was twelve-thirty this morning when we took Gresham," claimed Johnny. "This is a working day."

"Hotel Midas," announced the chauffeur, pulling up to that flamboyant new hostelry with a flourish.

Johnny hurried in to the desk, where Mr. Boise had already left word that Mr. Gamble should be shown right up. He found that fatigue-proof old Westerner shining from his morning ablutions, as neat as a pin from head to foot, and smoking his after-breakfast cigar in a parlor that had not so much as a tidy displaced. His eyes twinkled the moment he saw Johnny.

"I suppose you still have a disinterested anxiety to have me adopt the Sage City and Salt Pool route?" he laughed.

"I'm still anxious about it," amended Johnny, refusing to smile at his own evasion of the disinterestedness. "I brought you a wad of reports and things to show you how good that territory is. You don't know what a rich pay-streak you'd open up in that part of the Sancho Hills Basin."



Are you sure you are getting the very best service out of your hands? Perhaps they *could* do better; perhaps it's the fault of the gloves.

Try Hansen's and see how much better and easier the work goes.

HANSEN'S GLOVES

"Built Like a Hand"

are ready to wear, yet "made-to-your-order" as definitely as if both you and your work were measured and fit with personal care and exactness. They cost no more—yet Hansen's Gloves outlast the ordinary kind. They are made of the strongest *horsehide* leather, tanned by our special process. Soft as kid but strong as rawhide, and are *guaranteed* never to shrink, shrivel, crack, harden or peel.

The needs of the man who drives a horse, motorcar or motorcycle have been carefully dealt with, and he will find in the wide Hansen list the glove, stylish but strong and [illegible] with comfort. For the hunter there is [illegible] trigger finger mitten.

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The biggest box of all— in actual food.

Don't be deceived—one package of Ralston contains more actual food than the breakfast foods that have larger boxes. Ralston comes in condensed form. It is not factory cooked, but fresh cooked, every morning, in your own kitchen, and brought to your table tempting and delicious.

The children need a warm food.

RALSTON WHEAT FOOD

is great for children. A wholesome, solid, commonsense food of natural wheat color, with all of the flavor and nutriment of the whole wheat left in. Just the sort of food a child needs to grow up on.

Get a package today—for your children's sake. You will like it as much as they will. Ralston is most economical.

Purina Whole Wheat Flour

contains all the nutriment of whole wheat. Makes delicious whole wheat bread, muffins, rolls, etc. Fine for growing children. Easily digested, highly nutritious. Ask for the checker-board sack.

Mr. Boise laughed with keen enjoyment.

"I don't think I need to wade through that stuff, Johnny," he admitted, having picked up from Courtney the habit of calling young Gamble by his first name. "To tell you the truth, I sent a wireless telegram to my chief engineer yesterday afternoon, off Courtney's yacht when we connected with the Taft, and this morning I have a five-hundred-word night lettergram from him, telling me that after a thorough investigation he finds that the Sage City and the Lariat Center routes are so evenly balanced in advantage that a choice of them is really only a matter of sentiment."

Johnny paused awkwardly, stumped for the first time in his life.

"I don't know how to make that kind of an argument," he confessed, to the great enjoyment of Boise.

"It is rather difficult," admitted that solidly constructed railroad president; "particularly since I personally favor the Lariat Center route."

Johnny again felt very awkward.

"Can't we put this on some sort of a business basis?" he implored.

"I don't think so," returned Mr. Boise with a cheerful smile. "You probably couldn't influence me in the least; but that charming young lady who was with you yesterday afternoon—your sister or something, I believe, wasn't it?—she might."

Johnny stiffened.

"Then we don't want it," he quietly decided, and took his hat.

"That's the stuff!" yelled Boise in delight. "You belong out West! Well, Johnny, I'm afraid you'll have to have it as a matter of sentiment, and partly on the charming young lady's account, whether you like it or not. Now what have you to say about it, you young bantam?"

"Much obliged," laughed Johnny, recovering from his huff in a hurry. "I thank you for both of us."

"Don't mention it," replied Boise easily, and chuckling in a way that did him good. "Give my regards to the young lady in question."

"Would you care to come downstairs and give them to her yourself?" invited Johnny, a trifle ashamed that he had resented the quite evidently sincere admiration of Boise for both Constance and himself.

"So early in the morning?" laughed Boise, putting on his sombrero with alacrity. "It must be serious," and, clapping Johnny heartily on the shoulder with a hand that in its lightest touch came down with the force of a mallet, he led the way to the elevator.

At the curb Mr. Boise, who was also confronting a busy day, delighted both the girls and Johnny by the sort of well-wishes that a real man can make people believe, and when they drove away Constance was blushing and Polly was actually threatening to adopt him.

The next stop was at Collaton's, where Johnny bought from that nonchalantly pleased young man his interest in The Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company for five thousand dollars, a check for which amount he borrowed from Polly while Collaton was signing the transfer.

Next he went to the offices of The Western Developing Company, and the president of that extensive concern waved him away with both hands.

"If you've come about that Sancho Hills Basin land of yours, talk to me about it in a theater lobby sometime," Washburn warned Johnny in advance. "We discuss nothing but real business up here."

"I'll bet you five thousand acres of the land that this is real business," Johnny offered. "The S. W. & P. has just secured control of the B. F. & N. W., and intends to run the main line to Puget Sound right square through the middle of my land. Now are you busy?"

"Sit down and have a cigar," invited Washburn, and slammed a call-bell. "Billy," he told a boy, "if Mr. Rothberg comes in on that appointment tell him I'll see him in a few minutes. Now, Johnny, how do I know that the S. W. & P. will actually build that connecting link through your land?"

"Ask Boise," directed Johnny confidently. "He's at the Hotel Midas, and he has appointments in his room for the most of the morning."

"Has that grasping old monopolist gumshoed into town again?" inquired Washburn, and promptly ordered his secretary to get Boise on the 'phone. "How much do you want for that land?" he asked while he waited.

"Half a million dollars," stated Johnny.

"No; I mean five hundred and ten thousand," he hastily corrected, remembering his five-thousand-dollar debt to Polly, and planning a five-thousand-dollar betrothal blow-out that should be a function worth while.

"Half a million's a lot of money," Washburn soberly objected.

"I said half a million and ten thousand, spot cash and today," Johnny carefully corrected.

"You're joking."

"Am I smiling?" demanded Johnny. "Washburn, if I can't get that odd ten thousand I'm in no hurry to sell."

Washburn's bell rang, but he went into the next room to talk with Boise. He came back resigned.

"We'll need a few days for the formalities," he suggested.

"You don't need a minute," denied Johnny. "You looked up the title weeks ago, and you know it's all right. The formalities can be concluded in thirty minutes if you'll send your attorney down with me."

"But what's the rush?" demanded Washburn, averse to paying out cash with this speed.

"I want the money," explained Johnny.

"All right," gave in Washburn. "You may see Jackson at two o'clock and wind up the business. He'll hand you a check."

"For five hundred and ten thousand?" inquired Johnny with proper caution.

"For five hundred and ten thousand," repeated Washburn. "It's a fool-sounding amount, but Boise said that if I wouldn't pay it he would."

"May I speak to Boise a minute?" asked Johnny.

"This deal's closed," hastily cautioned Washburn with his hand on the 'phone.

"Of course it's closed," acknowledged Johnny. "I want to invite Boise to a party."

VIII

THE hired auto had plenty to do. It carried Johnny to court, where he made a deposition against Gresham; it carried him to the office of the Amalgamated Steel Company, where he had the bonds that Gresham had transferred to him registered in his own name; it carried him to the appointment with Washburn's lawyer, who destroyed a full hour and a half of palpitating time; and it carried all of them to Loring's office, into which they burst triumphantly at twenty minutes of four.

At that hour Loring's office was crowded with loafers, the same being Colonel Bouncer, Morton Washer, Joe Close, Ben Courtney, Val Russel and Bruce Townley.

"This being a sporting event of some note, I gathered up a nice little bunch of sports to see the finish," explained Val Russel with a graceful bow. "Loring passed me the word that he expected you to nose under the wire in record time. You must show us the million dollars you were to have by four P. M., on Wednesday, May thirty-first."

"I don't have to flash it for twenty minutes," claimed Johnny happily. "At that hour I will show you a certificate of deposit on Joe Close's bank for half a million in bonds, and a sure enough check for five hundred and ten thousand dollars."

"No fair!" objected Val. "You were to have only an even million, and you've shot ten thousand over the mark."

"I owe Polly five thousand," explained Johnny as he hung his hat on a hook and pushed back his sleeves; "and I provided for the other five thousand in order to give a party. May I wash my face while I'm waiting for the time to be up?"

Courtney noticed that Constance had moved over toward the rather inadequately screened basin in the corner in unconscious accompaniment of Johnny.

"We'll excuse you if you'll answer one question," Courtney ventured with twinkling eyes. "It has been generally understood among your friends that when you really secured your million dollars ——"

"That will do," interrupted Polly Parsons. "You interfered once before with Johnny's love affairs —— Well, I'm not giving anything away!" she hotly retorted to a blazing glance from Constance.

The door opened and a boy brought in a package for Mr. Gamble. Loring, guessing the contents from its size, tore off the wrapper.

"Collaton sticks, anyhow, Johnny," he called. "Here are the lost books."

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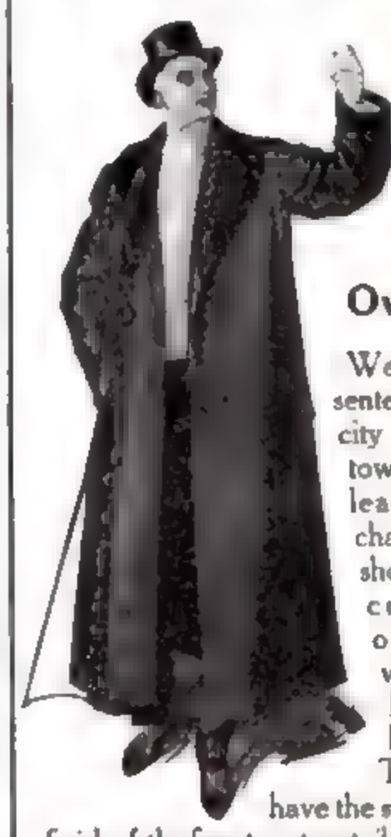

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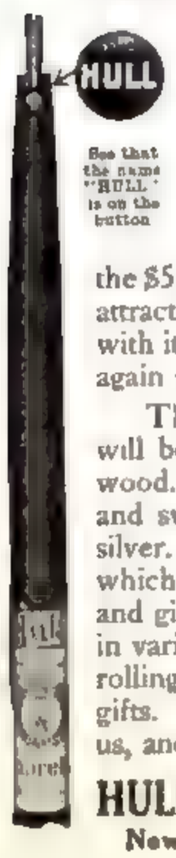

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We knew that we could accomplish a sufficient saving by manufacturing 150,000 umbrellas to make the $5 price possible. We knew likewise that 150,000 people, attracted by this special price into buying the Hull umbrella with its detachable and interchangeable handle, would never again go back to the old style.

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"Cheap at half the price," laughed Johnny as he splashed in the water. "By the way, Loring, you never did tell me how you steered off that first bogus attachment for fifteen thousand."

Constance and Loring looked at each other in dismay.

"I'll bring in a bill for that after four o'clock," promised Loring, laughing as lightly as he could.

"After four," repeated Johnny, coming from behind the screen with a towel in his hands. "You didn't pay it, did you?"

"That's a separate deal," evaded Loring.

"Where did you get the money?" demanded Johnny, and, scrutinizing the confused face of Constance, he knew.

Johnny smiled gratefully at her and patted her upon the shoulder as he walked quietly behind the screen. Great Scott! He glanced over the screen at the clock. Where could he make ten thousand dollars in fifteen minutes? He had to have that million and it must be clear! He reached for a comb with one hand and for his hat with the other.

Winnie and Sammy Chirp rushed into the office—Winnie in a bewildering new outfit of pure white, beaming with importance, and Sammy smiling as he had never smiled before.

"Where on earth have you been?" demanded Polly. "I've been telephoning for you all day."

"Well," explained Winnie volubly, "I took a notion to marry Sammy. I just thought that if I mentioned it to you you'd want me to wait a while, and when it did happen it would be a regular fussy affair."

"Honestly, child, I don't know whether to scold you or kiss you," broke in Polly. "Sammy, come here."

Sammy came, not only obediently but humbly, though he never ceased to smile; and he looked her squarely in the eyes.

Polly surveyed him long and earnestly. "I guess it's the best thing that could have happened to both of you, but I'll have a dreadful time looking after such a pair."

"I'll look after my husband myself, if you please!" indignantly protested Winnie.

Everybody laughed, and Polly started the popular ceremony of kissing the bride.

Johnny Gamble came thoughtfully from behind the screen. He had not heard the commotion, nor was he even now aware that Winnie and Sammy had been added to the party. He had a broken comb in his hand.

"Bruce," said he, looking steadfastly at the comb, "did you ever feel the need of a comb of your own in a public washroom?"

"I've sent a boy six blocks to buy one," responded Bruce with a surge of recurrent indignation.

"It's the curse of the nation," Val earnestly assured him. "You are ready for the opera. You have fifteen minutes to spare. You drop into a gilded palace of crime to drink a highball. In your earnestness you muss your hair. You retire to primp. A comb hangs before you, with one serviceable tooth. A brush with eight bristles hangs by its side. You smooth your hair with your towel and go away saddened forever!"

"The trouble is," said Colonel Bouncer, "that every man thinks he's going to carry a neat little pocket-comb in a neat little case, and he buys dozens of them; but he never has one with him."

"Thanks," acknowledged Johnny. "Now suppose you could step into any barber shop, theater, hotel, saloon or depot washroom, drop a nickel in a slot and take out a nice papier-mâché comb, paraffined and medicated and sealed in an oiled-paper wrapper. Would you do it?"

"Just as fast as I could push the button," agreed Bruce with enthusiasm.

"Well, I've just invented that comb," explained Johnny, smiling. "Do you think there would be a good business in manufacturing it?"

Courtney, who had been considering the matter gravely, now nodded his head emphatically.

"There's a handsome fortune in it," he declared. "It is one of those little things of which there are enormous quantities used and thrown away each day. If you want to organize a company to put it on the market, Johnny, I'll take any amount of stock you think proper—not only for the investment, but for the pure philanthropy of it."

"Also for the pure selfishness of it," laughed Joe Close. "Courtney wants to be sure to find a private comb in every public washroom."

"When you get your factory going I wish you'd send a salesman to my head supply man," requested Mort Washer. "I'll buy them by the ton, and every guest who comes into one of my hotels will find a fresh comb in an aseptic wrapper by the side of his individual soap."

"That will be up to Bruce," Johnny informed him. "Bruce intends to manufacture this device at his papier-mâché factory."

"Thanks," acknowledged Bruce. "I hadn't contemplated enlarging the factory, but I see I shall need to."

"Johnny isn't kidding, Bruce," Val shrewdly warned him.

"Neither am I," maintained Bruce stoutly. "I'll have that comb on the market so quickly that you can almost afford to wait for it. Royalty, Johnny?"

"No," denied Johnny promptly. "I'll sell it to you outright for ten thousand dollars, me to sign any sort of papers you need and you to pay the patent lawyer."

"I'd be robbing you," protested Bruce. "I should think you'd want to retain an interest in the manufacture, or at least a royalty. There'd be a lot more money in it for you."

"Wait just a minute," directed Loring, sitting down at his typewriting machine from which the operator had fled at the very beginning of the social invasion.

For the next two or three minutes the rapid-fire click of the keys under Loring's practiced fingers drowned all other sound, and then he jerked off a paper.

"Now, Johnny, you sign this," he ordered. "It is a rather legal transfer, in line with your other dubious operations of the day, of all your rights in the Johnny Gamble comb to one Bruce Townley here present. Bruce, give Johnny your check for ten thousand dollars."

"All right, if you fellows are bound to have it that way," agreed Bruce. "I haven't a checkbook with me, Johnny, but I'll send it up to you from the office tomorrow."

"But, Bruce, that won't do!" hastily urged Constance. "He must have the check right now. Don't you see he only has a million and ten thousand dollars? He owes Polly five thousand and me fifteen thousand, and if you give him ten thousand dollars for his invention he'll have a million and how much? I'm all mixed up! But I do know this: that he'll have his million dollars left exactly to the cent!"

"I—I see," stuttered Bruce in a fever of anxiety to help Johnny achieve his million in the specified time. "I—I'm sorry I haven't my checkbook," and he looked about him hopelessly.

Just in front of his chest was suspended a check, already made out in favor of Johnny Gamble, in the amount of ten thousand dollars, properly dated and lacking only Bruce's signature. It was smiling Sammy Chirp who had been quietly thoughtful enough to remember that he and Bruce did business at the same bank.

"The nation is saved!" cheered Val Russel as Bruce dropped down at Loring's desk. Johnny was already busy writing.

"Do hurry!" urged Constance. "It's two minutes of four!"

Johnny jumped up with two checks on the First National Bank and passed one to Constance and one to Polly.

"Tough luck!" suddenly commented Val Russel. "It just occurs to me that our friend Johnny will have to break into his million to pay for his blow-out."

"I'm glad of it," snapped Morton Washer. "He took an eighth of that million out of my pocket. He can afford to give a dinner, with salted almonds and real imported champagne at every plate."

"And a glass-scratching diamond souvenir from the million-dollar bride," added Polly with a wicked glance at Constance.

"Are we positive that he has won a bride?" demanded Courtney, gathering courage from the fact that Polly was not crushed.

"I don't know myself," boasted Johnny with an assumption of masculine masterfulness that he knew he could never maintain. "Will you marry me, Constance?"

"I decline to discuss that in public," declared Constance with well-feigned haughtiness.

Johnny kissed her, anyhow, and the mob cheered.

"Listen!" ordered Constance.

The little clock above Loring's desk struck four.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of stories by George Randolph Chester

Garford MOTOR CARS

The large number of influential people who own Garford cars signifies, probably better than anything else, the calibre of this machine. For instance, the list of bankers forms a very interesting group of prominent individuals—men that control some of the most powerful banking institutions in America.

¶ H. P. Davison, of the Morgan house, owns a Garford. So do A. P. Hepburn, President of the First National Bank, S. G. Bayne, President of the Seaboard National Bank, William H. Porter, President of the Chemical National Bank, and F. B. Schenck, President of the Liberty National Bank—all of New York City. J. B. and R. D. Forgan, the big Chicago bankers, both own Garfords. And there are many others. For nine years the Garford has been the choice of those who are accustomed to the best. Back in 1902 it was—as it is today—the most advanced car made. Its fine and unquestioned mechanical perfection, thorough construction, and superb finish are seldom equaled in any other car.

¶ The model, illustrated here, is our "Forty" Town car, priced at $4800—a very practical and unusually comfortable car for this time of the year.

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In ten cent tins
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UTICA KNITTING CO., Utica, N. Y.
Makers of Bodyguard Underwear — including Lambsdown, Vellastic, Springtex, and Acrylknit.

THE DEFICIT

Continued from Page 25

William paused just inside the door and looked at his father. The old man's hair had turned snowy white and his shrewd old face was a mass of fine wrinkles, but otherwise he was unchanged. His manner was as austere and stern as ever.

"Well, father," said William, "here I am. I've made good. I'm a man, so I've come back. I don't want a cent of your money, dad, but I would like mighty well to be your son Willie again. I've missed you a whole lot, dad."

John B. Lovett stood up, pushed back his chair and looked at his son.

"My boy," he said, and there was an ineffable tenderness and wistfulness in his voice, "I've waited for you a long, long time. Every time I've heard those two knocks on that door for the past five years I've looked up, hoping it would be you. I've been a fool of a father, William; but, whatever my faults, I ask you to forgive them, for I have never ceased to love my boy."

William Godfrey Lovett's throat became suddenly constricted. He stepped swiftly forward, passed his arm across his father's shoulders and drew the old man to his heart in a crushing embrace.

"Father," he said, "I've been a dog of a son. I [illegible]"

"No apologies," snapped the old man almost fiercely; "we've both earned the wages of fools, and what you were I made you. What you are—is different. You might present me to your wife and my grandson."

He opened his arms and took them both to his heart in a good old-fashioned hug. Then, with the baby on his knee, he sat down in his chair once more, drew something from his pocket and looked first at it and then at the face of the baby.

"He's the image of you, William, when you were his age." The old man's voice was quietly reminiscent. "He has your mother's eyes."

At that instant there was a sharp click, and an envelope, thrust hurriedly through the letter-drop, fell into the room. William picked it up and handed it to his father, to whom it was addressed. He opened it, stared a moment and then began to chuckle. The chuckle grew to a laugh, the laugh to a shriek, and for the space of two minutes "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett leaned against the mantelpiece and wiped the tears of mirth from his old cheeks.

"Oh, oh!" he gasped; "I haven't laughed so in five years. I can't stand this—it's too much—crowding all the fun of a lifetime into ten minutes. Read that from Timmins, the scheming old rascal."

William read:

"*Dear Mr. Lovett:* Retribution has overtaken me at last, and I am not fool enough to imagine that your son will forgive me for the suffering I have caused you both. A few minutes ago he came to my window and reminded me of his promise, made five years ago, to 'tie a can to my tail.'

"I cannot stand for the hitching. Therefore, in the classical language of your son, I am 'beating him to it.' Accept this as my formal resignation, to date from this minute. Yours with great respect,

"JARLATH TIMMINS."

"Stop the old schemer, William, and bring him in. I have a confession to make."

"So have I," laughed William, and darted out of the office. He caught Jarlath Timmins at the elevator.

"Come back here, Mr. Timmins," commanded William sternly. "My father has something to say to you."

"I am no longer in your father's employ," snapped Timmins.

William saw that it would be useless to argue with Timmins, so he picked the old treasurer up bodily and carried him, kicking and struggling, into his father's private office. Here Timmins went through the agony of an introduction to Mrs. William, and while the culprit squirmed and blushed John B. Lovett unfolded to his son the story of the conspiracy hatched by Jarlath Timmins, which had succeeded so far beyond all of their expectations. William felt a trifle foolish to think how easily he had been hooked, but his ever-present sense of humor came to his rescue once more. He grinned happily and grasped old Timmins by the shoulders and shook him.

"Timmins," he said, "you're the best friend I've ever had. God bless you!

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[illegible] with cushion [illegible] Australian [illegible], covered [illegible] which [illegible] I [illegible] gives a [illegible] each [illegible] to the foot [illegible] thus permitting free blood circulation and [illegible] relief on the *burning* and *aching* [illegible] which come from a cramped position of the foot in a hard sole shoe.

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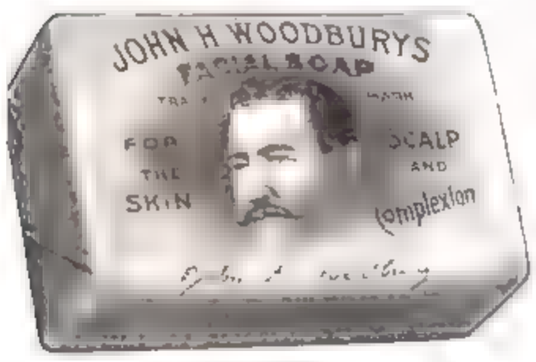

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Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere

Now, unless you want father to take that resignation seriously, run back and lock your safe. I notice you left it open in your hurry to get away."

"Great Scott, did I do that?" gasped Timmins, horrified, and fled immediately.

* * * * * * * *

One year after the homecoming of the prodigal he was called to San Francisco on urgent business. "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett, in his sixty-second year, had contracted an attack of double pneumonia, and an hour after his son's arrival at his bedside he passed over the great divide, leaving his troubles, now considerably augmented, to William, with the exception of a million dollars that went to Groat and Timmins.

The Monday morning following the funeral William came down to the office of the Lovett Land & Cattle Company and sat in at his father's old desk. The will was read and filed for probate, and after Groat had left the office Jarlath Timmins knocked twice on the office door and entered, bearing in his hand an old, battered tin box that bore on its lid the legend:

(J. B. L.)
(Private.)

"For nearly seven years," he began, "there has been a deficit of one million dollars in my cash, which I have carried as a personal tag against your father. At one time your father, who, of course, owned all of the capital stock of the Lovett Land & Cattle Company, decided to sell a certain piece of property for which he had been offered a million dollars. Your father evidently collected the money from the sale, and instructed me to place the sum of one million dollars to the credit of that particular property account. I made the entry in the company cashbook, but instead of giving me a check for the money your father gave me his personal I. O. U., and despite all of my efforts to get the cash from him, in order that the transaction might be cleared up, he kept putting me off until it was too late. What shall I do with that cash tag, William?"

"Charge it to my father's personal account, or rather to his estate. What's in that box?"

"Your father instructed me to deliver it to you after his death."

Timmins laid the tin box, together with the key, on the desk in front of William and went back to his own office.

The heir to the Lovett millions opened the box and drew out a bundle of papers encircled with rubber bands. In the bottom of the box a faded blue envelope lay, inscribed in his father's handwriting:

TO MY SON

William had tossed the bundle of papers aside and was about to tear open the letter when he noticed something familiar about the neatly folded documents. Hastily tearing off the rubber bands he opened them and was amazed to discover that they were his reports to Hitchings on the Fleur-de-Lis Cattle Company's business, sent him years before. Farther on in the heap he came across the note for five hundred thousand dollars, which he had given Hitchings in return for his half-interest in the ranch. It was indorsed by Hitchings to his father, and across the face of the note his father had written: "Paid in full with a few tears, a few heartaches and a great deal of pride in my son."

Next came a stock certificate covering the full amount of Hitchings' holdings in the Fleur-de-Lis ranch and indorsed by him to John B. Lovett.

For a long time William Godfrey Lovett sat in his father's old swivel-chair, at his father's old, battered desk, and stared into his father's old tin box. Presently he reached over, tore off the end of the faded blue envelope and read his father's last message to his prodigal son. It was dated six years back.

"*My dear Son:* The Fleur-de-Lis Cattle Company, with its trustworthy manager, Tom Hitchings, and its new foreman, Bill Lovett, together with its dummy board of directors, begins to look like the best investment your old man has ever made. Today I sold you your half-interest at a pretty stiff price—though, frankly, I'm putting the ranch in at cost price and not making a cent out of it myself—but you never batted an eye. You have gone to work with your mind made up to deliver the goods, and if that Parkinson girl will only marry you I'm going to make her the best father-in-law in seven counties. You're

It pays to look for this box

when buying shoe laces.

Insures you against the annoyance of broken laces—contains laces that stand a strain of 200 lbs. to the foot without breaking.

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You get solid oyster meats—no waste, a really economical food.

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"All right, but how about Mr. Brown—he says to tell you he's been holding up some percentage work for two or three days, waiting for a chance at the machine?"

"Well, I won't keep it long, but there's nothing doing until I get through."

—This is typical of what happens in offices where they understand the Comptometer—where its value has been demonstrated by use on all kinds of figure work—addition, multiplication, division and subtraction.

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a good boy, William, and you will never quite realize the love and joy and pride I feel for you this minute.

"Hitchings is not in Europe. If that man ever got twenty miles from a cattle range he'd shrivel up and die. He has charge of the ranch in Nevada, where he has a healthy financial interest. Hitchings did a whole lot for you and it was only right that you should repay him. So I have taken the liberty of making him a present of five years of your life. If there's a shortage in cash due to the disappearance of one-half the amount you are supposed to pay for your holdings in Fleur-de-Lis, don't bother hunting for it. I will have given it to Hitchings for faithful service rendered. He was mighty fond of you and enjoyed the joke more than I did. Why shouldn't he? He was Johnny-on-the-spot to see the point, while father had to stay home and foot the bills.

"Do you recall that day I passed you on the train? Son, it almost broke the old man's heart to see you hitting the ties like a hobo. I saw it all then. I realized then what a crime I had committed against my own son and I knew that away down low I was the responsible party. I had got you into trouble with too much money and the only way I could help you out was by spending more money. So I jumped off the train at Dunsmuir and wired the constable at Kennett to shadow you. You never met that constable, but he is the real rural gumshoe. His wife wrote me about you.

"From the time you entered Kennett until the present moment you have never been away from my influence. I have had daily reports on your conduct. The night you washed the supper dishes for that Chinaman at La Moyne, in return for your supper, I went out and bought a bottle of champagne and drank it all by myself, just to celebrate.

"When Hitchings rode into Montague that day you met him and asked for a job he received a telegram from me, ordering him to induce you to go to work for him or quit his job. And I told him to 'wise' the outfit up and keep you in ignorance of the real ownership of the ranch. That very night I had incorporation papers for the Fleur-de-Lis Cattle Company drawn up, with Hitchings as the dummy owner. The rest of the story is as you make it. I've done my best.

"I have missed you greatly, William, but I have not been unhappy. The wife of that constable at Kennett sent me a snapshot picture of you sawing a pile of cordwood, and every time I get feeling a little blue I look at that picture and feel reassured. It has done much to revive my faith in human nature.

"Yes, William, you're a good boy and you're going to grow up into a fine, smart man; but you'll have to go some before you're one-half as smart as

"Your foxy FATHER.

"P. S. If you ever have a son of your own for the sake of his soul never give him more than a nickel at a time—that is, if you want your old man to rest easy in his grave."

. . . . . .

The prodigal son bowed low over his father's desk and wept. He had found the deficit.

(THE END)

The Main Attraction

THE town drunkard of a small Scotch community went on an especially vehement tear and the village authorities locked him up until he had entirely recovered. On the second day of his captivity, as he sat in his cell thirsty beyond words, the minister came from a village merry-making to give him consolation and good advice.

They sat down side by side and the dominie read the parable of the Prodigal Son. The prisoner seemed to hang on the words. He nudged up close and closer, bending forward until his face was almost in the minister's face, and listened.

"Please read it through again," he said when the dominie had finished the chapter and started to close the Good Book. Touched by this further sign of penitence, the minister read it over.

"Tell me, poor man," he said when he was done, "what was it held you so close—was it the lesson of the Scripture or was it the words?"

"Nay, nay," said the tippler—"'twas your grand breath!"

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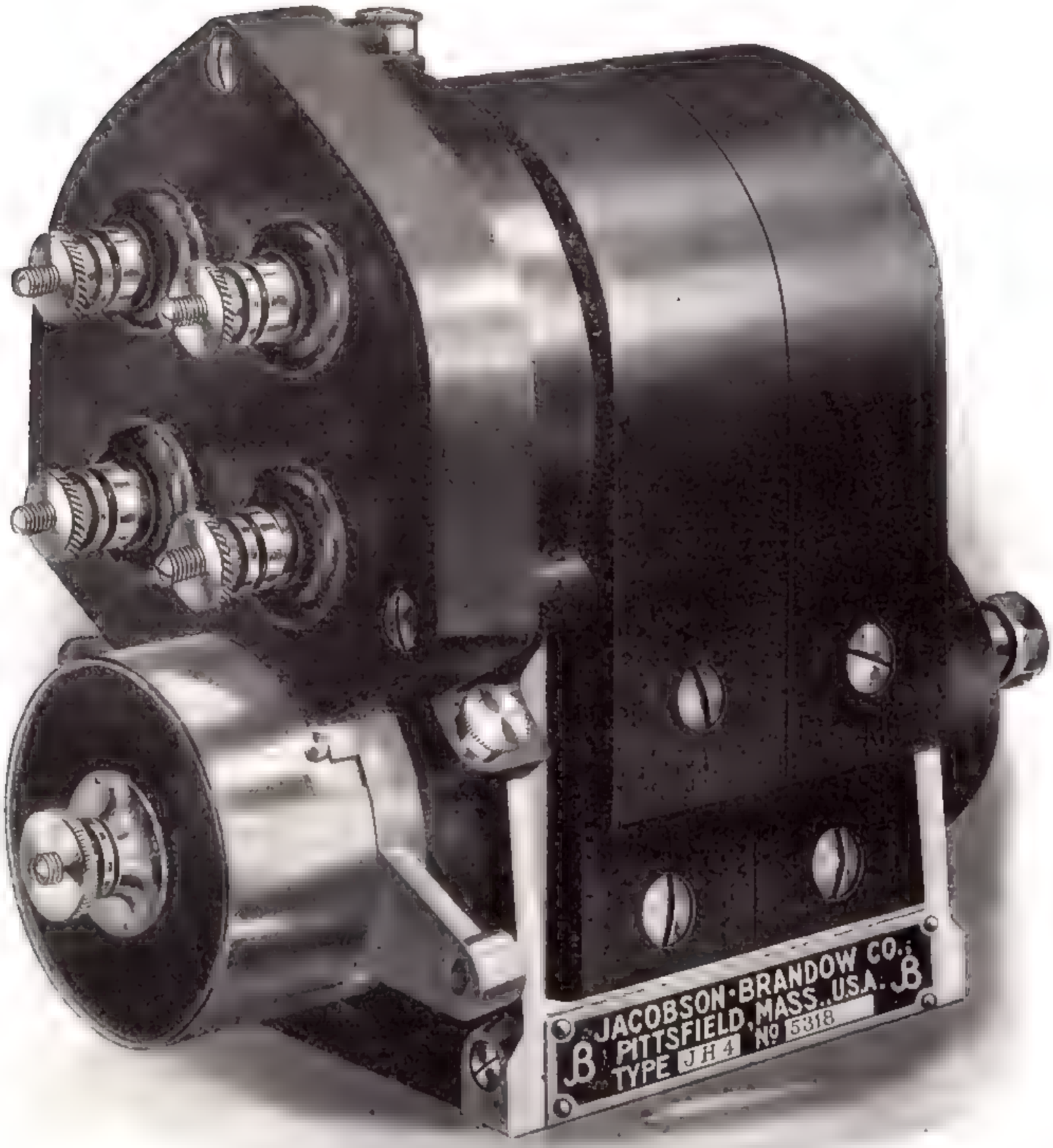

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After you get your engine right, after you get your carburetor right, there is still the ignition To obtain *power* you must supply the *vital spark.* Almost any well known gas engine to-day is a good engine. It will work satisfactorily if your carburetion and ignition are right.

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To supply the vital spark at the right time, regularly and unendingly a "J. & B." magneto is your safest choice. Now we do not claim that our magneto is better *in all respects* and under all conditions than any other you can get, neither do we claim that each individual "J. & B." magneto is better than every magneto of any other make, but we know that *on the average* a "J. & B." has certain qualities that make it your *safest* choice.

Non-Adjustable:—

Like any first class product "J. & B." magnetos have their own good points, two of which are of great importance to you. No one can "monkey" with the breaker. Once on the car and adjusted so that the spark is delivered at the proper position of the piston, all of which should be done before you get the car, there is nothing further to adjust or that can be adjusted.

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Besides having nothing to adjust one of these magnetos will make your engine extremely easy to start. You can start on a quarter turn every time if your carburetion is right; in fact, it is only necessary to lift the crank "past compression" and off she goes.

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Built regardless of price, we ask no more than is necessary to give the best ignition possible. If our prices are less, it means that our factory is more efficient or we are content with a smaller margin, not that the other product is better. If our prices are more, it means that we cannot give you *quality ignition* for less.

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Our goods do not *need* a guarantee, but for your peace of mind we guarantee all "J. & B." ignition to give absolute satisfaction when used under the conditions for which it is designed. All our ignition carries an absolute guarantee as to materials and workmanship with no time limit.

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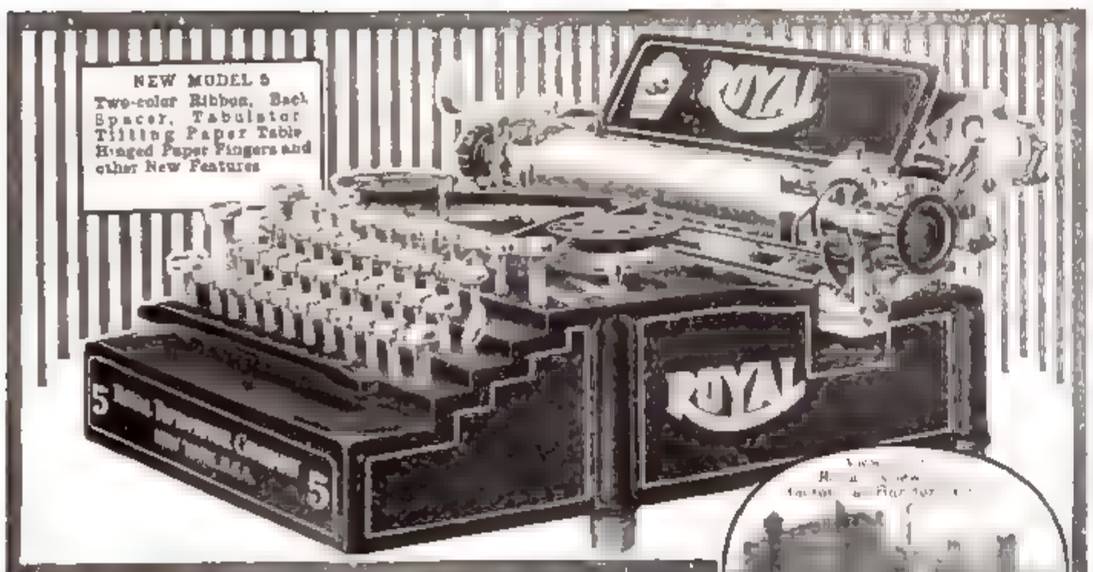
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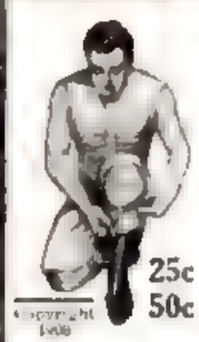

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"THE SHOPPERS' PARADISE"

(Continued from Page 7)

great American buyer is to be found in children's clothes. Women from home who live abroad say that they can't find in Europe any of the dainty, pretty and convenient things for children brought out by the shops at home. And the boat on which I came back was crowded with apologetic mothers. "Please do not look at my little waifs," said one; "I couldn't get anything for them abroad. The clothes worn by the French and English children are absolutely different from our own. Believe it or not, but I couldn't find any bloomer dresses for my boy in Paris. While I was there I happened to run into the buyer of children's clothes from the home store where I have an account, and she told me that everything they import for children is made according to her suggestion. Size, style and trimmings—all have to be altered to suit the taste of the American patron."

But aside from the trifling inconvenience of not being able to get anything that you want in the way that you want it, there are all the manifold inconveniences of the French shop with which to contend. Most sinister of all these, perhaps, is that of the vanishing interpreter. In the windows of almost all the small shops in Paris you read this encouraging sign: "English Spoken." Thereupon you go within and inquire for that person by whom the English is spoken. But he is never in, it seems—the shop people even look shocked that you should inquire for him. And finally you are forced to the conclusion that those signs tell only half the truth. English is spoken—but it's spoken by the customers.

And even if you find, as you always do in the big shops, some one who speaks English, she goes out like a flame in the wind. She exists only for the purpose of saying "How do you do?" smiling sweetly and passing you on to some one else who does not speak a word of English. She is not intended as a medicine; she is a mere narcotic, and her transient presence is arranged only to soothe your nerves during the subsequent entanglements of buying in French.

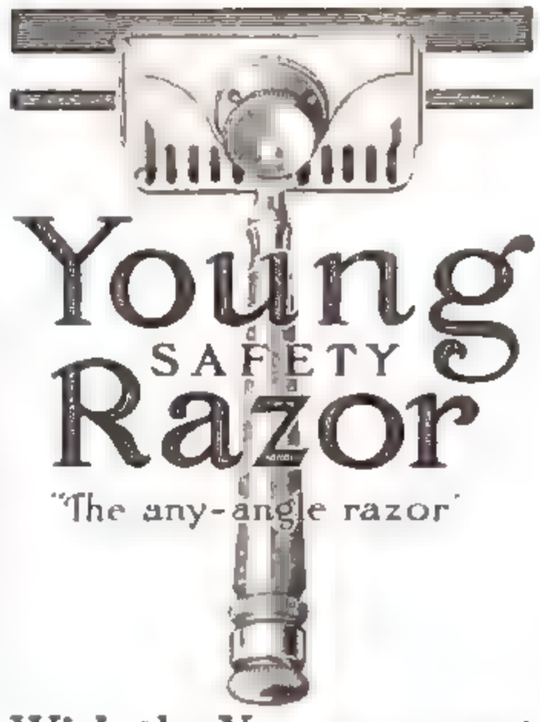
When You are Twenty-Three

Another distressing feature of the big Paris department stores is the fact that just outside these are often counters piled high with the very cheapest bargains of the day—dressing sacques at ten cents, gloves at fifteen cents, umbrellas for the lifting. Over this miscellany there wages fierce Amazonian warfare. A Frenchwoman gives you a vicious jab with her elbow and then hisses "*Pardon*" in your face. Another combatant drags the prostrate form of her child over your toes and scowls at you for being there. Altogether, the business of getting in leaves you exhausted for the severe strain of putting up that necessary French conversation.

But there are even more athletics reserved for one who succeeds in wedging herself into the store itself. I found that in making the smallest purchase I was expected to do as much running about as an automobile. One day, I remember, I bought eighteen cents' worth of ruching and in the process tagged three different desks. At the first one I paid my bill, at the second they wrapped up my package and at the third they dismissed me.

If you don't mind being treated like a carriage at the theater door, and if you understand French numbers when you hear them, you can make use of a rather good device used in the Paris department stores when there are crowds. As you enter the department you are handed a little green slip on which is printed a number. Then if you are "twenty-three," for instance, you wait until the head woman in the department calls that number. This means that "twenty-two" has been satisfactorily disposed of and that there is a saleswoman waiting for you. But, as has been said, this system depends entirely for its success upon your degree of intimacy with French as she is spoken. Therefore, if "*vingt-deux*" sounds in your ears like apple sauce and bread pudding, it can only add to the already discomfiting bewilderment.

Of course I had waited until I got to London to buy that tailored suit, for did not the legend run thus: "My dear, you can have a suit made in London for absolutely nothing—and such a suit, such



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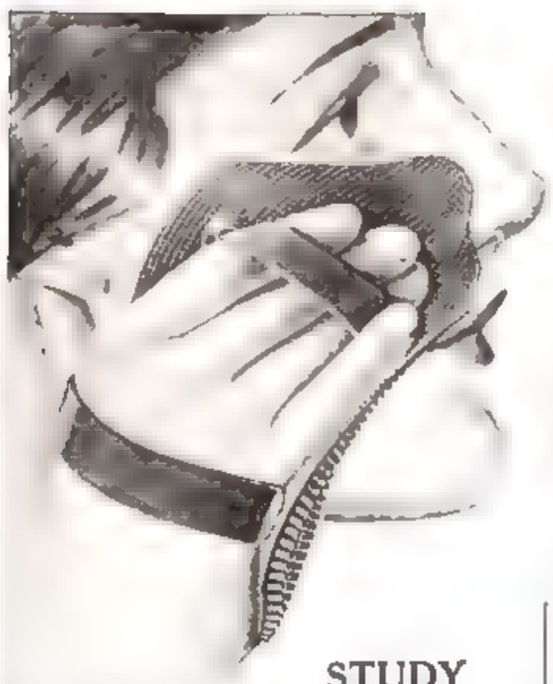

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For the *Bath* they give the most *refreshing* and *cleansing* results of any known article; especially adapted for women and children. Always *clean*, perfectly *sanitary*, can be used by the whole family. Millions in use.

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materials and such a beautiful cut!" Why, I had made up my mind that the economy of buying a tailored suit in London would almost offset the extravagance of a trip to Europe. What, then, was my consternation at taking part in the following dialogue at one of the humblest of the London tailors in my address book:

I: What do you charge for a plain tailored suit?

SALESWOMAN: From seven guineas upward.

I: Seven guineas! Why, that's over thirty-six American dollars. I can have a suit made in America at that price.

SALESWOMAN (*sniffily*): Well, it's only at this season that we make anything as cheap as that, and of course our fine suits are much more expensive.

Thirty-six dollars for a tailored suit in London! I simply couldn't believe it. I shouldn't have felt more abused if I had gone to Rome and had been told that they were just out of ruins. Still I would not lose heart. Perhaps there was some secret reason for a privilege extended to this shop; perhaps in olden days its founder had saved the life of royalty. At any rate I went on. I tried on Bond Street and on Regent Street; I explored Piccadilly and the forbidding dullness of Westbourne Grove; I made a special expedition to Chelsea and rummaged through all of Kensington.

But it was quite, quite true. Tailored suits are not handed out as souvenirs in London any more than they are in this country. And little by little I saw that beautiful tailored suit, made to last through five generations, receding into the mist where dwelt all my other shopping dreams.

No tailor would touch a suit under thirty-five dollars; no store handled any respectable specimens under thirty. But what offered the greatest affront to my serene trust in London as the home of the tailored suit was the drab, uninteresting, humdrum appearance that nearly all of these garments presented. Here was none of the high average of smartness encountered in the American shop, and here certainly was no atoning beauty of material. In all my search I never once caught a glimpse of those highly advertised tweeds and heavy, mannish cloths with which England is supposed to be dotted.

Guineas and Guimpes

Well, well, there is no use in growing bitter about it. Suffice it to say that at the end of a week I bought a plain, unspectacular blue serge suit at a London department store. They charged me thirty-one dollars for it, and I dare say it isn't much worse than some you get at home for the price.

Another thing in which London disappointed me was guimpes—the plain net or lingerie guimpes that one wears with a one-piece frock. England may "hold dominion over palm and pine"—I won't dispute Kipling—but she certainly does not control the guimpe situation. Witness the weary day during which I gunned all over London looking for one to fit me—though in America I never have any trouble in getting my size. But over there they regarded my inquiry for it as most irregular.

"Sorry, mudum, but we have naowthing except with size fourteen collar," was the dulcet dictum everywhere handed me.

Why the London guimpe trade should be limited to women who wear size fourteen collars I do not know. Certainly the question becomes thoroughly insolvable in looking over the lean and spare types of femininity that London has to offer.

The women of London go in for toilettes of Arcady—they float through Hyde Park under great picture hats, in simple idyllic frocks of voile and with filmy scarfs trembling about their slender shoulders. Long, pendent earrings accent their parted hair, and the shoes on their feet are velvet. Sweetly pretty—every one of 'em—but you must not expect a country that encourages its women to board a 'bus in a garden-party costume to furnish snappy, good-looking shirtwaists. One becomes, in fact, absolutely homesick for a sight of the smart tailored shirtwaist while one is abroad. Blouses there are a-plenty, but neither England nor France understands the art of the starched cuff-and-collar waist.

Equally alien to the foreign shop is the tailored shirtwaist's companion—the sailor hat. While I was in London there befell a woman—a compatriot of mine—who greeted me in this breathless fashion:

"Don't know your name, but I am glad to see you. Good to find any one who has

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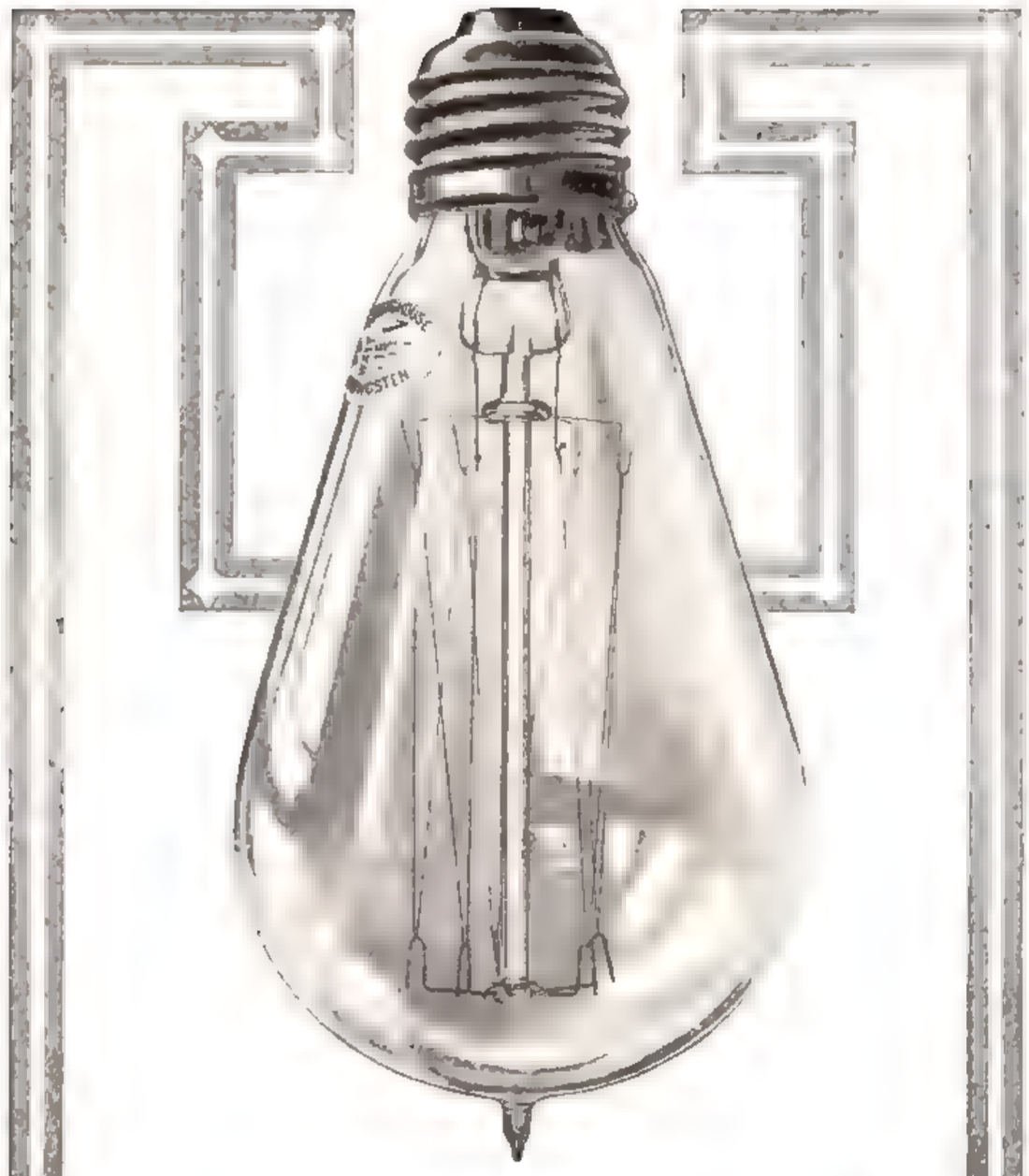

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Something about lamps worth knowing in our "Lamp Booklet." Send for a copy to "Westinghouse Lamp Dept. P, Bloomfield, N. J."

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ever seen an American sailor. I've been to Berlin and Paris and Rome and Budapest, and I can't find a shop where they understand what I mean."

And I agreed with her that it did form a bond!

London, like Paris, requires a special course of shopping instructions. Unless these be followed, the way of the American shopper is particularly thorny. First of all, there is the Titanic battle with English money. Even English trade people get snarled in the maze of shillings, pence, pounds and farthings, and are likely as not to hand you the wrong change. Therefore, it is slowly and with pain that the American mind learns that two shillings and six pence -which is, by the way, almost as popular a price as ninety-eight cents at home—means merely sixty-two cents, and that two guineas are practically the equivalent of ten dollars and a quarter.

This guinea trick of the English trade is worthy of special mention. Not content with making you carry over and take away, and do sums that only the lofty intellects of the grammar school are capable of, they go and get you mixed up with the guinea. Now this coin has had no corporeal existence for nearly a century—it's a ghost, a myth, a tradition—but pretty nearly everything over in England is reckoned by it. It's as much an outrage to shopperdom as if we introduced—well, say, a blunderbus worth one dollar and twenty-five cents and set the whole nation to thinking in blunderbuses that we didn't coin instead of in dollars that we do.

Another troublesome characteristic of the London shops is the number of affable gentlemen in frock coats that waylay you at every step and ask you how they can possibly serve you. There is a long line of these floor-walkers in every London shop, and you perform the measures of the Virginia reel in passing them. Sometimes they engage you in social conversation, as for instance that attentive person in a large goldsmith's shop who inquired what countries I had been visiting and what I thought of Europe. At all times each one inquires the nature of your visit to the store and is most ready with suggestions. "You do not like our veils?" says he. "Then why not try our carpet-sweepers!" And after you have gently explained that such is not the object of your trip to London he insidiously mentions that they have some beautiful feather boas.

Of course it is to be expected that the service of the shops is somewhat affected by the great god of Britannia—tea. Promptly at four o'clock the wheels of London stop; the business of life relaxes; the politicians in Parliament abandon the nation, and you see reflected on many million faces one great national yearning. It is tea! Even with this knowledge, however, I was surprised upon going into one of the shops for a fitting to be told that the fitter would be back in a minute, but that at present she was at tea.

The Tea Habit's Habitat

For years the American woman has had a slave of the lamp in the American merchant. He has thought out for her the completest comforts of dress, the most manifold conveniences of living. The extent to which this is true is at once apparent when one reaches the other side. All through Europe you can find local color, but you cannot find muslin by the yard or buttonhooks or a cake of soap. Take, for instance, my experience with the sleeve shields that are placed inside coats. It seemed to me that in desiring these I was asking nothing unusual. Certainly I was in the habit of getting them at most unpretentious stores at home. But over there every salesgirl looked stunned when I asked her for such accessories. Nobody had ever heard of them, it seemed, and I was obliged to go without until I reached my own halcyon shores.

While on the subject of conveniences a chapter on European gloves is most apropos. There is a persistent theory in this country to the effect that foreign gloves are cheap. As a matter of fact, they are not cheap. In consideration of the fleeting service that they give they are the costliest investment I know. Foam of the wave, light of the rainbow, rose of the evening cloud—never were these more evanescent than the European gloves.

I had to buy a pair in every city in Europe, and they seldom lasted me between times. I used to look at them tremblingly for fear they wouldn't hold out till I got home. A pair of chamois gloves that I bought in Rome for sixty cents tore hopelessly in two days, a fact that brings the famed economy of foreign gloves up to thirty cents a day. Another pair that I got in London at sixty-two cents showed various fingertips at the end of half a week. As for white kid gloves, those that I purchased in Rome, Naples and Paris dissolved before my very eyes. They would no more have undergone the frequent cleanings and hard wear given to our "expensive" American white gloves than would a whiff of chiffon.

But, aside from the question of cost, the foreign gloves are most disappointing in the fact that they are so poorly cut. And here again we feel the lack of our American buyer's skill and thought. For it is undoubtedly true that he has brought to gloves a beauty of cut and shapeliness of form never before attained.

The pretty ways of Italy—soft airs and blue bays and olive-clad slopes—have drawn to her thousands of Americans who would not think of returning to their native shores. Yet as a place where it is almost impossible to get the little things that American women want Italy stands high on the list of examples. Personally, I tremble almost as much at being left in Italy without a tailored suit or a row of pins or a proper supply of buttons as I do at the thought of attending a tea without having read the latest books.

At the Price of Pearls

Yes, it is true. The lover of romance must face the gaunt fact that shopping privations await her in Italy. The land of Michael Angelo and Dante has a marvelous assortment of Old Masters, but it has absolutely no selection in buttons. I well remember the day I went about Rome in search of four small pearl buttons. They were not the priceless ornaments with which one furbishes an eighty-dollar suit; there was, in fact, nothing furbishing about them. They were the chastely simple kind that one hides with a four-in-hand tie—and I only wanted four.

What then was my astonishment at hearing the price! Thirty cents, if you please, and communicated to me without one blush of shame, without one quiver of an eyelash! I raged, I stormed, I protested; but it was no good. The man behind the counter stood pat, and I faced the terrifying fact that pearl buttons in Italy come at ninety cents a dozen.

Another thing that came between me and Italy was the difficulty of buying a silk petticoat in Florence. They had only a few sizes which, as it unfortunately happened, did not include my size; so they sent to Milan to have one made. At the end of two weeks they charged me seven dollars for an ordinarily good silk petticoat. But for the delay I was not compensated.

It is in the same city that one buys, in any number of those quaint shops on the Ponte Vecchio or on the Lungarno, the "fascinating" jewelry over which you hear American women raving. Very pretty it is too—as long as you are content to look at it in its box. Once engage the services of this Florentine jewelry, however, and you are promptly converted to the theory that fascinating things are untrustworthy. Stones fall out of settings without any provocation; pins dissolve partnership with brooches; hinges become decrepit in a trice. I expect, in fact, to dedicate my life and the little money I have left to the repair of that Italian jewelry.

As for the specialties of various Italian cities, I found them one and all specially high in price. For instance, a dab of Venetian lace costs in Venice more than it does in New York; corals blush almost as expensively in Naples as they do at home; beadwork may be quite as profitably bought in Des Moines as in its local habitat.

But why should one multiply instances of the shopping canker with which the fair flower of European travel is eaten? Suffice it to say that when, at the end of five months, I again stood on American shores the customs officer surveyed with contempt the remnants of my purchases.

"Is this all you have to declare?" he asked.

"This and my American allegiance," I replied.

I think that the customs officer felt that the dignity of his position had been impugned, but I could not help that. I was singing the Star-Spangled Banner and calculating the minutes it would take to get to an American shop.

"I much prefer Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for the complexion—it is so delightful to use—so pleasant in its action."

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Put it where the whole family will see it. Then notice how they all try one, then come back for more. That will prove the deliciousness of Dromedary Golden Dates.

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Dromedary Golden Dates are Arabia's best, carefully wrapped in waxed paper and packed in dust-proof cartons. You can get them at most of the good groceries and fruit stores or we will send you a *Specialsized Sample Carton on receipt of 10c to cover packing and mailing.*

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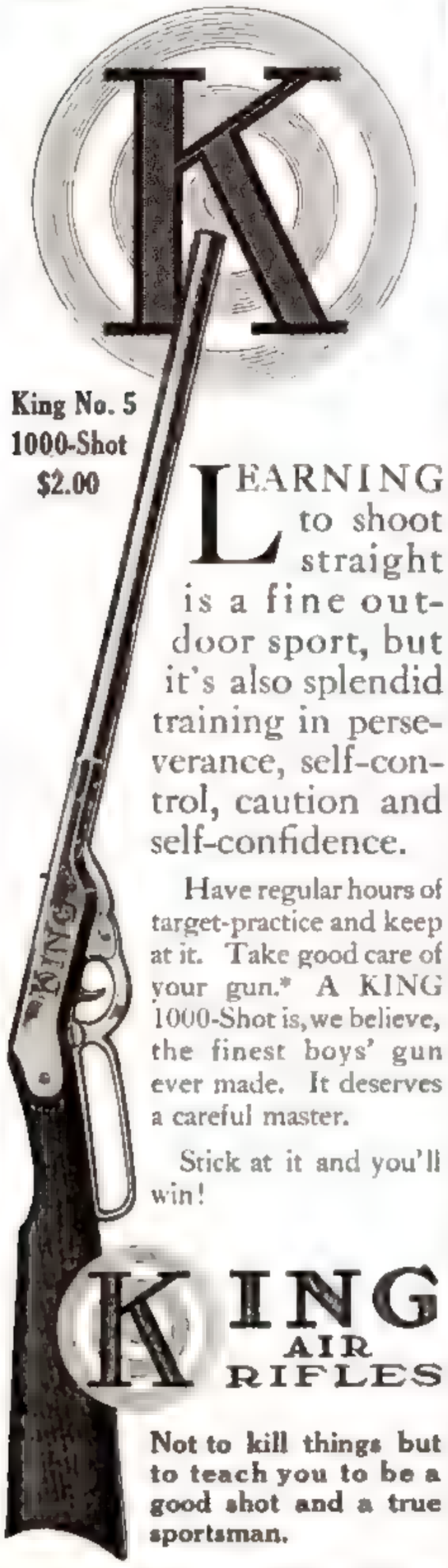

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THE MARKHAM AIR-RIFLE COMPANY
Original Inventors and Oldest Manufacturers of Air-Rifles
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CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

(Continued from Page 5)

"Pretend to be arguing about the route," I said quickly.

Rosalie caught my drift and began to gesticulate; I did the same. Chu-Chu was coming up slowly behind.

"Turn round and start back," said I, and jerked my head back into the cab. Rosalie stuck out a gauntleted arm, then hauled to the side of the road. Chu-Chu swept past in a cloud of dust. He turned a corner and disappeared.

"What now?" asked Rosalie, turning round.

"Wait a minute," I answered; "he suspects. We've got to change places."

I slipped off the *soutane* and round black hat and stepped out into the road in my knickers. Rosalie stared at me with her lips like a big red "O."

"Quick, Madame," said I; "you must let me drive."

"But wh. ?" she gasped.

"Don't ask questions; I am a chief of the secret service. Do you know who that chauffeur is? You said his name not long ago."

"Not Chu-Chu?"

"Perfectly. Jump inside and let me run the car. Don't be afraid. I shall not hurt your motor."

Rosalie obeyed without a word. I stepped up and took the wheel, and we were off.

II

JUST as I had feared, once given a little start on a fairly good road Chu-Chu was hard to catch. The dust hanging in the air showed that he was not far ahead, and I might have overhauled him if it hadn't been for our carbureter which kept on flooding when I cut off the gas on curves and down grades so that, when we started to climb, the mixture was too rich and we were smothered. The only way to keep any speed was to throw out the clutch and let the motor spin going downhill, and this practice is not the best in the world for the motor. Presently I heard from Rosalie on the subject.

"You'll soon heat up if you keep on doing that," said she through the tube. "Reach down and cut off the essence from the reservoir when you go downhill."

That was sound doctrine and I acted on it, though from this point on the road mounts pretty steadily until you get to Rocquencourt. As we passed the old soldiers' home I noticed that it was about five minutes to one. Rather to my surprise we found more motors on this road than before we had reached the crossroads. Three handsome cars had passed us, and presently a fourth—a big, heavy limousine—went lumbering by.

"That was Orelovna, the Russian dancer," said Rosalie's voice in the tube at my ear. "The man with her was the Grand Duke Alexander. Those people in the *torpilleur* that passed a moment ago were of the Comédie Française—at least I recognized Martet, and I think the man driving was Parodi."

That was all I needed to know. The whole mystery was cleared up in a flash. Just before you get to Rocquencourt, as you may remember, the road passes between two big estates surrounded by heavy walls that inclose park, *chasse* and farms. One of these, I remembered, had been rented by a retired millionaire banker of Frankfort, a Baron von Hertzfeld, who was a prominent figure in the theater and café life of Paris and who was probably giving a big *déjeuner*.

Léontine was no doubt on her way to this function, and very possibly Chu-Chu's associate was also an invited guest. Chu-Chu, in his character of Monsieur de Maxeville, had very likely received an invitation, as I had several times seen him with Von Hertzfeld and his little group of intimates; for outside of Ivan's mob Baron Rosenthal and I were the only ones who knew that Monsieur de Maxeville was other than a clubman of sufficient fortune, an excellent companion and a devotee of outdoor sports.

But Chu-Chu, knowing that I might even at that moment be hot on his trail, had not cared to run the risk of sticking his head above the surface. On the other hand, he must have some definite reason for wishing to be on the Hertzfeld premises during the luncheon party. Either there was some work on hand—another string of pearls perhaps, for some of the women guests would be sure to be decked out in wonders—or else he might want to have a look at the house and its surroundings. He would be kept waiting until Léontine's return, and as a *brave garçon* of a taxi driver it is not probable that in an establishment as lavish as Hertzfeld's he would be neglected by the butler's department. Hertzfeld was a man who handed out hundred-franc notes as a tip for opening the door of his limousine.

There was no room for any doubt. Léontine was bound for Baron von Hertzfeld's, and the taxi would, of course, wait inside, so there seemed nothing for me to do but to hang round outside until the party was over, which would probably be late in the afternoon. It was to be an elaborate affair, as two more big cars swept past us, also a couple of taxis.

Sure enough, when we reached the estate the big iron gates were wide open and a footman was stationed on either side to salute the guests as they entered. I held straight on and pulled up in the shade around the first bend. Here I stopped the motor and, getting down, opened the door.

"Eh, well?" asked Rosalie a little sharply. I don't think she cared much for being a passenger in her own taxicab.

I jerked my head toward the corner of the big wall. "That's where they are," I answered, "at Baron von Hertzfeld's luncheon party."

"Oh? So that is his estate? I had heard that he lived out this way. What do you want to do now?"

"I want to keep them in view," I answered, "especially Chu-Chu. But I don't exactly see how I'm to do it. If we wait in front of the gates we shall be too conspicuous, and if we wait here we shall not be able to see them come out."

Rosalie threw me a peculiar look. She gave her pretty shoulders the slightest shrug.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"That is what I am asking myself," said she with a little smile. "To tell the truth, there are some things about this affair that strike me as funny. First you say that you are jealous of *la belle Léontine;* then you say that the affair is all over and done with and that you are pushed along by a desire for revenge. That is easy to understand. It is not difficult to believe, also, that you have become a missionary and a *prédicateur* on her account. Then, while we are following her, you step suddenly out of my taxi as a *comme il faut* English milord, telling me that you are an officer of the secret service and that the driver of the taxi we are following is Chu-Chu le Tondeur. That is startling to hear, but possible to believe. But now what I do not understand is, if you are an officer of the secret service and the driver of that taxi is Chu-Chu, why don't you go in and arrest him? If you do not care to attempt it alone there is a station of the *gendarmerie nationale* not very far away."

"Madame Rosalie," I answered, "there is but one way to arrest Chu-Chu, and that way requires but one person and no assistants. Such a person as our friend Chu-Chu should be shot first and arrested afterward. But this is something that one dislikes to undertake in a crowd."

She gave me that peculiar look that had already puzzled me.

"And is it for that that you are following him?" she asked.

"I wish to take him single-handed," I answered. "Of course if he resists ——" I shrugged. "But," I added, "I want to do it as quietly as possible. It is a very bad thing for everybody when the taking of a notorious criminal is attended with a lot of noise."

"And makes it necessary to divide the credit of his capture," said Rosalie, giving me one of her intelligent looks. "You would like to arrest him without any help from outside, but are not quite sure that you could manage it. Well, then"—she turned away and began to unfasten the hood of the motor—"while you are trying to make up your mind let us see if we can't do something to correct the trouble in the carbureter."

I stepped over to lend a hand, for there was no hurry and I liked being with Rosalie. It wasn't hard to guess at what she thought. She had me sized up as a jealous lover of Léontine's. She thought that I had been giving her a lot of guff and was really a theatrical sort of fool who had put

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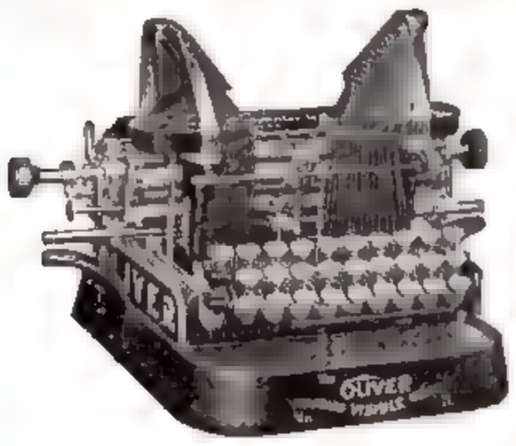

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on a priest's hat and a *soutane* over my outing clothes and had sat down in the café opposite Léontine's house to watch for whatever might happen.

But what did puzzle her, as I could see from her attitude toward me, was to determine whether I was a gentleman or merely some cheap imitation. You see, though the blood in me is about as good as you'll find, even if it never paid duty, my early education was a queer one; and though I can act the part of swell, and often have, to the point of making it mighty expensive for a critical audience, it's usually a part that I'm playing. Then my speech puzzled Rosalie, for I can talk the most affected society Parisian or the toughest La Villette argot, and never change my gait. Tante Fifi started me with pure French and I'd perfected it later working society graft, and Tante Fifi had been a swell in her day; the second was a sort of post-graduate course in the University of Cayenne, to which I earned a scholarship from the French Government by getting nabbed while trying to lift Kharkoff's wad at Auteuil a few years before.

So it wasn't surprising that Rosalie had some trouble to place me or that she began to get a little suspicious and resentful about the way I had commandeered her motor and herself. She seemed a little sulky as we leaned together over the carbureter, but it wasn't in her nature to wear a grouch for long, and when I had located the trouble in the feed-pipe and got it cleaned out and flowing properly again her smile had come back and we seemed to be getting to be friends again.

There was no hurry about anything for the present, as Léontine would be at Hertzfeld's for the next three hours or so, and I was pretty sure that Chu-Chu would wait to take her home. Besides, a plan was buzzing round in my head and I wanted to study it out a bit. This was a scheme for coming to grips with Chu-Chu by letting him spot me and do the stalking himself, not letting him know that I had piped off his disguise. It was a scheme that I felt pretty sure would work, and was rather like hunting a tiger by ramming round through the jungle at night, pretending to be a sheep or a kid.

But to work it right I needed Rosalie's help, and although I could not see how she would be in any danger herself I wanted her to know and believe just what I was up against. So as soon as we had finished with the carbureter I said:

"Madame, I am afraid that you don't believe what I have told you about this affair. Some of the things I have said were true and some were not. I have now formed a plan, but before going ahead with it I wish to tell you more about the situation, and I will ask you to believe me as I shall tell you nothing but the truth. After hearing it, if you would prefer not to be mixed up in the business you have only to say so, when I will pay you for your services up to this point and you may return to Paris."

Rosalie gave me one of her bright, searching looks.

"Monsieur is fond of romance," said she. "Well, then, so am I. Tell me the story if you please. Are you D'Artagnan, and is La Petrovski Milady? And if I help you what is to be my reward?"

She seated herself on the cool, shaded bank, clasped her hands in front of her knees and looked up at me with a mocking little smile. I flung myself down beside her, for the day was hot and the grass sweet and cool.

"In the first place," said I, "let me tell you that the man who drove La Petrovski's taxi is certainly Chu-Chu le Tondeur. Of that there can be no doubt."

Rosalie raised her eyebrows. She looked incredulous yet startled.

"I cannot tell you how I happen to know him," I went on, "but I have every reason to think that Chu-Chu has sworn to take my life. It is in fact on that account that he is in disguise, for I will tell you another thing that many people suspect but few know for a certainty. This clever thief and murderer called Chu-Chu le Tondeur is actually a man very well known and well received in Paris society. If I were to tell you his name you would probably know at once who he is."

Rosalie's red lips parted and her breath came faster.

"Some time ago," I continued, "I discovered Chu-Chu's identity. We have also quarreled and there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that he has put aside all other interests to try to find and murder me. It is on this account that I shaved my head, put on goggles and a *soutane* and took to watching Léontine's house from the Bon Cocher. In his life of man about town Chu-Chu knew that I had been attentive to La Petrovski, and has probably been hanging about there with his taxicab either in the hope of my taking him for a *course* or perhaps merely to locate me. You see, as soon as I learned of my danger I gave it out that I had left the country, then disguised myself and set out to watch Chu-Chu."

Rosalie's pretty face was pale with excitement, and her eyes sparkled.

"You are really serious?" she cried pleadingly.

"I wish that I were not."

"And are you yourself of the police?"

"No. I told you that when I slipped off my preacher's rig so that you would not make any difficulty about going on. I am a private citizen and in the motor business. All that I ask is to be left in peace, but Chu-Chu will not do that, for two reasons. In the first place, he hates me for having spoiled a good job of his; in the second, he considers my assassination necessary to his own safety."

"But if this is so and you can identify him as Chu-Chu le Tondeur, why do you not go to the police and have him taken?"

"Because," I answered slowly, "Chu-Chu is the leading light of a very powerful criminal organization. To denounce Chu-Chu would be to involve others, and in that case I probably should not live long enough to drink a *petit verre*. But Chu-Chu himself is not in very good favor with the gang, and nobody would hold it against me if I were to settle my affair with him quietly."

"You wish ——?" gasped Rosalie.

"I wish to protect myself."

She glanced at my face, then drew back a little, face pale and breath coming quickly. But the fascinated look I had observed in the café was there again.

"What do you want to do?" she asked almost in a whisper, and her hazel eyes never left my face. "And what do you want me to do?" She moistened her lips with her tongue.

"My plan is this: In about an hour, or, say, an hour and a half, I want you to drive me, dressed as I am now, into the Hertzfeld place. I will tell the *maître d'hôtel* that I am a journalist, a correspondent of some English paper, and ask to be favored with a list of the guests, the menu, and, if possible, a few words with the Baron. This ought not to be difficult, as he is *nouveau riche* and his title a recently purchased one and he likes notoriety. While in there I will contrive to let Chu-Chu get a glimpse of me. He will recognize me at once, but I shall pretend not to have seen him. Chu-Chu will think that I have come in the hope of a word with Léontine, whose house I might be afraid to visit. Then, unless I am very much mistaken, when we leave Chu-Chu will follow us."

"To learn where you live?"

"Yes, and possibly even to make an attack on the road. That is what we must avoid."

"*Mon Dieu!* But how?"

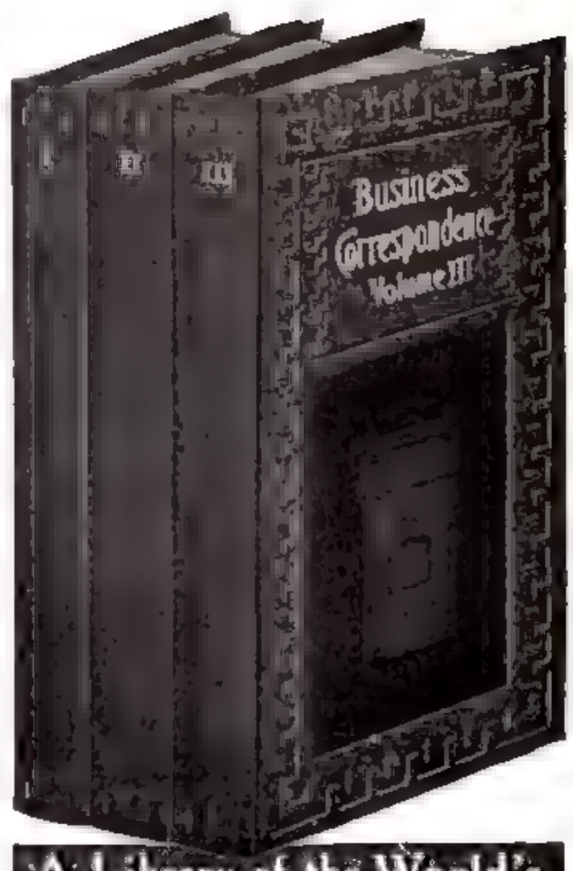
"We must not let him catch us until we reach the forest of Marly. It begins less than a kilometer from here. We shall have a sufficient start to keep ahead for that distance. Once in the wood I shall jump out and walk into the trees. If Chu-Chu follows me we will settle our difficulties then and there."

Poor Rosalie looked scared to death. I waited for a minute, expecting to hear her say that she wanted nothing to do with the whole business. Instead of that, after a minute of reflection:

"Do you think that he will believe that I know?" she asked.

"If I thought that for a single second," said I quickly, "I should walk into that place and shoot him off the seat of his taxi before I would permit you to have any hand in it. No. Chu-Chu will believe that I chose you either by chance or because I should naturally expect him to think that the last person I should choose would be the most easily traced taxi in Paris. He would never for a second dream that I had taken you into my confidence. Besides, he would never believe that if you knew what was going on you would dare tackle it."

She dropped her hands at her sides, straightened out her pretty limbs and took a deep breath. I looked at her admiringly, for it was plain that she was frightened and was making a plucky fight to get the



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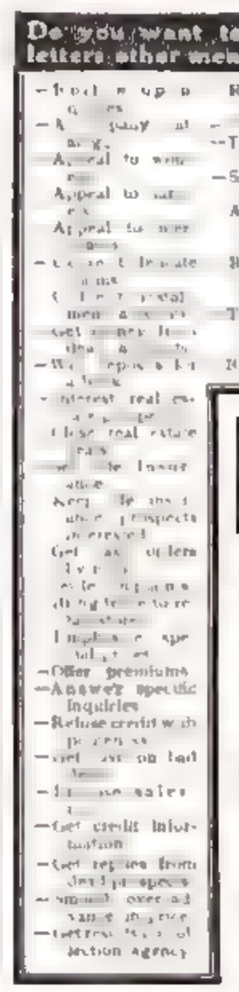

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upper hand of her scare. Lithe as a cat, she twisted over presently on one hip, dropped her chin on her knuckles, her elbow on the sward and began to pluck at the grass. Neither of us said anything. Her long reflection made me begin to believe that she was wondering, perhaps, what there was going to be in it for her in mixing up with such an ugly business. That idea was in my own mind, and I had decided to offer her a thousand francs for the afternoon's work and four thousand more to be paid later if the business turned out all right for me. I really did not see how Rosalie ran any risk, especially as I should be taking good care that Chu-Chu should not haul up very close to us. And anyway she was free to turn the proposition down if she chose.

Rosalie rolled back, put a stem of grass between her lips and turned to me with the color in her cheeks again. I expected to hear her ask: "What do I get?" or words to that effect. Instead she asked:

"You are well armed?"

I grinned and nodded. A few minutes before she had been advising me rather sarcastically to get a troop or two of the *gendarmerie nationale* to help me out; now she was worrying about my armament.

"Don't you worry about me," I answered; "think about yourself a little. After all you aren't in the motor business for your health."

We were speaking in French of course. I had no earthly reason for suspecting Rosalie of knowing any other language, as for all of her title she had nothing of the *grande dame* about her and might have been a farmer's daughter or run a decent little restaurant, so far as distinction went. But when I said, "You're not in the motor business for your health," I translated the American slang literally. Now, as a matter of fact, most slang translates literally from one language to another, and it has often surprised me when I've been in the States to hear some local mug that had never got farther from his alley than the first full gutter, spouting what was considered the very latest hot talk and what I've recognized straight off as good old moth-eaten, fly-bitten Montmartre or La Villette. If some person with a lot of time on his hands wanted to take the trouble he could dig up an old English or old German or old French gag for the bulk of American slang. I can only think of a few this minute. For instance: "to have a good front," *avoir du front;* "chippy," *chipie;* the word French crooks have for prison, *couloir*—corridor—and, in American, "the cooler"; or to get right down to recent American slang, not over five years old, "gink." The Apache French for that, and old as the hills, too, is *ging*, and comes from the word *ginguet*, which means a soft, easy mark. So, mind you, what I said to Rosalie about not running a taxi for her health might have been said in French slang in exactly the same way. Maybe my way of putting it was the American one, for she stared at me for a second, then answered in perfectly good American: "Not on your life!"

I felt like a fool. Some years before I'd worked Kansas City until I thought that the ground needed to lie fallow for a while, and I was on to the accent. I'd been a "distinguished foreign guest," and the leading citizens trimmed me at poker while I was making myself popular and finding out where they kept it. When I was all fed up with the place I worked a couple of banks, then ran over to Monte to give it away to the Prince of Monaco, for you mustn't forget that the greatest rest for the grafter is to become a happy, idle sucker for a while. That is the reason why so many American millionaires go to Europe for their vacations.

So when Rosalie came back at me with that "Not on your life!" and no mistake about the "your-r-r-r," I was about as startled as if Chu-Chu had stuck his head over the wall behind us—which belonged, I believe, to Prince Marat. No Frenchwoman could have got that accent, any more than an American woman could ever hope to pronounce the simple French word for "king."

Rosalie threw back her head and laughed. She was mighty inviting to look at when she laughed, and I got an impression of soft throat, moist red mouth and her tantalizing eyes looking down half closed over her cheeks. I must have looked like a fool, because she laughed harder than ever; in fact she laughed too hard for just ordinary amusement.

Suddenly she straightened up and wiped her eyes. She had laughed so hard that she had slipped down the bank, and her short skirt was drawn up over her knees, and this and the dimpled face made her look like a little girl hot and flushed after some frolic.

"Well," said I, as she straightened her skirt and pushed back her hair, "that's one on me all right. I've taken the elementary courses in human nature and knocked around the world a bit, but I'll be hanged if I could ever have spotted you for an American!"

"Wichita," said she.

"The rest wasn't hard to guess," I answered; "but how did you manage to spot me for an American?"

"I had my doubts from the first," she answered. "Your telling me that you were Alsatian put me off; then I thought that you were English. I knew you weren't *French* French."

"What gave you the clew finally?" I asked.

"Your business methods."

"My what?"

"Your scheme for drawing Chu-Chu off into the forest of Marly and having it out with your guns—or knives, or whatever comes handy. That doesn't match up with the local color. What's your state? Arizona?"

"I've been there," I answered; "but never mind about me. I wish you'd tell me how it happens that a Wichita girl should be driving a Paris taxicab and speaking French like a *Parisienne de Paris*. Then you are titled too."

Rosalie gave a little mock sigh. "Such is fame," says she. "Now if you ever read the Matin and the Kansas City Star you'd know all about me. Not that there's such an awful lot to know. My father was Mr. Michael O'Rourke, and he emigrated from Ireland to Chicago, where he started in business driving a cab. You see it's a sort of inherited gift. Pretty soon he owned most of the cabs, and then he owned a street-car line and a good bit of the city and a lot of the people in it. But he stayed Mike O'Rourke, and when he married my mother there was an awful row from all the old snobs. Mother was proud and asked odds of nobody, but a few years later they went to Wichita, where I was born. Mother never forgave the people who turned her down for marrying beneath her, so as soon as I was old enough she sent me to a French convent, saying that she wasn't going to have me grow up a snob. The last year that I was in the convent mother and father were both killed in a railway collision"—Rosalie blinked a few times—"and I went home and found myself a mighty lonesome heiress. Then my mother's sister came over for the winter and brought me with her, and while we were away her husband took such good care of my estate that in a few months there was nothing left of it but enough to give me a fairly decent *dot*. To compensate for what her husband had done my aunt made what she considered a very good match for me with the Comte de Brignolles. Of course, being convent-bred, it never occurred to me to object, so we were married and started off on our honeymoon, and—and"—Rosalie's face got crimson—"and five minutes after we had left my aunt's I found that I loathed him, so I stopped the motor and got out and jumped into a taxi and went straight to where the Mother Superior lived—for the convent had been closed by this beautiful Government and the nuns driven away. I stopped with Sœur Anne Marie, and my aunt was furious and wouldn't see me and the Comte got a separation and my *dot*. A year ago he died, and his lawyers kindly gave me back what he hadn't gambled away—about fifteen thousand francs. It wasn't enough to go on long and about that time the prefecture decided to issue permits for women taxi drivers, so I bought my little car and went to work. You see, I'd learned to drive after leaving the convent and I liked it, and I must say I haven't done so badly." She looked at me and smiled.

"You're a wonder," said I. "Now let me tell you something. I'm going to square up with you for our promenade, and then I want you to get into that little taxi of yours and spin back to Sœur Anne Marie as fast as God will let you. You still live with her, I hope?"

Rosalie shoved out her little chin. "That is none of your affair," says she.

"I beg your pardon," I answered; "I said it out of pure friendly interest. You

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see, a girl in your position is like a pheasant in the hunting season, and I'd like to feel that you had a high fence that you could fly over and be unmolested if you had need."

Her face softened. "Well, then," says she, "I don't mind telling you that I have taken a little apartment for Sœur Anne Marie and myself, and I go straight there just as soon as ever my work is over. I'm my own mistress and can do as I please, but sometimes it's hard to finish up and get home. You can wait for an hour or so on a stand, then get a little twenty-sou fare and start home, and the chances are that if you're very tired and your lamps need filling, and you're not quite sure about one of your envelopes, and the bougie is full of burned oil, and a little grease has got into the clutch and is making it slip, and Sœur Anne Marie is waiting for you to come in and make the omelette, that is just the time that you'll be hailed by three or four American college boys who want to run out to Versailles or Fontainebleau for dinner. And you can't refuse."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because, for one thing, I can't afford to. Besides, they make me homesick. I always have a fight to keep them from digging into their jeans and giving me all the money they've got. Of course I never let them guess that I'm American too. Only last week a youngster sat beside me coming in from Chantilly. He offered me a hundred francs for a good-night kiss. I told him that he could have the kiss for nothing if he'd promise to go straight home and go to bed. What do you think he did?"

"I don't like to say," I answered, and maybe my voice was a bit nasty, for somehow or other I wasn't very keen at the thought of this nice little girl being mauled and jollied by a batch of cub collegians.

Rosalie pushed out her lips and chin. "You needn't be afraid," she said. "He thanked me very nicely, and when we got to the Champs Élysées he said: 'I'll claim my forfeit now. Stop at the Carleton.' I was awfully upset because, you see, he'd called my bluff and I didn't like to cheapen myself before the *concierges* and chauffeurs. But I had to make good, so I turned in under the *marquise* to let him out. Instead of trying to kiss me he got down, walked round to my side and said: 'Permit me to kiss the hand that has saved me from destruction'—and kissed my hand, or my glove. Then he went in and went to bed."

"And the next day?" I asked.

Rosalie's color was like a big crimson dahlia.

"He had less sense when he was sober than when he was drunk," she answered, and laughed; "but he's safely on the way to his fiancée in Newport now, so it's all right. He'll always think of the little French chauffeuse who gave him such good advice and asked no more than what was indicated on the 'clock,' as those boys called it."

Rosalie stopped talking and looked thoughtful. I was a bit thoughtful myself.

"Well," said I, "suppose you look at the clock and tell me what time it is in Iouis. It's time that you were getting back to Sœur Anne Marie—and that I was getting on the job."

Rosalie looked at me with her queer little smile.

"You engaged me for the afternoon," said she. "I'm no quitter, as they say in Wichita."

"That's plain enough," I answered, "but I am. How much do I owe you?"

"A little straight talk," she answered.

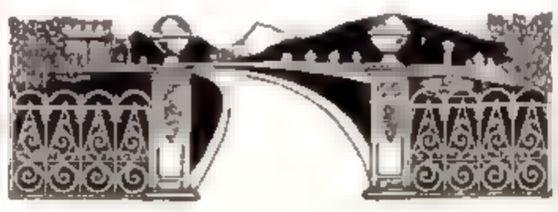
"You're right there," I answered, "and you shall have it." Perhaps it was the strain of the last week or two or perhaps it was the knowledge that things were coming to a focus. Maybe Rosalie had something to do with it. Anyway, said I:

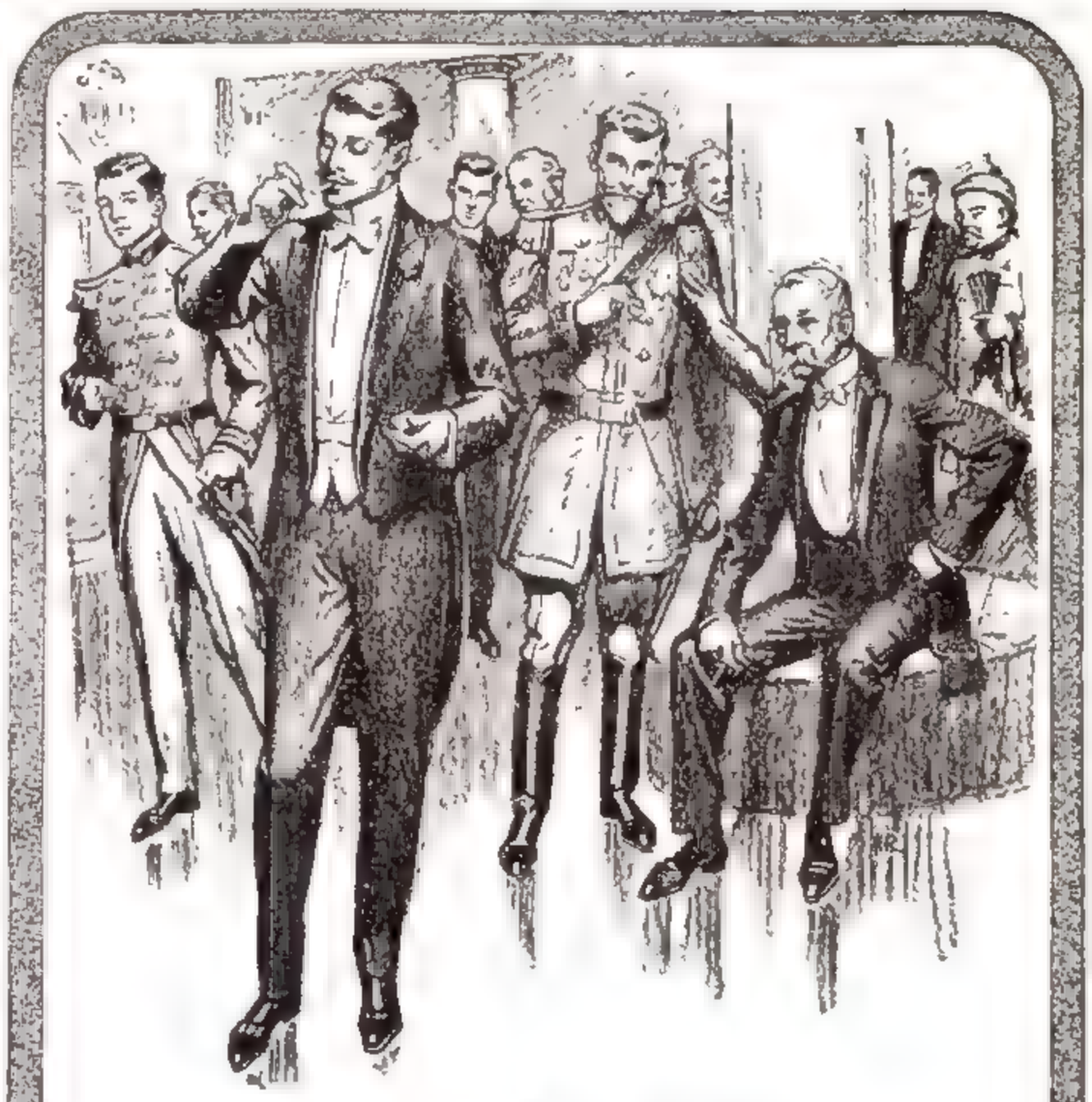
"What if I were to tell you that you were talking to a crook?"

Rosalie gave me a steady look.

"I wouldn't believe you," she answered. "But if you were to tell me that I was talking to a man that was settling off old scores"—she smiled—"I think I'm on," says she, "and I stand pat."

(TO BE CONTINUED)





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In every circle he's the *centre* — the focus for a battery of *admiring* glances. He's free from that sense of inferiority, which chills and crushes. He *knows* that he breathes poise and caste. *You* will look and feel like *him* in

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$35 to $60

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Ours is the *speediest tailoring service* in America, but with amazing *quickness* goes amazing *quality* and our honor-bound pledge that you *must* be satisfied. Our Authorized Representative in your town will "tape" you *to-day.*

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"Vanities"—for the Young Man's Fancy Feet

WHAT availeth the Smart Suit?

What profiteth the "Last Word" in Collars and its Postscript in Hats or Neckties, if the Young Man's *Shoes* look belated.

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Twenty-two different Regal *styles* for Young Men who like "Ginger" in Shoe Expression.

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Regal Shoes are *made* in four Regal Shoe Factories

These Regal Shoe Factories (through huge volume) are now satisfied with a mere *5% profit* above actual cost—giving the Surplus Value to Consumers.

The sure Value of each Regal Shoe is stamped on the sole by the responsible *Makers*,—who alone *know* what *Service* is under the finish.

Young Man!—Get your feet into a pair of these nifty

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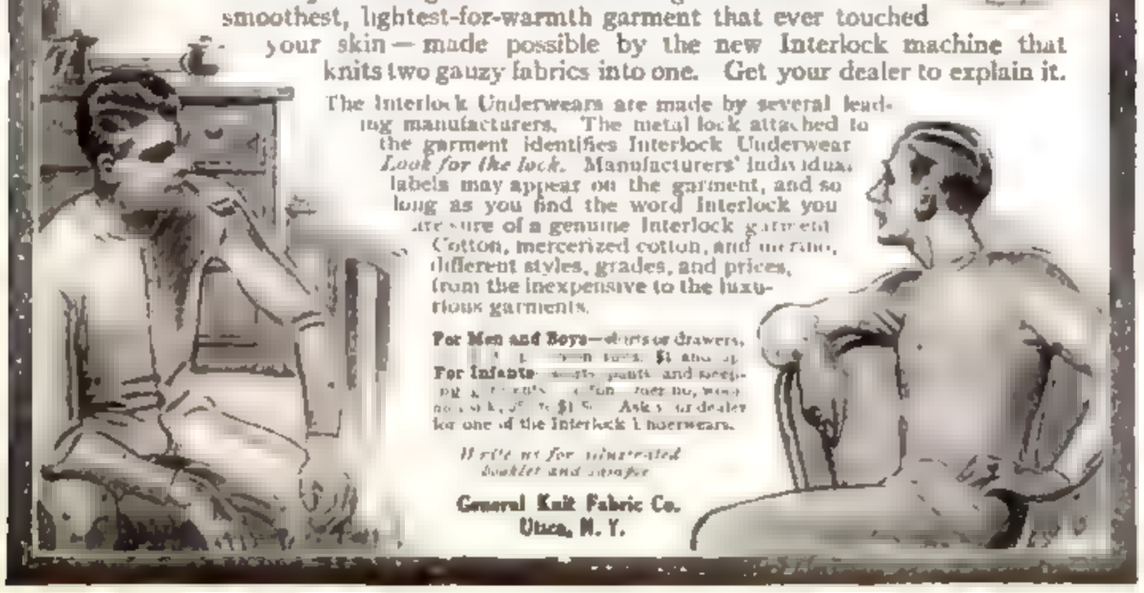
The Interlock UNDERWEARS Interlock

Wear the underwear that gives you *real* comfort and makes you "feel good" all winter long. Interlock is the smoothest, lightest-for-warmth garment that ever touched your skin—made possible by the new Interlock machine that knits two gauzy fabrics into one. Get your dealer to explain it.



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Write us for illustrated booklet and sample

General Knit Fabric Co.
Utica, N. Y.

HOW TO BEAT THE BUILDING GAME

(Continued from Page 19)

found that the architect lived in her city and that she knew him. The house was "exactly what she wanted." So she went happily to give him the commission to get out the plans, and so on, for bids after the usual method, and found him strangely unresponsive.

"Oh, you don't want that house!" he said. "Now let us do it this way, and change that wing ——"

"But I do want that house," she interrupted. "I want that house line for line—it is just my ideal!"

Well, to cut the story short, she found that he would not undertake to find her a contractor for "exactly that house" under fifteen thousand dollars. She was not surprised that his "house for seven thousand dollars" had taken the magazine prize!

The only way to beat the building game is, first, to find an architect who has some strength of character and business sense, and a contractor who has a reputation for good work; and then—not to corrupt the contractor by demanding that he forego his profit in too low a bid or overstrain the architect by thus forcing him to play policeman. The whole matter reduces itself to the willingness on the part of the owner to make a rigid and searching investigation into the contractor's record and character—and his pecuniary circumstances are not less important. The architect isn't going to do it; he isn't going to shop round indefinitely to save the owner's money for the small fee he can charge—architects are greatly underpaid if they do what the fond owner thinks they ought to do. His duty at this stage is done if he weeds out the bunch of contractors. And, in spite of the fact that there are no corrupt architects, their interest in the choice of a contractor is not always precisely identical with the owner's interest.

Sensitiveness of Architects

Architects as a class are intensely sensitive and intensely susceptible to flattery probably the last trait is a consequence of the first. They are sensitive because they are too often without honor in their own country; they are underpaid for the responsibility they carry; they see their province encroached on every day by the speculative builder from stock plans; by the great engineering firms who finance and design business buildings without them—or without them except nominally; by the decorating firms who take on the whole-house proposition. The largely historical and esthetic character of the architect's training and its lack of emphasis on construction and the business problems of building have put many architects at a great disadvantage in dealing with building contractors.

In the vast amount of literature on the subject of house-building written by architects you will never find a hint of the real reason for many building disputes, in which, of course, the owner is the sufferer—the vague specifications and unbusinesslike methods of the architect. They know how things ought to look but not always how they ought to be done and seldom what they ought to cost—and they resent being informed for the reasons above suggested. The tradition of the architect's infallibility must be insisted on.

This peculiar sensitiveness of architects is well understood among builders and the unscrupulous among them play upon it. "If you treat So-and-So as if he were a young god he won't bother you," said one of this ilk to the writer. They find it pays to take an attitude of discreet humility and silently accept or remedy the architect's mistakes. One well-meaning architect had sent out plans for a house which, in one or two places, had not allowed enough headroom for stairs. The successful bidder saw it but said nothing. When the construction of the house was advanced to the point where the mistake would soon be obvious, the builder suggested a variation in the plan which would remedy the difficulty. In strict business this should have been an expensive "extra," which would have given the architect a bad quarter of an hour with the peppery owner; but the builder said never a word—only, when the six-inch concrete cellar floor called for in the plans came to be put in the builder made it three-inch,

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Insurance Against Bad Building

and was nevertheless sure of being the favorite bidder in that office thereafter.

Since, in general then, an architect's business acumen is quite likely to be in inverse proportion to his artistic ability—and since, in any case, if the contractor is dishonest he can cheat the one absolutely essential element in the successful conduct of the game is to find a good builder; and by good builder I mean one who will respond to fair treatment by good work. No human being will do good work for the man who is determined to get something for nothing. Since, as I have shown, an exhaustive search is not the duty of the architect, it must devolve upon the owner; and if he lacks knowledge of character and business judgment to such an extent that he cannot size up such a proposition when he actively puts his mind to it, then he would better rent.

A short time ago one of the small home-building magazines contained a tragic story of some young couples who bought some apparently charming houses—concrete and shingle cottages de luxe with English brick fireplaces, chestnut wainscoting and ceiling beams, small-paned windows, and so on—which began to go to pieces as soon as lived in and were only made habitable by vast expenditures; and it enlarged on the cruel treatment by the wicked contractor of the young, ambitious to own a home. Now I know nothing of the facts in this case, but I would wager something that those young people would have turned away with scorn from houses on which the sum they were willing to pay had been expended to make a really good job. If those ambitious young people hadn't wanted twenty-thousand-dollar-looking houses for ten thousand dollars the wily contractor would not have deceived them. Half as much examination as the young head of the house would have put on his new automobile might have made them wiser, but I doubt if it would have changed their action. They didn't want small, plain, solid and well-built little houses. I think they did get about what they bargained for.

The Futility of Spoken Words

The owner, however, may rejoin: "How am I to know whether the bid or estimate for my house is too low or too high if the architect cannot tell me?" One answer may be made in the words of a recent story: "There is only one satisfactory way to build a house. First, become an architect for several years; then a practical builder for several more; then learn each of the building trades in turn until you become a master of all of them. After that, if you have plenty of born executive ability and a good deal of bull luck, you may possibly get what you want, built in the way you want it—if it's a house you require by that time and not a mausoleum!"

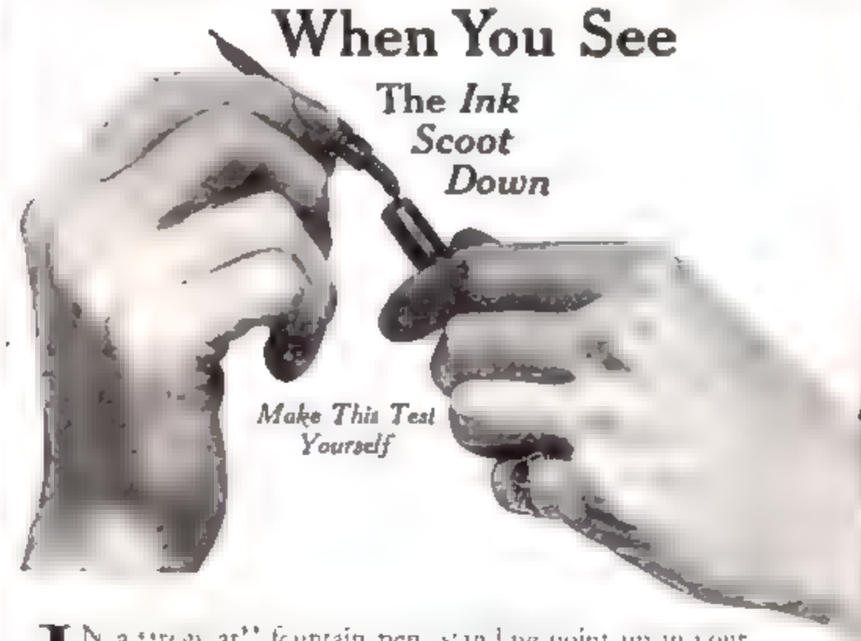
This, however, seems unnecessarily discouraging! If you, Mr. Owner, have a definite amount of money to spend—and no desire to "do" your contractor—probably your safest procedure is about as follows:

First, choose your architect, preferably young and not too successful, whom you know well enough to have some idea of his business sense and equipment of backbone—not too fashionable; because, if still modest, he will give your plans careful individual attention instead of handing them over to an underling in his large office. Give him your sketches—including dimensions—and ideas, for, of course, you will have some; tell him how much you can spend, making it clear that this sum must cover all equipment of the house exclusive of furniture—that is, lighting and heating plant and fixtures, kitchen range and laundry stove, hardware, screens, awnings, papering, painting, and so on. Ask him for preliminary sketches, including an approximate estimate from some trustworthy builder, and have it understood that these sketches are to be paid for separately. For a ten-thousand-dollar expenditure these plans would probably cost in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars, and there is nothing in the situation to prevent your trying out more than one architect in this way.

For the traditional types of construction, however, if the sketches please you and the estimates fall anywhere near your appropriation, you may commission the architect to go ahead with the complete working plans—in writing. Here is the place to warn you never to give verbal directions after signing the building contract; or, if given, to confirm them by letter at once.

You'll Know It Won't Leak When You See

The *Ink Scoot Down*



Make This Test Yourself

IN a "regular" fountain pen, standing point up in your vest pocket, is a straight feed tube. Below it is a space of air. Below the air is the ink.

The tube stays full of ink, even though the pen is standing point up.

Now, your body, 95° hot, warms the air in the air space. This makes it expand, and to get out, it pushes through the feed tube. It pushes out the feed tube ink, smearing up the writing end of the pen.

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What makes the "Lucky Curve" suck the ink? The end of the "Lucky Curve" feed tube, touching the wall of the barrel, creates Capilary Attraction. Capilary Attraction is a force of Nature that makes flower stems suck water and lamp wicks suck oil.

Unscrew any Parker Fountain Pen; fill the feed tube with ink; touch the "Lucky Curve" to the barrel wall as in above picture; watch the ink scoot down. Thus prove there is no ink in the Parker feed tube to leak out and smear your fingers.

When writing, Parker Pens behave and stay on the job. Made plain, or with gold or silver mounting. Standard style Parker Pens, $1.50 to $250, according to size and ornamentation. Self Filling and Safety styles, $2.50 and up. Jack Knife Safety Pen can be carried in any pocket in any position, and not leak.

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Have a written contract with your architect as to the amount of service he is to give you, the frequency of his inspections and the commission he is to receive, including a provision for changes, cuts, or unexpected increases in the cost. Your wife will probably feel hampered by this restriction—until she has unwarily ordered changes in construction in the course of chats with architect or contractor, which will bring in a heavy bill of extras.

Then, when at last you have the detailed plans and the typewritten specifications before you, go over and over them with your wife and other members of the family. See whether all the closets she wants are included—all the shelves, laundry and dust chutes; whether the servants' quarters, especially the sanitary arrangements, are adequate—service and cellar stairs properly placed; whether the passages from kitchen to dining room and kitchen to front door are planned for silent and quick service; whether there is sufficient storeroom; and whether the radiators and electric-light outlets are well placed for use and for appearance. The specifications should be read principally to be sure of the inclusion of all necessary equipment, especially for kitchen and dining room. In these days of built-in refrigerators, specially designed screens, and so on, all these should be carefully scrutinized.

Bidding for Buildings

Now comes the great question of the fair estimate. I have tried to show the influences leading contractors to bid too low for good work and the reasons why architects are not to be expected to be authoritative here. A method that is too seldom followed has always been productive of good results—that is, to get a disinterested estimate from a good consulting engineer who has experience in building. Then, when one bidder gives you a figure very much higher and another one very much lower, you will be justified in rejecting the second and using all pressure to bring the first down. Possibly the low bidder may be able to convince you of special circumstances by which he is able to save money—such as, for instance, his intention to be his own foreman on the job; or his nearness to the seat of operations; or his chance to use certain workmen; or you may have outside testimony as to the sterling character of his work—but, except under such conditions, beware of the very low bidder.

This counsel is especially to be followed in the case of one of the modern types of construction, which are not very well understood by contractors of the old school. Many of these have come to grief by putting in a low bid out of sheer ignorance of the costs of construction of concrete and its various combinations. Here, too, the risks of poor construction are greatest; for the contractor who has put in his bid in good faith but with inadequate knowledge, and finds his costs running up unduly, is more than human if he is not tempted to skimp cement or steel, or substitute poor tile or brick.

The owner who wants a fireproof house in concrete or tile would do well always to consult an engineer on the cost of construction, for these matters are not yet common knowledge in the building trades.

The supposedly reliable and carefully investigated contractor having been chosen and the work under way, the next care of the owner should be that there are no misunderstandings as to details. If materials are not up to standard he has a clear case, and can demand of the architect that he force the contractor to replace crumbling concrete or ill-matched hardwood flooring, for instance.

A failure, however, to get just the shade in staining wood or tinting plaster, or just the texture of an artificially roughened plaster surface, or just the color on a concrete wall, which the owner had in his mind's eye, may occur with the best intentions on both sides. All such work should be based on small samples accepted by the owner, and every reasonable contractor will be glad to furnish them.

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Winslow's Skates are sold by leading dealers everywhere, where they can be thoroughly examined and compared. Catalogues free.

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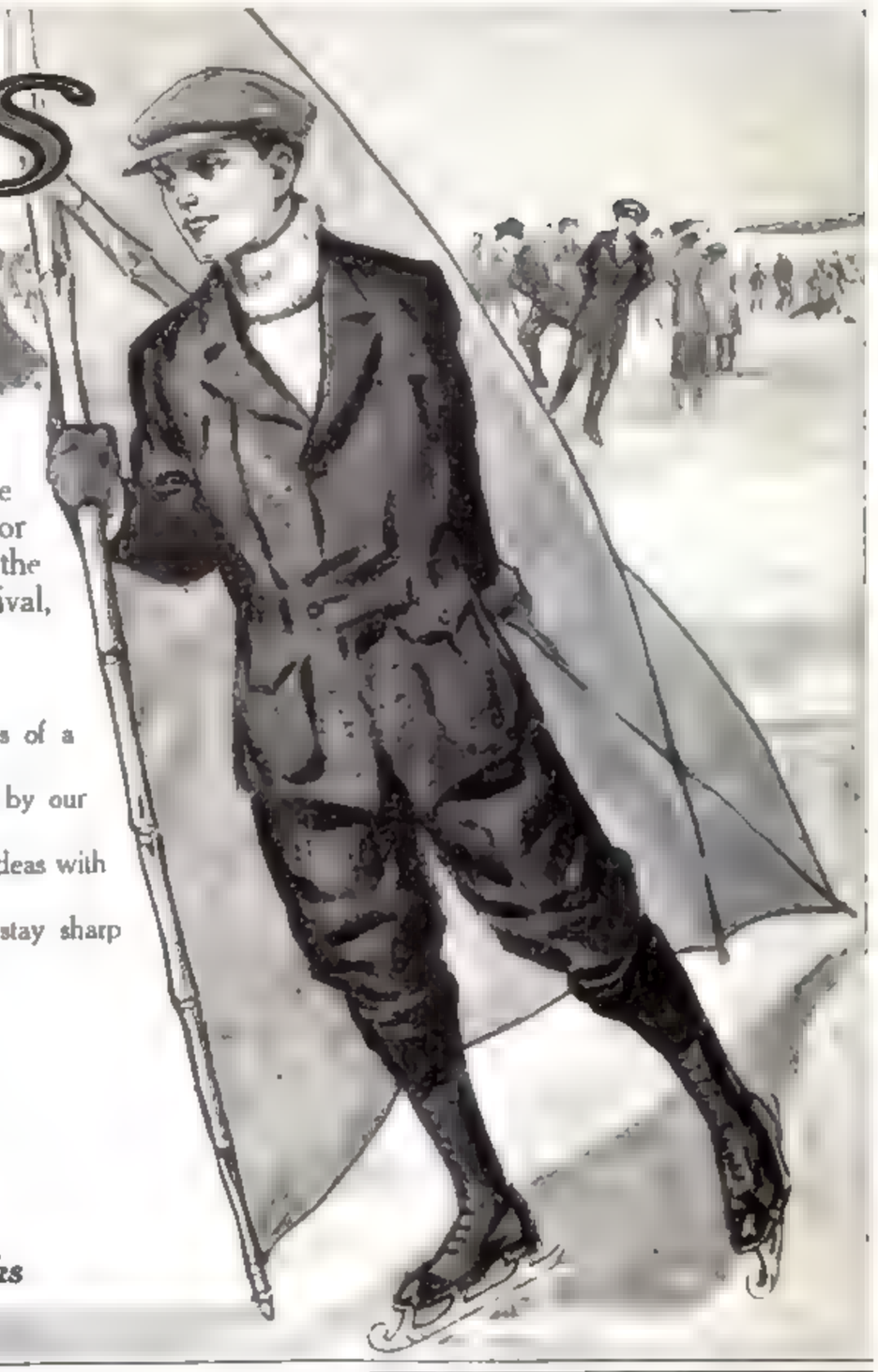

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Here is a picture of my big confectionery store in Springfield, Ohio.

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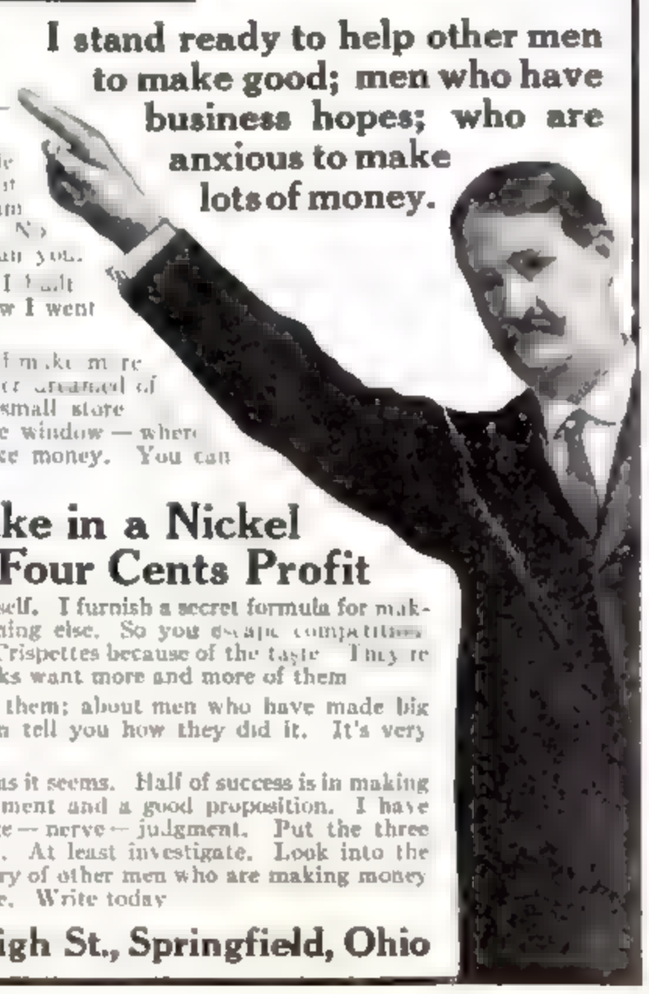
My Popcorn Crispette Machine made me a rich man. Other men who go at it as I did can make a lot of money. I am just a common everyday sort of a fellow. No reason why I should do any better than you.

Write me today. I'll tell you how I built my big business. I'll tell you just how I went about it—how you can do the same.

If you follow instructions you should make more money this fall and winter than you ever dreamed of. Somewhere in your town there is a small store for rent, a little nook or even a store window—where you can set up your machine and make money. You can start at home if you wish.

I stand ready to help other men to make good; men who have business hopes; who are anxious to make lots of money.



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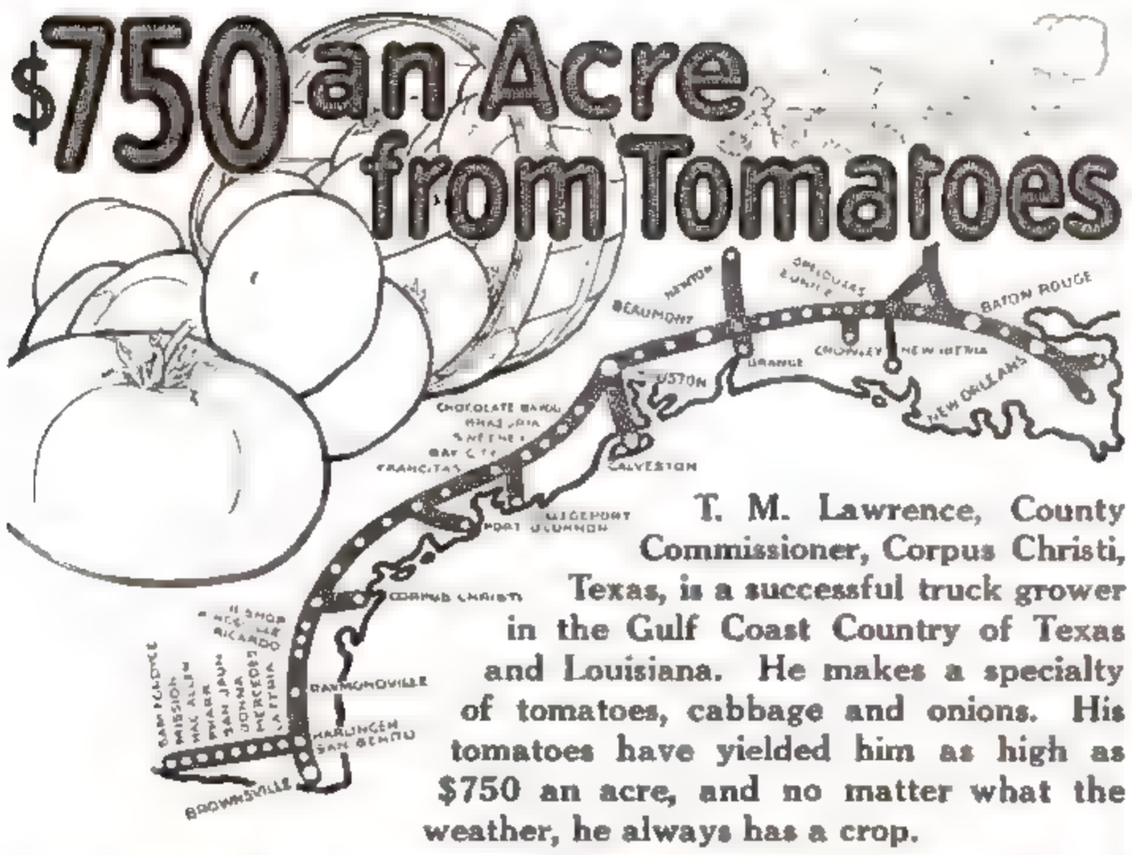

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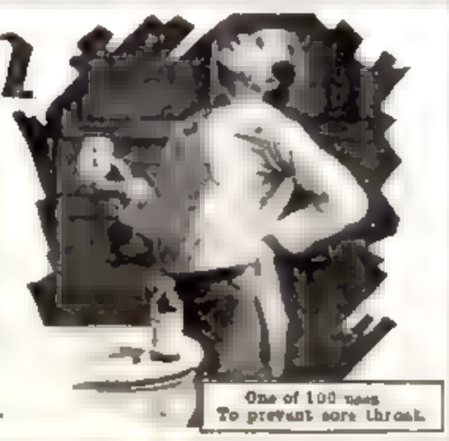

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THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO., 69 Front St., New York, N.Y.

MODERN METHODS

(Continued from Page 17)

you into a corner; you didn't rightly get a choice, I mean. Why, you were just a kid! And it turned out a trap."

She gazed at him, a heavenly softness in the blue eyes, but that stupid modern knew too little of the immutable probabilities of her sex to expect mercy. He stared only at the floor.

However, he had a good profile; and Annie was in earnest. She tried again.

"Well, but Ned—didn't you miss me at all?"

"Now, don't cry! Don't cry! I never can stand it! And remember, anyhow, we're down at the courthouse scrapping over your divorce!"

"'Isn't mine!" said little Mrs. Frontlich, laughing between odd tears. "And if you make me do all the talking, why I will. I've been—perfectly silly about you always. And lately! My! Ned, Ned, Ned, what business has a full-sized man got to let a greenhorn wife be a fool!"

"I don't know," said he through his teeth. He took her by the shoulders and governed himself in order to read her mutinous, flushed face. "I don't understand," he muttered. "There's something I don't understand. It's got to be reasoned out, this thing. Not—not patched up easy because you're a woman. And I don't under——"

"But I am," said Annie, low.

"It cuts no ice if you are." But his breath came short. "Not this time. I'm not going to make a mistake again. I've got to decide. That kind of feeling isn't—isn't reason. I have to think for a future. I'm blamed if I can seem to reason us out. Seems as if I—can't—understand."

"Don't then, goose!" cried she furiously. And she slapped him open-handedly, unromantically slapped him along cheek and jaw.

It is a grand old specific for the sulks. Its reactions are prompt and sure. Skeptics may try it. The only reason that it does not get printed oftener is that men do most of our printing, and discriminate against the recipe not later than the galley proofs.

"Of course," Edward Fitzgibbon admitted between hot kisses on hot cheeks and neck and chin that somehow cried to him for more and more because they were so common-strange, "I do. And I don't and I do. But we'll—have to try it—whether or no. Try it again. Together."

"I'm not afraid," said Annie, tightening her hold to draw the stooping figure even lower over her big chair. "Don't matter whether it's sensible or not. I don't care, Ned."

"We don't get along."

"But you like me," she triumphed, "as well as if we did."

"On that point," he whispered sentimentally, "I certainly have to admit bats up under the eaves."

"And I'm the same way. Oh, you can say I'm too young! But oh, you know very well how it seems to me. You feel how it feels. You do; because you're mine! Why—why, Ned—Ned——"

"I know," he said. "Hush, hush! At least I think I do, judging by——"

"I'm tired of hushing," cried Annie, choking on a laughing sob. They clung together.

"Shall I own up?" he inquired when the silence had grown heavy.

"Yes. It'll do us both a peck of good."

"All right. But it's a secret. You listen close." Annie was very still. There were no more kisses. He bent and whispered.

"There. That's the exact truth. Does that do you?"

"Only it makes me afraid I'm not worth it. But it's what I wanted you to say, you darling dear! Just about ten times as much."

"It's been true a long time, only someway I daren't tell you. You seemed such a kid. And a fellow isn't apt to talk out."

"Why?"

"Oh, I dunno. But you were just a sweet little girl kid."

"O-o-oh!" crooned Annie with a great relief. "That all?"

"Yes. Just about. I didn't know a man's wife understood." His voice recovered a casual, shaky bravado. "P'raps I'll tell you other items, though, from time to time. Seems pretty good to get this much off my chest."

"You can. I—I like this kind of thing, Ned."

Actual Photo of Target

The Target and the Gun that Made the Record

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Loaded with a standard shell containing a single ⅝ ounce ball, the new Union 20 Gauge repeating shot gun, at 75 yards, riddled a target all around the bull's eye. Photograph of target above.

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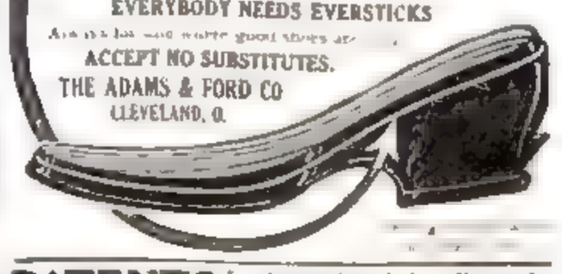

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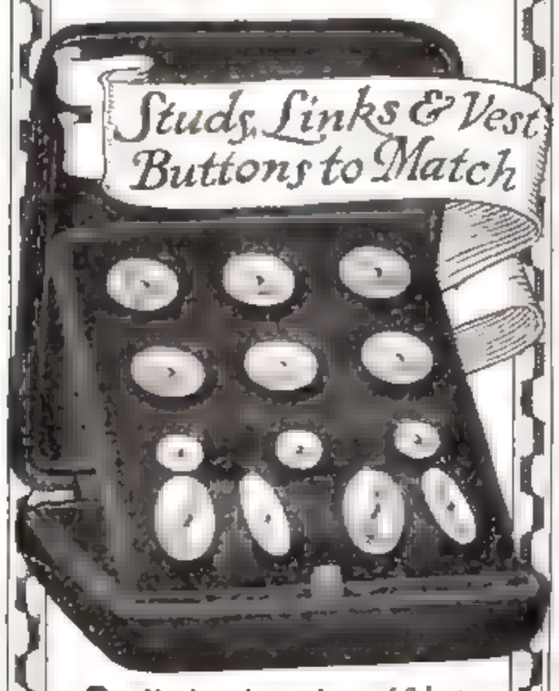

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Simultaneously they sighed. The relief in each of those great exhalations needed no commentary.

"Have you got a handkerchief?" Annie inquired in muffled tones. "I need one. No, don't you move your hands; don't you move one! I can get it, can't I? Which pocket? That suit of clothes has eleven."

"I've got one of yours right there under your ear," confessed Mr. Fromlich. "One night on the car lately—aw—well—you dropped it. That, and a kinda fancy dress-cap piece of goods."

"But you had on your old black that night!"

"Did I? I wonder how I happen to have changed the things then. Sure of the black suit?"

"Who under the canopy was the queer man that time?" Annie inquired, disdaining the argument.

"Oh, a stiff. Nobody. I just thought he was sassy to you. I was feeling sore's a boil, and it did me good to paste somebody."

And because old Judge Fuld was so dilatory in coming into his chambers to settle the Fromlich alimony case the engineer had time to kiss his wife with his whole heart on his lips.

"That marriage ceremony of you pious church people," said the defendant to the plaintiff musingly, "is an awful back number. Besides, it made me feel like a fool, sticking bolt upright in the parlor with my back to the people reciting it over. But I'm here to tell you now there's something in it. It stands for something. Why, I could say the whole thing to you now, and mean it. Why is that?"

Annie had no theory; the fact was the interesting thing.

"It's queer that lots of the newest writers think different. But probably they haven't got the actual experience. They mightn't be married—the Russian ones anyway. There are lots of things they don't seem to know."

"Oh, my!" cried Annie suddenly. "There's something you don't know too! I forgot. I honestly forgot. I'll have to tell you."

"All right. Any time. You're blushing."

"Oh, Ned!"

"Well, all right," he responded, dense and tolerant. "Bills? Never mind. I don't care a hoot; serve me right, anyway, for the checks. This ice-cream-sociable waitress-cap didn't swell the estimates much, by its size." He flipped on to the table a folded white bit from his pocket.

There before her lay the muslin bit, a thread hanging, needle still in the fabric, lace on one edge. She uttered a soft cry.

"Oh, in the street car! The careless niddynoddy I am! And you've been carrying it round in your pocket four weeks? Honest, Ned?"

"Why not?" He was back on the chair arm again, unshakably possessive.

"Well," said Annie softly, "for want of that I haven't been able to finish a certain work. But here's what it looks like. No, no, don't peek; wait till I get it done."

One of the judge's pencils traveled swiftly up and down the back of a sacred-looking folded document. A trick of line-drawing Annie had, and often in teasing jest she had kept Fromlich waiting to have a sentence finished till a sketch made the last word clear.

"Two bunches of tucks!" she exclaimed, throwing away the pencil and clinging wildly to him. "There, you can look. And oh, my man, my man, my man, I hope you're pleased! What you found, this teeny piece, it's the left sleeve. Because, far as I'm concerned, I'm just the happiest one alive. You see it'll be ours. Brand new, and strictly ours. Oh, Ned!"

The little drawing stared up at the man: the clinging soft thing in his arms was so close her heartbeats echoed muffled in his ears between the pounding strokes of his own blood. He understood. Something primordial and up-welling stirred in the ultra-modern soul of Edward Fitzgibbon Fromlich. The stalest of the back-number processes of Nature suddenly became a future—became, in fact, the chief star-stuff of all the futures men can frame. Home, a child—what else makes the race?

"Great God Almighty!"

Whether it was a song, or prayer, or merely big rhythmic syllables, his tone had a passionate exultation; the feeling behind the verbal symbols Annie caught. "Oh, you do!" she cried, thrilling with rapture shared. "There's lots of time, of course. And I am the very happiest one alive! Do say I am!"

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Every person wants a comfortable bed. Some people, however, make a mistake in selecting the springs. The springs perhaps are comfortable at first, but in time they sag or get out of shape thus permitting rolling to the center and causing discomfort. Foster IDEAL Springs are always comfortable. Guaranteed for life and yet they don't come back. This is because they are scientifically constructed and made of the highest grade material. The Foster IDEAL Spring conforms to the body, maintaining it in a comfortable position. There is no sagging or rolling to the center even with people of unequal weight.

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[illegible] little more than the ordinary kind. Made plain or upholstered for wood or metal bedsteads. Take advantage of our Thirty Nights' Free Trial. Money back if you are the least bit disappointed. Send us your dealer's name and we will mail you our interesting booklet, "Wide Awake Facts About Sleep."

Ask your dealer to show you IDEAL metal bedsteads and cribs.

Foster Bros. Mfg. Co.
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Never Sleep on a Sagging Spring.
It's Uncomfortable and Unhealthful.

He raised the hidden face and kissed it gently. "Bless your little heart! How do I know? A man only guesses. But I shouldn't wonder — — Come on, let's get away from here. I want to go home and talk it over in a house. Nobody lives in this place."

"Let's," sighed Annie happily. "Dear me, Ned, I am so glad to see you again and know you know!"

The judge's chamber was really darkish. Outside a city clock struck six. With sheer wonder and solicitude the man pulled back the heavy oak and leather chair and saw Annie get to her feet. He had an indescribable pang of relief when her first natural, customary motion was to set her hat straight and surreptitiously powder her nose.

"I don't look so awful, do I?" She smiled upon him. "I did wish, for a minute or two when you first came in today, that you'd make friends with me while I was wearing my new lavender. It's a dress you'd appreciate. Come along. We'll go up home for the present, of course, till we can get set up for ourselves. It'll do. There'll be tea tonight for supper instead of your coffee, and mother'll pour it. But I'll enjoy passing you the butter."

"You kid!" said the husband, laughing uncertainly. "My word, you're nothing but a sweet little girl kid, after all! You make me feel feel "

"That's so nice!" decided Mrs. Fromlich.

Success by System

THOSE who are looking for opportunity on a large scale may gain a valuable hint from the course followed by four young college men who were all fairly familiar with farming conditions in the South. They wished to go into a good-sized farming venture. They sought for information from every available source, including the Department of Agriculture. Their attention was directed to the fact that, looking at the problem of supply and demand in a large way, there is room for thousands of acres of hay and alfalfa in the South near the great mule markets. This hint was followed up by personal investigation. In Northwestern Mississippi these young men found a thousand acres of alfalfa land for sale at a reasonable price. The one thing that determined their purchase was the fact that a wideawake farmer in that locality, following modern methods, had produced eight tons of alfalfa to the acre and sold it for fifteen dollars a ton, delivered at the local railroad station. These young farmers are now on the highroad to prosperity—raising alfalfa, corn and hogs.

Recently a wide observer of farming conditions remarked:

"One of the best-neglected opportunities of which I know is the raising of horses in New England. Take the great potato country of Maine as an example. The potato farmers use field machinery and horses to almost the extent they are used on the prairies of Iowa. By the exigencies of the crop rotation the potato farmer is obliged to have a certain portion of his land in clover. Part of this is turned under for the benefit of the soil, but most of it is harvested. The farmer sends this hay to the market—and he buys Iowa horses at two hundred to three hundred dollars a head! He is seemingly blind to the fact that by using his hay to raise his own workhorses he would save not only horsebuyers' profits and the commission men's toll on the hay but the heavy transportation charges as well. Again, there are hundreds of thousands of acres of New England farmland admirably adapted to raising horses at a minimum of expense. I do not know where horses can be raised at a cheaper cost than on the hillside pastures of New England—and they have a splendid market right at their doors.

"Why isn't this being done today? Because the farmers there are in a rut. You can travel through New England and at about every crossroads hear the farmers declaring that it doesn't pay to raise horses. And in about every community where machine farming has secured a foothold and is driving out the little patches and the stone fences there is some progressive farmer who has paid five hundred dollars or more for a span of workhorses brought from the Middle West."

Soft Pedal Your Steps

It's Nature's Way

BAILEY'S "Won't Slip" RUBBER HEELS

are made on the *proven* "Won't Slip" Tread principle (BaileyTread) used on auto tires and crutch tips for the past 12 years throughout the *world*. They are the *lightest* and *longest wearing* rubber heel made, as proved under test for over a year.

Applied, 50c per pair; Mailed, 35c
At Dealers. Send Drawing of Heel

To you we will mail a pair on receipt of 25 cents and dealers' names in your town.

Dealers Write for Prices.

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On receipt of $1 DOWN we will ship you any Table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Larger Tables for $25, $35, $45, $55, $75, etc., on easy terms. All cues, balls, etc., free.

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The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD and POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

Stop Supporting the Public Pool Room

You can become the absolute owner of a handsome Burrowes Table with the money you spend each month for the use of someone else's table.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first installment we will ship table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. Write today for catalogue fully describing all the Burrowes Tables, with prices, terms of payment, etc.

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Design No. 7014. Size, 18 x 22 inches.

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This startling offer is made to introduce Richardson's Grand Prize Embroidery Silk in every home in this country. Here is the newest thing in the very popular conventional design for pillow tops. It is of **Russian Crash**, the new material so admirably adapted to fine color combinations in silk embroidery. On this great offer we give you an entire pillow outfit positively free. It includes the following:

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We make this great free offer to you to introduce to you **Richardson's Grand Prize Wash Embroidery Silk.** We want you to know how beautifully you can do art embroidery with our assistance. All we ask of you is that you send us 30c in stamps or silver to cover the regular retail price of **six skeins of Richardson's Grand Prize Wash Embroidery Silk** to commence work with, and postage on package.

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

Joy's Epitaph

AN OLD-TIMER in the Dakotas and Montana, named Doctor Burleigh, among other things practiced law.

A young lawyer named Joy opposed Burleigh in a case. It was a criminal case and Joy said something in his address to the jury about wanting for his epitaph the fact that he had successfully prosecuted the criminals of that vicinity.

When he had finished Burleigh arose.

"Your honor," he said, "our young friend who has just sat down said something about his epitaph, the writing of which we all hope will be many years deferred; but when in the course of nature he does come to die, your honor and gentlemen of the jury, judging from his course in this case, his epitaph will be 'Peace on earth and joy in hell!'"

Optimistic Lincoln

DOCTOR BURLEIGH was one of the earliest settlers of Dakota and Montana, and was a boyhood friend of Abraham Lincoln. The doctor used to tell this Lincoln story on himself.

When Lincoln was nominated Burleigh was in Minnesota on his way to a logging camp. He laughed at the thought of Lincoln running for President, and went into the woods. He stayed in the woods until the following summer; when he came out he found that Lincoln had not only been elected but inaugurated.

Burleigh hurried to Washington and demanded a job.

"What kind of a place do you want?" asked President Lincoln.

"Any kind—where there's not much work and big pay."

"I'm afraid," smiled Lincoln, "that most of those jobs are gone. I'll have my secretary look round and see what we can find for you. Come back tomorrow."

Burleigh went back.

"Burleigh," said President Lincoln, "there isn't much left. The best thing I can offer you is the agency of the Yankton Sioux Indians. It pays fifteen hundred dollars a year."

"But, Abe," expostulated Burleigh, "a man can't live on that salary! I'd either have to starve to death or rob the Government."

"Well, Burleigh," replied the President, "you'll never starve to death!"

That Chicago Readiness

SIMEON FORD, the New York hotelkeeper and after-dinner speaker, brought this one back from Europe. He says a Chicago man in London was invited to a ball where everybody except himself talked with an exceedingly broad a, as people will do in England—and Boston, Massachusetts. The accent was puzzling to his Chicago ears, but the guest did his best.

He danced a waltz with the wife of his host. The lady spoke with an especially broad accent and she ran somewhat to flesh. When they had finished the round of the floor she was panting in a repressed and well-bred way.

"Shall we try another whirl?" inquired the Chicago man.

"Not now," she said; "I'm danced out."

"Oh, no," said the Chicago man, "not darn stout—just nice and plump!"

The Absolute Minimum

CAPTAIN JOE FOWLER, now dead, was a famous Southern steamboat man of the old days. One afternoon, after he had reached the age of retirement, he was sitting on the wharf of a Tennessee River town when a boat landed and a Northern woman came ashore, carrying in her arms the first Mexican hairless dog that Cap'n Joe had ever seen.

As the lady approached him he rose and made a low bow.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, "but is that your dog?"

"It is," she said.

"Is that the only dog you've got?"

"It is."

"Madam," said Cap'n Joe, "ain't you mighty near out of dog?"

Dealers who want the best-selling, most satisfactory men's union suit will send to us for samples of "White Cat" Klosed-Krotch Union Suits before buying.

There's a good reason why this union suit sells easily and gives absolute satisfaction to the wearer.

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has the smooth, closed crotch of the old-style drawers combined with the advantages of a union suit.

See the Klosed-Krotch (patented) shown in this illustration. It is *knitted.* It lets you know why men everywhere are picking the White Cat Klosed-Krotch union suit.

The easy elastic union suit that affords absolute comfort.

It will pay you, too, to wait until you see these goods. Leave a place in your stock for this union suit that has "caught on" with men throughout the country. Write today for samples.

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Sent to any address prepaid and insured for ONE DOLLAR

Contents of Box designed for MEN:

(1) 3 pairs 6 months guaranteed "Lenox" Hose, choice Black, Tan, Navy, Gray, Value $1.00
(2) Beautiful "Lenox" All Silk Flowing-End "Four in Hand" Tie to match. Value .50
(3) 1 pair of guaranteed quality Suspenders. . . . . Value .25
ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR Total Value $1.75

Contents of Box designed for WOMEN:

(1) 3 pairs 6 months guaranteed "Lenox" Satin Fin'd Lisle Hose, Black or Tan, Value $1.00
(2) 3 beautiful corner embroidered Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs of superior quality. . . . . Value .75
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Don't forget to state the size and shades desired.

We refer to Dun's, Bradstreet's, or any bank in New York City. **We need good Agents.**

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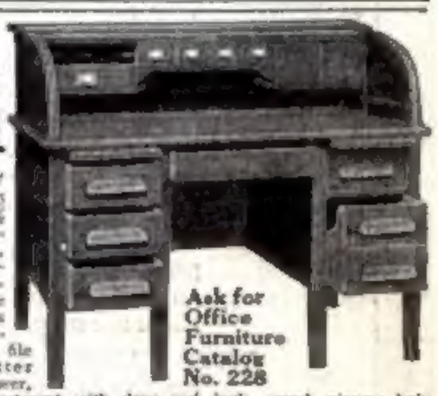

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50 in. long, 33 in. wide, 43½ in. high. Selected Oak, wax finish—(Golden, unless otherwise ordered); has six large drawers, vertical file drawer, letter file, card drawer, private compartment with door and lock, wood pigeon hole boxes, extension slide, brass sockets, etc.

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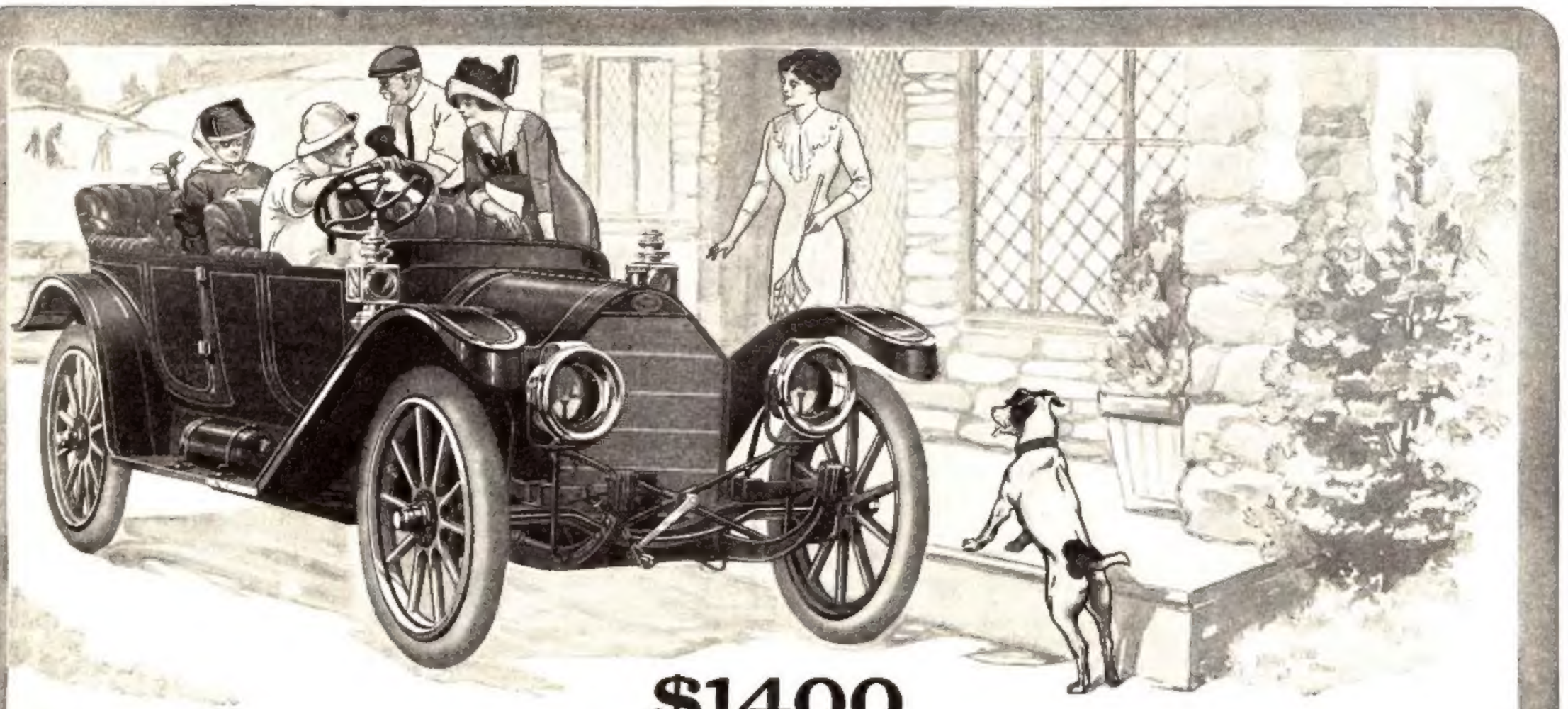

$1400

The New Application of an Old Principle

Regal "35" 5-Passenger "Underslung" Touring Car

TO MAKE A BETTER AUTOMOBILE is, or should be, the ambition of every manufacturer. To that end experiments are constantly being conducted, designs created and thoroughly tested, improvements added from time to time often at the expense of thousands of dollars and long months of trial under every possible condition of service before embodied in the car for public appreciation.

THAT IS WHY the automobile in its present form has been brought to such perfection, yet any expert will frankly tell you there are still many and great opportunities for improvements. It is a recognized law that the closer to perfection a thing attains, the clearer do we recognize its imperfections. This is supremely true of the motor car.

BUT SOMETIMES the very simplicity of a problem defeats the skilled engineer. Often do we hear people say, when discussing a great invention, "how simple, why was it not thought of before?" and right here, that is the point we wish to impress upon the reader. Why has the simple, safe, durable, well tried, old "Underslung" principle of construction not been adapted by automobile manufacturers before?

THE ANSWER IS EASY. It was so simple, so old in practice, that its very superiority escaped them. There can be no other answer, because all swift moving, weight carrying vehicles, such as railroad, interurban trolley cars, etc., have been built the "underslung" way. The interior of a Pullman, traveling anywhere from 10 to 50 miles an hour, would be a very uncomfortable, unsafe place if the body of the car rested upon steel springs balanced upon axles, wouldn't it?

WE DO NOT MEAN TO INFER that automobiles built the ordinary way are unsafe or uncomfortable, but we do claim that the underslung construction adds to the safety, the comfort, the riding qualities of a car, and not only adds these elements of pleasure and economy beyond argument (for they can be mathematically and concretely demonstrated) but adds also, an element of beauty that goes deeper than paint—most noticeable.

THE MAN WHO IS ABOUT TO BUY an automobile, naturally desires the "advanced" car. The Regal "35" five-passenger "Underslung" Touring car is at least a year ahead in improved construction. It presents so many advantages for a moderate expenditure, as prices go to-day, that to see this car and to ride in it, is to buy it, because there are no present existing comparisons in competition with it.—

WHY SHOULD THIS CAR BE YOUR CAR? Because the center of gravity is very much lower by reason of the frame being slung below the axles instead of balanced above them. Because this means "safety," practically eliminating the terrible dangers of turning turtle and skidding. Because this means "economy," preventing destructive side lash on springs and tires, giving also a straight line drive—the maximum power from motor to rear axle—saving gasoline. Because "Underslung" construction makes the springs shock-absorbing, adding to the life of the car.

BECAUSE the motor and transmission are get-at-able, and being level, ensure a perfect lubrication. Because to ride in this beautiful "Underslung" car will give you a demonstration of what comfort really means—no side swaying—no weaving motion—always straight ahead, while the road clearance is as much as the ordinary type. Last and most urgent reason, because in 1912 and 1913 your Regal "Underslung" will be up-to-date.

THE CAR ITSELF will prove to you infinitely more than we can put in words. But recently it was the big surprise of all 1912 announcements. Over a thousand have already been sold and we will gladly refer you to any owner—anywhere. The remarkable advantages of the "Underslung" construction, the roominess, beauty, big power, speed, simplicity, care-free comfort and economy in upkeep, and above all, safety, places the Regal "35" Underslung Touring Car at the pinnacle of automobile values. Just try to equal it at $1400.

SERVICE. Behind the Regal Car is the Regal Service. A chain of Regal Service warehouses, extending from coast to coast, placed at strategic points, is the Regal method of taking immediate and consistent care of buyers and owners of Regal Cars. Any Regal dealer wherever located can supply any model, any part at short notice through the nearest Regal warehouse. So, every Regal car is under direct factory supervision. The thousands of Regal owners are each and every one members of a great organization which exists for the specific purpose of rendering them not only efficient but instant service.

THE REGAL "35" UNDERSLUNG TOURING CAR is furnished with Demountable Rims (one extra Demountable Rim included). It is the complete car.

HERE ARE A FEW SPECIFICATIONS: Wheel Base, 118 inches—Tires, 34 x 4 in. Three speed and Reverse, Selective Sliding Nickel Steel gear transmission. Four cylinders (in pairs) 35 H. P. Motor. Bore 4¼ in., stroke 4½ in. Dual ignition—with magneto. Transmission Hyatt Nickel Steel roller bearings. Standard equipment. Gas searchlights, etc.

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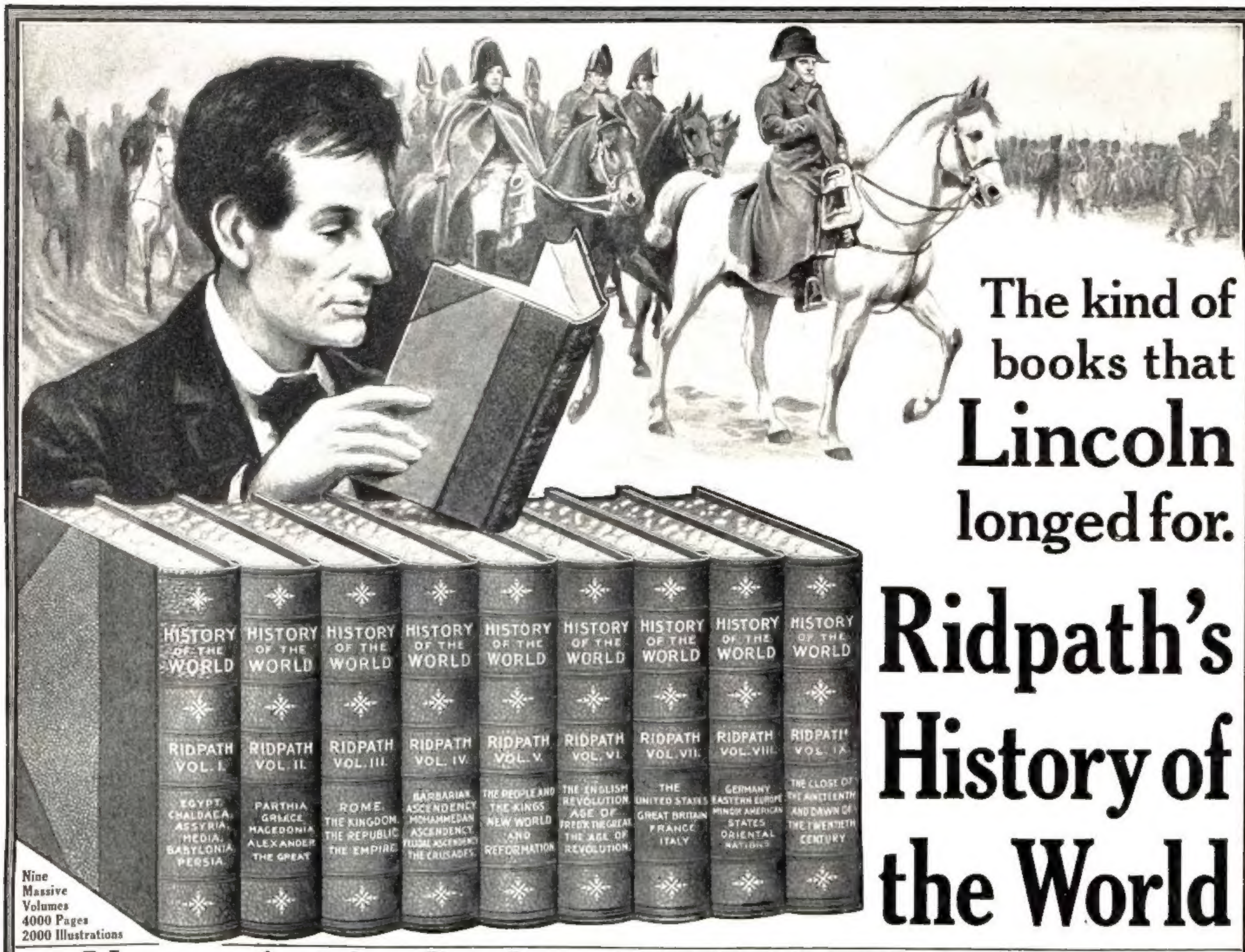
The Dealers who handle Regal cars are especially chosen for a high standard of service. They are representative of all that tends to upbuild a permanent and highly profitable business upon the foundation of service. Their interest in customers does not end with the sale of a car but begins with the purchase of a car. We are always looking for the **"Regal Standard"** among dealers. Wire or write.

Regal Motor Car Company, Automobile Manufacturers **Detroit, Michigan**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JUST about the time when Abraham Lincoln shouldered the awful burden of the Presidency of the United States, a little Indiana boy wrote one day to the President of Harvard. He was a boy of the Lincoln type—thirsting for knowledge. He wanted to know if there was a world's history, trustworthy, not too bulky or expensive. The reply was that no man had yet appeared with sufficient ambition, judgment, courage, patience and literary skill to construct a practical, useful, reliable history of the world. "I'll be that man," said the boy to himself. For 22 years he prepared himself thoroughly for this task. For 17 years he toiled at it. The boy was John Clark Ridpath and his History of the World is, in the opinion of every student and scholar, a masterpiece for all time.

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WE AMERICANS are literally "heirs of all the ages, foremost in the ranks of time." Every good American should know the history of the world, for it is his history—the story of his ancestors. He cannot understand fully our laws, our social and political institutions, the very language he speaks, without a comprehensive knowledge of the world's history. Every red-blooded, intelligent, patriotic American owes Dr. Ridpath a debt of gratitude for placing this knowledge within his reach in so pleasing a form. Read the coupon and use it.

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NO MAN can be called educated who is ignorant of history. Scraps of information about the great men of all times, the battles of the world, the struggles for freedom, the advance of civilization, do not constitute a knowledge of history. You must have a picture of the whole course of history—see clearly the relation of event to event—know the world's heroes as intimately as your neighbors. Now there is not in all the libraries of all the world a set of books that will enable you to do this—easily, comprehensively and in a reasonable time—outside of Ridpath's History of the World. *Use the coupon—it will save you money.*

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